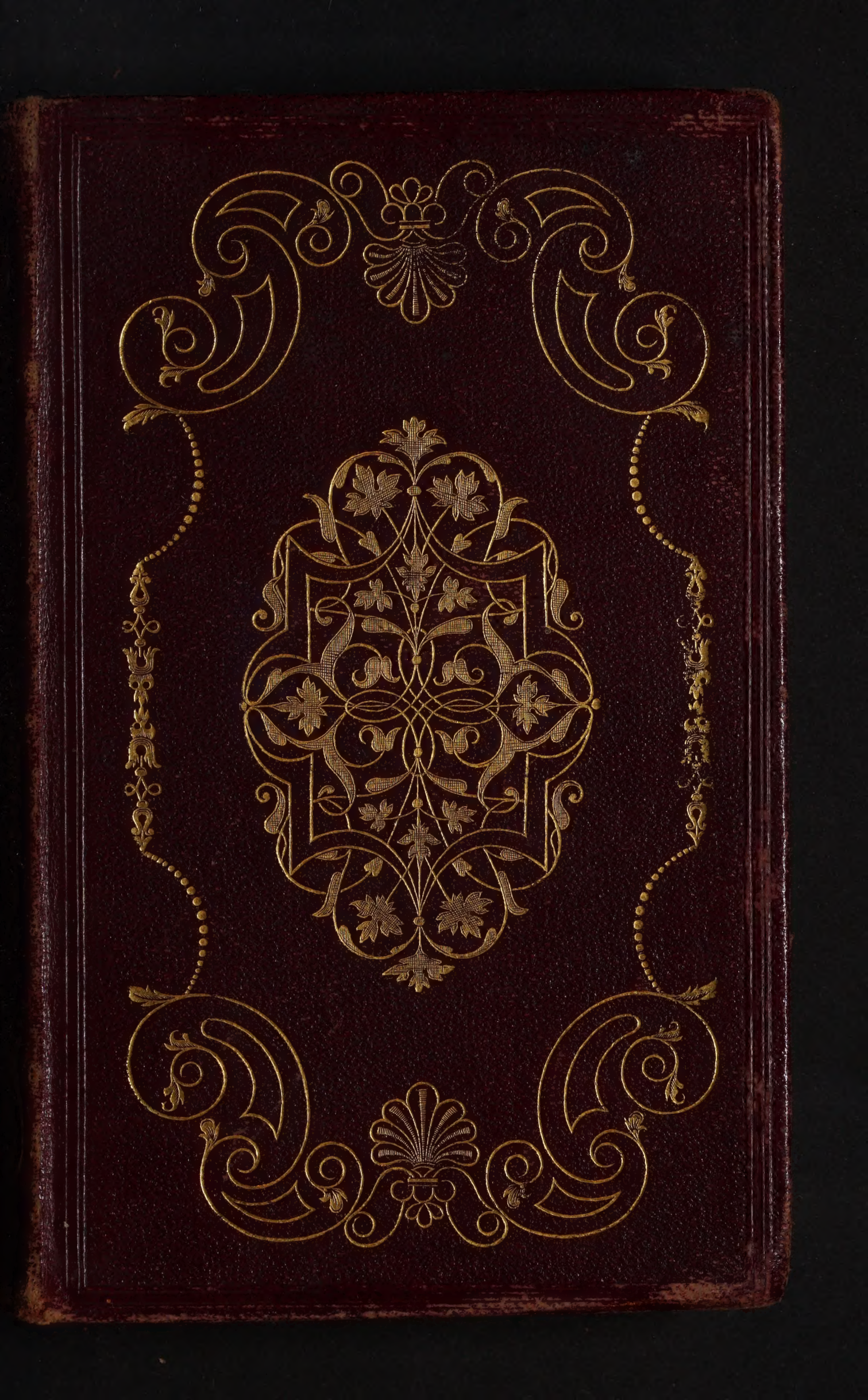

FORGET
ME NOT.
1842.

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БИБЛИОТЕКА
КОТТЕДЖА
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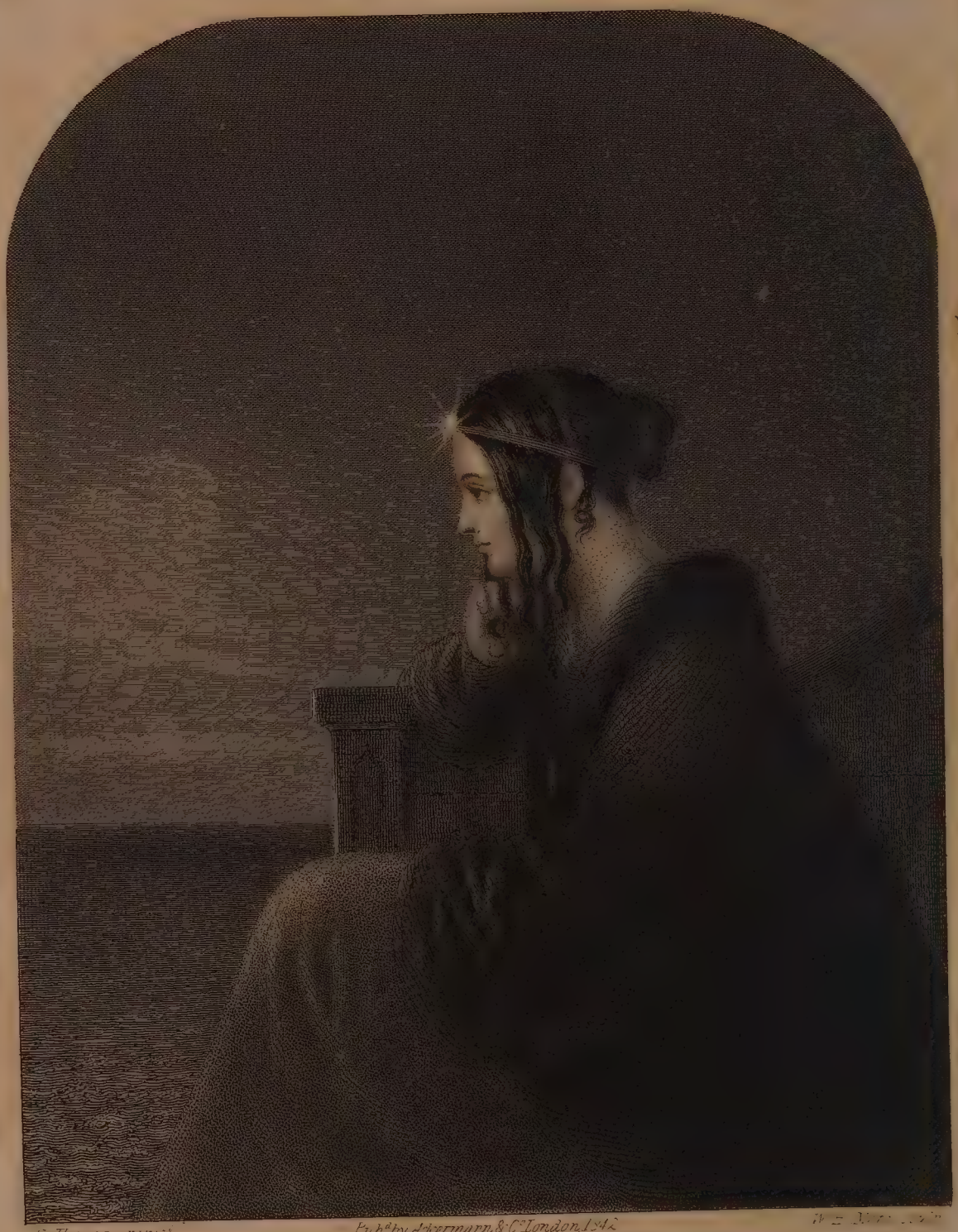

G. Hering. pinx.t Pub.d by Ackermann & C.o London 1842

ERNESTA.

FORGET ME NOT;

A CHRISTMAS,

NEW YEAR'S, AND BIRTHDAY PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXLII.

Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings and affections, kept
Within the heart, like gold.
L. E. L.

80

EDITED BY

FREDERIC SHOBERL.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY ACKERMANN AND CO.

LONDON:

F. SHOBERL, JUN., 51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET,

PRINTER TO H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.

PREFACE.

CHANGE is the lot of man; and it were folly to repine at that which is one of the conditions on which he holds existence. From the operation of this universal law of Nature, his works are not exempt, any more than himself. I am naturally led to this reflection at the present moment, when I have to perform the duty of introducing to the public the twentieth volume of this Miscellany. During the twenty years of its career, this work has partaken of that character of change which attaches to all human things. Born in helplessness, it soon started into adolescence, and advanced from youth to manhood; and I fear no contradiction, when I assert that, in these different stages of its existence, the professed aim and object of this publication—to amuse the mind, to improve the heart, to cultivate the purest affections, to encourage the highest and holiest feelings of our nature—have never been lost sight of.

But if the pervading spirit and principle continue the same, how different the agents! How many of those to whose aid the earliest volumes of this Annual were indebted have passed, mostly in the flower of their age, to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no

traveller returns!" how many others have retired from the field of literature to the more productive labours of practical pursuits! Almost a new generation occupies the theatre of life.

It were in vain to deny that in another respect a change has taken place, by which this publication, like all the rest of its class, has been deeply affected. Whether through fashion, caprice, or the positive demerits of some of those new competitors which started each succeeding year in the race of imitation, and mostly broke down in their first course, certain it is that the Annuals, from especial favourites of the public, have come to be regarded almost with indifference. There may be other causes for this change besides those to which I have just adverted; but it might not be prudent to investigate them too closely, for truth is very often like physic—too unpalatable to be retained by the stomach, and of no benefit if rejected by it. In spite, however, of all fluctuations and vicissitudes, through good repute and evil repute, so long as it shall be my lot to stand in the same relation to *this* work that I have done from its commencement, it shall be my strenuous endeavour, with the aid of those able assistants who have rallied round it, to uphold the character which it early acquired—that of being, in point of literary merit, as in age, the *first* of the Annuals.

In fact, let any one turn over the volumes which compose the series, and I would then challenge him to point out any miscellany containing, within the like

compass, so copious a mine of brilliant gems, so rich a store of compositions of all classes, gay and grave — interesting either by their humour, their pathos, and their information, and which the first living writers might be proud to own.

Of the present volume, individually, little need be said: it is before the reader, and will speak for itself. One thing, however, I must not omit, namely, this public expression of the grateful acknowledgments of the publishers to Colonel de Ceva, aide-de-camp to His Majesty the King of the Netherlands. To the liberality of that gentleman they are indebted for the subjects of two of the embellishments, which he permitted to be copied for this work, from paintings in his elegant gallery at the Hague. They are those which have been entitled "Louis XI. at Plessis-les-Tours," and "The Surprise of Montrose," and to which Miss Lawrance and Allan Cunningham have furnished highly-spirited and characteristic illustrations.

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FORGET ME NOT.

AMERICAN WILD FLOWERS,

FOR

QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Fair Sovereign, whose young maiden brow
With Britain's crown so lately shone —
A bride so soon — a mother now,
I bow to thee, but not thy throne.

Not drawn by state or titles forth,
My liberal heart would homage pay ;
But at the shrine of moral worth
I bring these fresh wild-flowers to lay.

Not reared in courts, nor sunned by gold,
Nor at the feet of rank, they grew ;
The proud *New* England, not the *Old*,
Baptized their opening buds with dew.

For I 'm a daughter of the land
  Beyond the waves, of loud renown,
That took the vow, and raised the brand
  Against thy royal grandsire's crown.

'T was her bold eagle, deemed so rough,
  That on the kingly lion's ear,
With fluttering pinions gave the cuff,
  As from his paw he mounted clear.

Yet what, perhaps, inspirits me,
  Is British blood, that warms my veins—
That here I boast my ancestry
  Of land o'er which VICTORIA reigns.

Not far from where thy palace towers,
  The silent, long repose they take
In sleep, from which their dust and ours
  The King of Kings at once shall wake.

But, while the merit is not mine,
  That I was born of Britain free,
The choice may not be counted thine,
  If thy long sceptre sways not me.

We both were in the future when
  My wild young country slipped her yoke;
Though my brave father struggled then,
  Until his foreign bondage broke.

God's blessings on his reverend head!
It now the crown of glory wears;
By Israel's wisest monarch said
To be composed of hoary hairs.

And fourscore years and ten have given,
As near the tomb they bear him down,
An earnest lustre opening heaven
Seems pouring on that silvery crown.

Yet still he lends his aged ear,
Reclining in his old arm-chair;
And loves of England's Queen to hear—
Her princely spouse, and royal heir.

His heart will then, as 'twere a fount
Of joy, o'er his pale features throw
Warm smiles, that to his forehead mount,
Like sunset-flush on Alpine snow.

With fervent spirit oft he prays,
That Heaven will give a light to shine,
To guide thee safe in all thy ways,
And bless the world in thee and thine.

For we have marked thy modest worth,
And had a watchful eye to thee,
Since thy bright name has sounded forth
As that of England's jubilee.

We've seen thee, meek and graceful, move
From careless childhood to the throne,
And there, before the world, approve
The earthly lord thy heart must own.

And, aided by the artist's skill,
We 've looked upon his form and thine,
Till fancy made the spirit fill
The shadow of the distant shrine.

We saw thee as a joyous bride,
And heard thee midst that grand array,
With blest Prince Albert by thy side,
Pronounce the wondrous word, *Obey !*

Methought that tie of mutual love—
A tie in earthly courts so rare—
The bright ones of the court above,
With sweet acclaim recorded there.

And now appears thy precious gem,
Just touched by this world's air and light;
May hovering angels guard the stem,
And shield the bud from stain and blight !

Long may'st thou, Royal Rose, be bound
Upon thy kingdom's breast, and worn,
Diffusing sweets the world around,
Without a canker or a thorn !

May Death not pluck thee from her heart,
  Till pale with frost of wintry years!
When thus thou must be loosed, depart
  Bedewed with more than subject's tears.

But now, the simple wreath I weave,
  As redolent of love to thee,
Fair Queen, from o'er the deep receive,
  A free-will offering of the free.

Newburyport, Mass. U. S.
  January 1st, 1841.

SIMILITUDES.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

"I have used similitudes."—Hosea, xii. 10.

A Hailstone, from the cloud set free,
Shot, slanting coastward, o'er the sea,
And thus, as Eastern tales relate,
Lamented its untimely fate:
"*Last* moment born, condemn'd in *this*,
The *next* absorpt in yon abyss:
'T were better ne'er to know the light,
Than see and perish at first sight!"
An Oyster, opening as it fell,
Welcomed the outcast to its cell,

Where, meekly suffering "a sea-change,"
It grew to "something rich and strange;"
And thence became the richest gem
That decks the Sultan's diadem,
Turn'd from a particle of ice
Into a pearl of priceless price:
For thus the Power that rules o'er all,
Can raise the humble by their fall.

A Dewdrop, in the flush of morn,
Sparkled upon a blossom'd thorn,
Reflecting, from its mirror pure,
The sun himself in miniature.
Dancing for gladness on the spray,
It miss'd its hold, and slid away;
A skylark, mounting up to sing,
Caught the frail trembler on his wing;
But, borne aloft through gathering clouds,
Left it entangled with their shrouds:
Lost, and for ever lost, it seem'd,
When suddenly the sun forth gleam'd,
And round the showery vapours threw
A rainbow;—where our drop of dew,
'Midst the prismatic hues of heaven,
Outshone the beams of all the seven;
While hovering angels sang again,
"Peace upon earth, goodwill to men!"
And, "Glory in the highest be
To God!" responded earth and sea.

A Babe into existence came,
A feeble, helpless, suffering frame;
It breathed below a little while,
Then vanish'd, like a tear, a smile,
That springs and falls — that peers and parts,
The joy, the grief, of loving hearts.
The grave received the body dead,
Where all that live must lay their head.
Sank then the soul to dust and gloom,
Worms and corruption, in the tomb?
No! — in "the rainbow round the throne,"
Caught up to paradise, it shone,
And still it shines, until the day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And those that sleep in Jesus here,
With Him in glory shall appear;
Then will that soul and body meet,
And, when his jewels are complete,
'Midst countless millions, form a gem
In the Redeemer's diadem;
Wherewith, as thorns his brows once bound,
He, for his sufferings, shall be crown'd,
Raised from the ignominious tree
To the right hand of Majesty,
Head over all created things,
The Lord of Lords, the King of Kings.

The Mount, near Sheffield,
May 22d, 1840.

THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE.

BY N. MICHELL, ESQ.

'T is sweet as the dawn flashes over the lawn,
The old Manor-house to see;
To hear the roused rooks, in their leafy nooks,
And the hum of the sportive bee.
'T is merry to mark, on the smooth-shaven park,
The hunters dashing out,
Their wild steeds neighing, the eager hounds baying,
With the whistle, the call, and the shout.

'T is sweet when the sun, his race being run,
Kisses the mansion so old,
Warms the mossed wall, lights up the oak hall,
And bathes the trees in gold:
When the deer are at rest, and the rook seeks his nest,
And no sound on the calm air swells,
Save the peasant's low song, as he winds along,
Or the distant village bells.

Grey mansion, all hail! thou hast stood the gale,
Flood, fire, and the bolt of heaven,
Though days that have fled to thy hoary head,
A garland of ivy have given.
And still, beloved pile! in strength mayst thou smile,
For many a jovial year;
With thy rooks and thy lawn, thy hunters at dawn,
And thy blithe old English cheer!

Drawn by C. Bentley. Pub. 1842 by Ackermann & Co. London. Engd by T. Thomas.

FORT ROUGE CALAIS.

THE FISHERMAN OF FORT ROUGE.

BY MRS. GORE.

Every mechanical calling exercises a powerful moral influence over its followers. Those who go down to the sea in ships, above all those whose prosperity is dependent on the stirring chances of wind and tide, are apt to be impetuous, wilful, and wayward, as the elements wherewith they have to struggle. Even when soft of heart, the sailor is hard of hand. He has no leisure for the expansion of those milder gradations of feeling which form the common bond between man and mankind. His vocation opposes a perpetual barrier to communion with his fellow-creatures. He loves few, and loves them ardently; and his animosities are equally circumscribed, and of equal intensity. He carries with him to the great deep affections cherished with superstitious devotion; or some cause of deep offence, over which he broods in the desolation of that vast loneliness, till it seems to amplify and fill the mighty solitude around.

In almost all fishing-towns, more especially those of the Continent, there is a land population and a sea population scrupulously distinct. In the French ports of the Channel, such as Calais and

Dieppe, the fishermen have their quarter, their *patois*, their costume, their characteristic sports and dances, to which they adhere with all the prejudice of caste; standing apart from their fellow-townsmen, from whom they are divided only by a street or a brook, as tenaciously as Jew from Christian, or Mussulman from Hindoo. And thus, their peculiarities of nature become hereditary. Even in early childhood, the fisherman's boy is as complete a miniature of the fisherman, as the young shrimp of the old one.

During the summer season, when the Calaisians and mariners of the Pollet (the fishing suburb of Dieppe) frequent, on Sundays and holidays, the same public gardens or dancing-booths as their fellow-citizens, the *matelot*, in his canvas trowsers and capacious boots, is never seen to give his arm to the tripping *grisette* or fawn-eyed *paysanne*; nor would the hard-featured *matelotte*, whose complexion vies with the glaring red of her short linseywoolsey petticoat of unnumbered breadths, deign to bestow a moment's attention on the smartest mercer of the market-place, or the richest grazier of the neighbouring marshes. Their hoarse, harsh voices, their rugged faces, their recklessness tempered by the superstitious piety predominant in simple minds engaged in a perilous course of life, seem to adapt them inextricably for each other.

It is an interesting sight to observe the fishermen's families in Catholic countries crowding the jetty or shore, when the turn of the tide is about to bring in the little fleet. In stormy weather, they are sure to be found in groups at the foot of the Calvary, with uplifted hands, sometimes with streaming eyes, awaiting the issue of the tempest; and striving, by the sacrifice of their scanty means in offerings to the Church, to propitiate the Disposer of the storm. But when the lightsome waves are rippling under a summer sky, and all is serene and promising, the fisherwomen and their amphibious progeny station themselves on the stones of the pier, or on their upturned empty baskets, speculating, in the least harmonious of voices accustomed to outscream the wintry wind, and predominate over the roaring of the surge, upon the chances of the day; disposing beforehand of imaginary turbots, and foreseeing draughts of mackarel all but miraculous.

A few years ago, the saunterers upon the sands, or rather shingles, of Calais were often struck by a group, differing from the noisy throng watching the return of the fishing-boats, in so far that they were stationary even when wind and tide were set against the arrival of the boats. Whether the smacks were far out of sight, or at anchor within range of shore, either in the still moonlight or the equally silvery tranquillity of an early summer

morning, there they loitered, almost under the shadow of Fort Rouge — a man, a woman, and occasionally a young girl, stretched at lazy length among the fragments of broken vessels, old capstans, splintered masts, bulkheads, and spars, abounding on the spot.

Yet there was nothing prosperous in their appearance to account for this undue luxury of leisure. Their garments were worn, their countenances wasted and sorrowful. Even the girl, though her naked feet had not lost the elastic tread of youth upon the sand, used to look wistfully back upon her parents as she bore along her mother's shrimping-net and basket, as if trying to beguile the poor woman into some wiser occupation than sitting with folded hands watching the vacant looks or unquiet gestures of her husband.

But she was not to be persuaded away, even by the guileless arts of the poor child. Françoise knew that her place was *there;* that the thriftlessness which made her meals so spare and her pallet so hard, was a bounden duty. She was accomplishing woman's mission upon earth — the task of consolation!

The man was her husband. But though often from sunrise to nightfall not a word of kindness broke from his parched lips to cheer the dreariness of her life, his silent moroseness was no offence. He was mad — heartbroken — dying; and she

fancied that his madness and misery were her work!

Three years before, Pierre Romeny and his wife were a happy, thriving couple. No brighter scarlet skirts, no richer cross of gold or pendent earrings, no wider Valenciennes frilling disposed in plaits upon the bronzed neck, appeared on fête days at early mass, or, on Sunday afternoons, on the jetty of Calais, than those of Françoise, paraded on the arm of her stout helpmate, and marshalling before her a little Françoise and little Pierre, as hearty and happy as themselves. The boy, more especially, was one of those sunny-faced creatures upon whom the eye of the stranger delights to dwell. Many an English family, disembarking on the pier of Calais, used to fling their first franc to the bright-eyed sailor-boy, whose gladsome countenance seemed like a favourable omen for their tour. All their little gains, as well as the earnings of his calling, were deposited with his parents. Good, duteous, thankful, the child had no existence save in them; adoring his mother, and obeying his father, as tenderly as they loved him in return. The little warm-hearted fellow appeared to be the bond uniting in stedfast harmony the thriving household of the Romenys.

One autumn, however, a series of stormy, equinoctial weather brought idleness, and consequently need and suffering, to the fishing population of the

French coast, and, as if wantonly to aggravate the evils of the hour, Pierre Romeny seized upon the season of adversity to indulge in vices for which he never before evinced a propensity. To beguile his disappointments, he betook himself to drink and dominos, squandering at the *estaminet* the means which had become doubly precious to his family. Remorse was now added to his miseries. He was ashamed to return home. He dreaded the reproaches of his prudent wife; he dreaded the uncomplaining depression of his hungry children; and, encouraged by the evil counsels of those who found their profit in his folly, again drank, again gamed, again swore and blasphemed, while the angry winds howled round the resort of intemperance, as if mocking or menacing the offender.

Again and again did poor Françoise present herself at the door, imploring him to return home. Her entreaties were met at first by sullen silence, at length with threats and imprecations; and when, in the despair of her soul, she ventured to despatch her beloved boy on the same errand, in the hope that his open honest countenance would work its way to the heart of the erring but not yet hardened man, Romeny, infuriated by drink and shame, seized the little fellow by the hair and dashed him furiously against the wall. On recovering from that stunning blow, young Pierre, pale and heartbroken, went his way out of the

estaminet without a word. His only care was to efface all trace of his sufferings before he reached the presence of his mother, to whom he uttered not a syllable of his father's ill-usage.

Romeny did not return home that night. Early next morning, Françoise hazarded another visit of remonstrance. She had to tell him that the Jeannette, of which he was part owner and master mariner, was preparing to leave the port; that there was a lull, that his comrades were all astir—that he must be at his post. But the dull eyes of the drunkard stared upon her as though he knew her not, proving that her words were spoken in vain. He spent that day as he had spent the preceding night, lying stupified under the wooden benches of the *estaminet*.

For two preceding years the boy had formed part of the crew of the Jeannette. Carefully watched and instructed by his father, little Pierre was proverbial among his mates for his courage and activity; and already it was predicted by the older sailors that he would make as brave and expert a mariner as his father. Upon his mother's return from the wine-house, as if apprized by her swollen eyelids how matters stood, he folded her a moment in his fond but rough embrace, whispering a fervent but rough entreaty that she would thenceforward look to *him* as the support of her future years. Then, with a hasty kiss to his little

sister, the young sailor hurried down to the quay, where the Jeannette was preparing to lift her anchor, explained in a few incoherent words that his father's absence was occasioned by illness, and commenced with more than usual activity his duties of the day.

Pierre Romeny's place was instantly filled by an able mariner from among the numerous hands wanting work in weather so unpropitious: and the kind-hearted captain of the Jeannette, believing in the pretext of his indisposition, would fain have dispensed with the services of the boy, that he might attend upon his father. But little Pierre stood firm. Aware that his exertions were likely to become valuable to his mother, he refused to return home; and seemed to take pride in the idea of his first cruise, emancipated from the instructions of his father. Poor Françoise, who had followed him to the port, after watching the Jeannette pitch her way out of harbour, knelt down with a heavy heart at the foot of the cross to implore a blessing upon the boy—her joy, her comfort. She dared not even to the ear of Heaven avow that he was her only comfort left on earth.

A severe chastisement awaited her maternal partiality. Towards afternoon, a heavy squall arose. By the time the lighthouse sent forth its warning brightness, the waves ran so high, and the darkness of the night was so terrible, that it surprised no

one when the turn of the tide brought in only one of three fishing-smacks which had ventured out. The Jeannette was evidently unable to make the harbour!

All that night did Françoise Romeny pass upon the jetty, drenched to the skin, chilled to the very marrow of her bones, praying, raving, despairing. Morning came at last, and brought no comfort; for, by the grey lurid light of an equinoctial dawn, she saw the wreck of the Jeannette stranded off Fort Rouge. It was not, however, till evening that the body of the only individual missing among her crew was washed ashore. The clamorous rejoicings of the wives whose husbands had been spared drowned the faint cry of the poor mother, when a dark object, entangled in seaweed, was snatched by the wreckers from the waves, and deposited upon her knees.

"My boy, my murdered boy!" burst from the lips of the distracted woman (convinced that, had his father been at his post, the life of the lad would have been preserved like those of his young comrades)—"the curse of God be upon the drunkard who sent thee forth to struggle with the storm, while indulging in vice and cowardly idleness on shore!"

In her distraction, Françoise saw not that the unhappy father stood beside her, with his eyes fixed upon the livid body of the child — be-

wildered, desperate, and destined from that awful moment to a species of sullen idiocy, the consequence of a shock received after the excitement of ardent spirits.

But for the tenderness of her surviving child, Françoise Romeny would probably have sunk under the pressure of this double affliction. Anxiety for the living served, however, to tranquillise the violence of her sorrow for the dead. She soon began to accuse herself as the origin of her husband's affliction, and devote herself heroically to its alleviation. Apprehensive that Pierre might be moved, by some sudden impulse of remorse, to an act of desperation, she resolved never to leave his side when he took up his daily station upon the spot where the poor boy's body was rescued from the waves. There they used to sit, those heart-broken parents, stricken with heavy affliction; their bread bitter, their souls despairing, till it came to be accounted a bad omen when the faces of the Romenys were the first objects that greeted the foreign traveller, or the last which the crew of a vessel noticed upon shore. The gulls seemed to flit over their heads, regarding them no more than the spars and timbers among which they loitered away the day, watching for the return of the Jeannette, which Pierre Romeny fondly persisted would one day bring back their living, breathing, promising bright-faced boy—the loving boy whom he had smitten—the dutiful boy

whom he had allowed to meet unprotected the perils of the midnight storm.

But they are watchers no longer. The repentant father is lying beside his victim in the cemetery of Calais: and Françoise the inmate of her daughter, now a happy wife and mother. It is some consolation to her gray hairs that, among the young ones crowding to her knees, there is a little blue-eyed Pierre, in whose behalf her intercessions to Heaven are blended with many a faithful tribute to the memory of the dead!—

SONG.

BY MISS E. SCAIFE.

Night, with her starry eyes
  Of lustrous glory,
Is gleaming from the skies
  On ruin hoary;
On ruin and on river,
  Gently flowing
Through scenes with beauty ever
  Brightly glowing.

Lo! where the mountain shades
  Are frowning grimly;
Lo! where the nut-wood glades
  Are shining dimly;
Lo! every pleasant scene
  That once delighted,

Not chang'd, as we have been,
Not chang'd nor blighted!

And yet we are not old;
Our hearts are true, love,
Our feelings are not cold,
Not cold nor few, love.
And though we wept the tears
Of early sadness,
The chastening of those years
Has brought forth gladness.

Peace with her heavenward gaze
At last has found us.
The dawn of brighter days
Has gather'd round us;
Mercies long sought in vain
Have now descended;
Our sun has risen again,
Our night has ended.

Bliss, that is born of truth,
And grateful feelings;
And hope, whose endless youth
Has bright revealings;
And love, the fruit of faith,
That wavereth never,
Are our's, are our's till death,
Are our's for ever!

THE SANTA TRINIDADA.

A TALE OF THE HEBRIDES.

BY WILLIAM E. AYTOUN, ESQ.

About a hundred years ago, in the savage and nearly desolate island of Benbecula, one of the most rugged of the Hebridean cluster, there dwelt two brothers, called Malcolm and Donald Maclean. They were fishermen, and earned only a scanty subsistence by their trade, for at that time few vessels were engaged in the Scottish fisheries, and such as did frequent the coasts were supplied from other stations. They had, however, a little patch of cultivated ground attached to their hut, from which, in a favourable season, they reaped a tolerable crop of barley, and they also were allowed by the laird the privilege of pasturage, rent-free, over the hill-side, and so contrived to keep a cow and a few sheep, which constituted the whole of their stock. In short, their situation was neither better nor worse than that of the majority of their neighbours, who knew nothing of the world beyond the bounds of the wild Benbecula, and who lived and died in the same state of rude ignorance in which they were born.

But Malcolm Maclean, the elder of the brothers,

was in some respects superior to his neighbours. He had nothing of that laziness and passive indolence, too often the characteristic and bane of the Highland peasantry; on the contrary, he was bold, impetuous, and enterprising, and secretly repined at the destiny which had fettered him down to so narrow a sphere of exertion, from which he saw no possible means of escape. This ambition, which under other circumstances might have been turned to material advantage, degenerated at last with him into a sort of morbid craving; and the absence of any fixed aim or definite object served only to make him discontented with his humble station. Little as he knew of the world beyond the limits of his native island, he had learned that gold was the great talisman by which honours were achieved, reputation purchased, and pleasure secured. He was told, and not untruly, that on the mainland the possessor of that precious metal was as a prince who could command all others to do his bidding and rely on their obedience; and thenceforth he determined that all his powers should be bent to the acquisition of that one object, of whose real value he knew so little, and less of its proper use.

In Benbecula money was little used in those days as current coin. The refinements of civilization had not gone so far as to supersede the simple method of barter common to all isolated communities. From the ships which occasionally touched

at the coasts, the islanders received brandy, tobacco, and foreign manufactures, in exchange for their dried fish, wool, and other native produce. Among themselves the same system prevailed, so that money, as we use it now, was hardly known among them, and if offered, was almost received with hesitation. Happy, perhaps, for them had they never known its use!

In vain, then, did Malcolm Maclean rise early and toil late; in vain was his boat, in all practicable weather, launched into the sea. After the struggle of years, he stood precisely in the same position as before. He had, indeed, secured some comforts for his cottage, which other neighbours did not possess, but from his great object and aim he was as far distant as ever. There was no content in his soul. Very different was his brother Donald. A simple, kind-hearted, affectionate being, he never for a moment considered his own interest or wishes, if they interfered in the slightest degree with those of any one else. Over him Malcolm possessed the most entire ascendency. The younger Maclean, accustomed from his infancy to rely solely upon the judgment of the elder, clung to him with the most implicit faith; Malcolm's desire to him was law — Malcolm's opinion more decisive than the fiat of the gravest oracle.

The cottage of the Macleans was situated upon a high land, overlooking the western ocean. The

scenery around was of that wild and savage nature peculiar to the coast of Scotland, stern even when the skies were fair, but indescribably grand when seen amid the war of the elements. The smooth green turf gradually sloped down to the summit of a wall of rocks which, with perpendicular steepness, rose out of the deep green sea. No masses of shingle, or shelves of sand, lay beneath; nothing but dark, unfathomable water, lashing against the solid basalt. Some hundred yards further out, there lay a lesser ridge, conspicuous even at the highest tide, which somewhat broke the flow of the great Atlantic wave. Most magnificent it was in winter, when the storm came sweeping from the west, to stand upon the brink of the precipice, and watch the tumult of the ocean as it rolled the stupendous billows towards the land. Mountain-like and unbroken, each in succession approached the outer reef, over which it sprang with a roar that would have stifled thunder, and then, collecting, as it were, its scattered force, dashed itself madly against the stubborn rock, spouting up columns of spray, which the wind caught and whirled far into the interior of the island.

In some places, the action of the waters had hollowed out immense caverns in the cliffs — dark subterraneous passages, along which the tide rolled with prodigious force. One of these, with an entrance as high as a cathedral dome, extended a

great way inland, and terminated at a deep pit, open to the day, close by the cottage of the brothers. Down this a sort of natural staircase, yet practicable for none but an experienced cragsman, led to the water's edge, and by a narrow and slippery path, formed of columnar fragments, it was possible in calm weather to creep half way along the cavern. Deep, and black as ink, lay the water weltering beneath, stirring with its rise and fall huge masses of tangle and seaweed, which grew there with unusual luxuriance. Few birds frequented that dark, dismal place. Only the swart cormorant was seen swimming sullenly near the entrance, and seeking a hiding-place within, at the approach of the fisher's boat.

The islanders told strange tales of the "Gloomy Cave," which they held to be the resort of supernatural beings, the mermaid of the waters, and the mischievous kelpie who lures men to their ruin. Many marvelled that the Macleans had chosen so suspicious a place for their dwelling, and forboded coming disaster; but Malcolm, though a Highlander, thought little of spiritual terrors, and Donald would have been content to dwell hard by the gates of purgatory if his brother was with him.

One summer evening, Malcolm left the cottage, and, descending into the cavern by the narrow staircase we have mentioned, made his way along the subterranean passage, and seated himself upon

a broken fragment of rock. For the last few days, he had felt more than usually discontented; in fact, the seeds of envy had taken deep root in his mind. The son of an old neighbour, who had left Benbecula for some years, and settled on the mainland, had lately returned on a visit, and his description (for he had been prosperous) of the stirring life in the town where he resided, and the wealth and comparative luxury of the inhabitants, had worked up the ambitious Malcolm to a state of most unenviable repining.

"What do I want," said he, "save gold, to remove me from this wretched place, to make me free, and happy, and contented, like this Duncan, who seven years ago was no better than I? The priest tells us that industry is its own reward, and here am I toiling from morning to night harder than the black Indian slaves, of whom I have heard, and yet as poor! If there be a Providence above, why does it deal so unequally with us? I want no gifts for which I have not wrought; but when I have done so, and tasked my energies to the utmost, am I not entitled to the reward? Oh! if there were, as some men say, other powers, who will listen to our prayers when Heaven will not, I would call on them to help me; but these are idle dreams."

So communed with himself the luckless Malcolm, impatiently stirring, at the same time, with

his foot the drifted seaware that lay piled upon a crevice. All at once he perceived, beneath the porous mass, something glitter with metallic lustre, and, stooping down, to his infinite astonishment he found a small yellow wedge, which, from its weight, he perceived to be gold. The brain of the young Highlander swam round as he clutched this unexpected treasure. Here then, at last, was the earnest of his fortune, the first step gained of the ladder by which he was hereafter to rise! It was gold — pure, palpable, lustrous gold! His day-dream—his night-thought—at last he held it in his grasp! But how came it there? The water below was black and deep; no vessel sought shelter in the Gloomy Cave; no foot, save his own, ever trod so far into its dark recess.

"Has it been cast here from shipwreck?" cried Maclean aloud, "or" — and here an involuntary thrill shot through him—"has some spirit, indeed, heard my wish, and thrown this treasure in my way? How came it here?"

Therewith a sound arose within the cavern, not of the waves, but as if human voices were speaking down the depths of the black, still water, and, in strange accents, these words smote upon his ear: "Santa Trinidada! Santa Trinidada!"

"Mother of mercy!" cried the Highlander, as the echo died away along the vault, "what was that?"

And again, as though a chorus of voices had taken up the reply, there arose from the gulf beneath the same mysterious call, "Santa Trinidada! Santa Trinidada!"

Fairly overcome by terror, Maclean bounded along the dangerous path, heedless of all risk or obstacle. He clambered up the sides of the pit with the agility of a chamois, nor paused to draw breath until he felt his foot firmly planted on the greensward, and the fresh breeze blowing on his face. He then knelt down and listened, but the voices were heard no more; nothing, save the dull plashing of the torpid wave against the solid stone. His first thought was, that his fancy had deceived him, that what he had seen and heard was a vision, a dream; but then the wedge weighed heavily in his hand; he gazed upon it, and knew that vision or dream it was none.

From that day forward, Malcolm abandoned his old pursuits, for how was it possible that the owner of real wealth should continue toiling like a slave at the oar for the common necessaries of life? True, the treasure thus mysteriously thrown in his way was small; and even had it been infinitely larger, he never could have realised its value in Benbecula, where an ingot of gold was not more valuable than one of baser metal. But a kind of glamour, or deception, seemed to have been thrown over the eyes of the Highlander. Treasure-finding

reduces those who are unfortunate enough to stumble upon it to the state of the eaters of the lotus, who, having once tasted that delicious repast, turn with loathing from all coarser and common food. Malcolm spent his whole time in wandering along the sea-shore, prying under every stone and heap of shingle, in the hopes of making another rich discovery. At first he avoided the cavern, but the desire of gain soon proved stronger than his prudence, and again he descended the pit, groped his way along the slippery path, and explored each crevice with the minutest and most eager scrutiny. But nothing more could he find. The mysterious voices seemed to be silenced, and the quest of the treasure-hunter was in vain.

Of course, while his time was thus fruitlessly occupied, things went ill at home. The little stock which the brothers had accumulated was gradually exhausted without being replaced. Some of their sheep were exchanged for absolute necessaries, others perished from want during the unusually severe winter that followed. At last they were reduced almost to a state of destitution. Throughout this whole period, Donald Maclean had never uttered a murmur, nor attempted to expostulate with his brother. If Malcolm chose to work, good and well; if not, he had no reason to complain. In all things he was subservient to the elder, and so the kind, faithful creature put forth all his en-

ergies, and taxed his powers to the utmost, that Malcolm might not want. But ill-luck attended him also in every thing he attempted. The fishery failed, so did the crop; the sheep were buried in the snow, and Donald himself was nearly lost in a vain attempt to recover them. When the spring came, starvation stared the brothers in the face.

The piteous looks of Donald, now fast settling into a state of despondency, first awoke compunction in the stubborn mind of the elder Maclean.

"No!" said he one night, as he lay tossing on his bed, "I must not suffer him to fall a victim to my own folly and weakness. He has toiled for me without murmur or complaint: it is my duty now to resume a portion of the labour without which we cannot live. Would that I had never seen that cursed gold!"

With the first grey dawn of the morning he arose softly, and left the hut without awakening his brother. The mist lay low and heavy, both upon mountain and sea, and the air was damp and chill. Malcolm walked straight to the creek where his boat lay, and pushed her off with the intention of proceeding to a bank at some distance, accounted one of the best fishing stations on the coast.

He rowed away until the land nearly disappeared behind the screen of thick vapour, and was lost in his own gloomy meditations, when a voice near him exclaimed, "What, messmate ahoy!

Do you mean to run me down this drizzling morning?"

Malcolm turned quickly round, and saw that he was indeed on the point of running foul of a boat, in which sate a single occupant. He was an elderly, weather-beaten man, with grizzly hair, beetling eyebrows, and a disagreeable, sarcastic sort of expression about the mouth, which rendered doubly repulsive a countenance that never could have been prepossessing. He wore a pilot-coat, such as is used by the Dutch fishermen, long water-proof boots, and a red cap. The boat seemed of Norwegian build, but was old and crazy, as if it had lain for many years disused, and the sailor sate in the stern smoking a short pipe, without either oar or sail, both of which seemed to be wanting.

"Where do you come from?" said Malcolm, astonished at this singular apparition.

"Far enough from here, anyhow," replied the other gruffly; "but that is no business of your's. Can you tell me what land that is to the right?"

"Benbecula."

"Ay?" said the sailor; "then I have made the cursed place at last. Do you know the soundings here, brother?"

"Every one of them, for miles along the coast," answered Malcolm, readily.

"So, you are a fisherman, I see. Do those of your trade ever catch gold fish along the rocks?"

"Gold fish!" replied Malcolm, with a start, "what mean you?"

"Why fish like these—fellows that rise from the bottom without fin or tail, to leap into the hands of lubbers who do not know their value," answered the sailor, and, pulling a wedge from his pocket, exactly the counterpart of that which Malcolm had previously found, he held it out to the confounded fisherman.

"In the name of Heaven, how came you by that?" cried Maclean.

"Ho! ho! you know it, do you?" replied Redcap, looking keenly at Malcolm. "You have smelt the sweet sniff of the golden treasure before now. What would you say, brother, if I were to put you in the way of finding hundreds, ay, thousands, of metal lumps like that, and all without fee or reward?"

"But where—where are these to be found?"

"Why, hereabouts—somewhere off your rocky coast, where the best ship that ever came out of the dockyard goes to pieces like an empty nutshell on a hearthstone. But come—you seem a lad of spirit, and I care not if I tell you somewhat, for I need a helping hand. Did you ever hear of the Santa Trinidada?"

"Santa Trinidada!" cried Maclean, shrinking back in terror, for the name recalled instantly to his recollection the sounds he had heard in the

Gloomy Cave, and the stranger's voice seemed to him now like the actual echo of the same: "what is that! what is the meaning of the words?"

"Oho! you have heard the name too, I see. Strange things will happen, they say, at the full of the moon, and even the dead cannot keep their secrets without blabbing. All the better, however, for my purpose: I want a man whose ears are opened to the whispers below the sea. Mark me then, and listen. It may be about a hundred and fifty years since one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada, which carried most of their treasure, was driven northward by stress of weather, and wrecked off this very island. The name of that ship was the Santa Trinidada. No one knows to this day the exact spot where she settled down, but the man who can discern it will become the owner of riches which a prince might covet. Now, messmate, if you will give me a helping hand in this business, we shall share equally like brothers. There is enough treasure lying beneath that black still water to make both our fortunes, and to purchase over-head a hundred such barren islands as this. What say you; will you join?"

"With all my heart!" cried Malcolm, flushed with hope and eagerness. "But how are we to find the spot?"

"I see you are of the right stuff, brother," said the sailor with a grim laugh. "Your heart is

among the doubloons already. It is easy enough to find the place if you have only nerve and courage, and will do as I direct you. Is there not, somewhere hereabouts, a glen with a broad flat stone in the middle, marked with old characters ?"

"There is," said Malcolm, with a shudder; "I know what you mean. They call it here the Goblins' Den; folks say the place is haunted."

"Nonsense!" replied the sailor, "an old woman's tale. If it be haunted, 'tis by good spirits who give us gold for the asking, and such are not to be feared."

"But the priest says ——"

"What all of his tribe do—terrifies you with legends of the devil, as if *he* had nothing else to do but sit behind stones, and frighten children out of their wits. Listen to me; do as I bid you, and you are a made man."

"What is to be done then?" asked Malcolm.

"First you must procure a bullock or a cow, and lead it, an hour before midnight, to that stone in the solitary glen. I will be there. Then we must slaughter and skin the beast, and you shall pass the night alone wrapped up in the reeking hide. Before morning you will know the exact spot where the Santa Trinidada went down. But what's the matter now?"

"Mother of God!" cried the Highlander, whose horror at this suggestion was unbounded, "'tis

the Taghairm! the worst rite of hell, whereby the unhappy wretch who practises it gives himself over soul and body to the tempter! Now I know with whom I have to do! Avaunt! get thee hence, Satan! thou hast as yet no power over me."

As he said these words he seized the oars, and pulled away with the whole of his gigantic force from the skiff of the sailor.

"Fool!" said the latter. "Were I he thou hast named, dost think thou couldst have escaped me so? But go thy ways, Malcolm Maclean, treasure-seeker, treasure-finder, treasure-loser! We meet again, and that right soon—by the stone in the Goblins' Den."

Maclean heard no more, but rowed rapidly towards the shore. As he shot past the huge gloomy mouth of the cavern, it seemed to him as if a voice called out from its inmost recesses, "Santa Trinidada!" and, nerved by the energy of terror, he sent the boat whirling through the water with the swiftness of a wild-duck, leaped upon the shore, and hurried precipitately to his cottage, without venturing to cast a look behind him.

For some days after this strange incident, he maintained his resolution of never visiting the dreaded cave again, or searching more for treasure. But the bird was in the net of the fowler—the doom was upon Maclean. The account given him

by the sailor of the enormous riches contained in the sunken vessel was ever present to his thoughts. There was wealth sufficient almost to purchase a kingdom lying unappropriated at his door; nothing between him and its possession save a ceremony of which he knew nothing but by hearsay, dangerous indeed, but probably — O surely — exaggerated! Such thoughts tormented his soul.

Still he might have resisted the temptation, but the desperate state of his affairs pressed more upon him day by day. Of all the little comforts he had amassed not one now remained. He had not even sufficient seed wherewith to sow the patch of barley-land upon which their next year's subsistence depended; the sheep were dead or gone; nothing remained but their single cow. The gaunt apparition of poverty is the strongest of all incentives. Malcolm at last believed that it was his duty, even at the peril of his soul, to achieve the promised fortune, and announced to his brother his determination of undergoing the fatal ordeal. Donald was loud in his remonstrance. He would rather have lived and died the most wretched outcast upon the earth than have hazarded Malcolm's safety to secure the greatest aggrandizement to himself. He looked upon the heathen rite, commonly reported to have been handed down from times far antecedent to the Christian revelation in Scotland, as a sacrifice to the foul fiend, and a direct sub-

mission to his power; but all that he could say or do did not move the stern resolution of Malcolm, who swore that though heaven and hell interposed he still would have his way.

An hour before midnight, the two brothers issued from their cottage. Malcolm silently and with trembling fingers tied a halter round the neck of the cow, placed the rope in Donald's hand, and, motioning him to follow, strode forward, bearing a heavy hatchet on his shoulder. During their way to the glen, neither spoke a word, but the breath of the elder came thick and heavy, and the younger could not refrain at times from uttering a groan. At last they reached the stone. It was truly a dreary place, this wild Highland glen, and such as even at midday no one could pass without a thrill of solitary dread. On three sides it was surrounded by mountains not clothed with verdure, but bare, gray, and precipitous. On the fourth was a small tarn of deep black water, fringed with huge bulrushes, from which a broken morass extended almost to the margin of the sea. No tree grew there; only a few withered stumps, without leaves or life, stood out on the face of a shingly scaur, the relics, perhaps, of an ancient forest. On this particular night the sky was covered with clouds, through which neither moon nor stars appeared; a cold wind whistled mournfully above among the rocky

hollows; distant thunder at times was heard to mutter, and ever and anon a flash of lightning threw a dismal glare over the haunted glen.

The brothers stood for a time beside the stone without speaking, and gazed wistfully on each other. Fear and doubt were written on the countenances of both, but Malcolm was by far the most haggard and excited of the two. At last he raised the hatchet.

"O brother, brother Malcolm!" cried Donald interposing, "have you the heart to kill the poor beast we have kept so long! Look how she stands, the dumb creature that has fed us many a year, when we had no friend to give us a handful of meal; and would you slay her now, to do the bidding of the Evil One?"

"Away, away!" said the other. "It is too late to think of that."

"Yet hear me, brother—hear me for a moment, if not for my sake, at least for your own. Do not attempt this terrible deed—do not tamper with the powers of darkness! I feel as if they were already hovering around us, eager to seize their prey. O Malcolm dear, let us go home and forget all that has passed. I will work till my hands drop from the joints, before I see you starve; only, brother Malcolm, do not peril your precious soul!"

The tears ran fast and warm down the cheeks

of Donald as he uttered this affectionate appeal. Malcolm threw down the axe.

"Enough said," he muttered, "let us home. I will not tempt Providence further in this matter. Lead back the beast, Donald: she may be of use to you hereafter. As for me, you will find me to-morrow below the waters of the Gloomy Cave."

These words were uttered in a tone of deep determination, which left no doubt of the unfortunate man's design. Donald stared at him for a moment aghast, and then, as actuated by a sudden impulse, caught up the hatchet, and with one fell blow laid the animal lifeless at their feet.

"There!" said he, "it is done, and God forgive the hand that did it!—but better any thing than that."

There was no retreat now. Silently the brothers stooped down to their bloody task. They took the skin off the cow, the elder Maclean was wrapped in it, all reeking as it was, a strong cord was passed round the whole to prevent him from shifting his position, and Donald, taking him in his arms, laid him on the stone, and kissed him affectionately on the cheek.

"Is there any thing more I can do for you, brother Malcolm?"

"Nothing more. Leave me, and—bless you, brother!"

"And you too, Malcolm. With to-morrow's light I will be here again."

Donald strode away. The lightning and thunder were by this time much brighter and louder, and large drops of rain had fallen before the preparations were concluded. But no sooner was the expectant seer placed upon the stone than the storm broke forth with fearful and unnatural violence. The roar of the thunder above was almost incessant, a fresh peal clashing out before the echoes of the preceding had died away. Flash followed flash with scarcely a perceptible interval, and the rain descended literally in torrents upon the head of the shivering Maclean.

The storm continued to rage for nearly an hour without intermission, but during all this while no unearthly spectacle appeared. At length it suddenly lulled. The wind and rain subsided; only the lightning continued to play as vividly as before. One flash of peculiar brilliancy, which seemed to pass so near as to scorch his face, caused Malcolm to close his eyes; when he opened them again it was upon a scene of sorcery and wonder. We have said that a small loch occupied one extremity of the glen. This had now disappeared, but instead of it was the apparition of a tempestuous sea, upon which a large foreign-built vessel, with a high poop, and tiers of formidable guns, was rolling dismasted and unmanageable. Her decks were crowded with people, some holding on by fragments of the rigging, others running to and

fro. The howl of the tempest and the washing of the waves was distinctly heard, but above them Maclean could distinguish the piping of the boatswain's whistle. As the ship laboured and pitched, coming round with her broadside to the sea, he caught a glimpse of her stern, and there, painted in large letters, he saw the words SANTA TRINIDADA. Another tremendous rush of rain came down, and the vision disappeared.

Again the weather lulled, and again the lightning revealed to him the phantom sea and ship. But this time a rocky wall appeared to fill up the back ground, and disclosed the mouth of a tremendous cavern, into which the waves were boiling and pouring. The ship had lost her rudder, and was entirely without command. She rose and fell, as each alternate billow drifted her towards the rocks; at length, one of unusual size caught her up, and, balancing her like a feather on the top of its huge snowy crest, swept her into the jaws of the cavern. A terrific shriek filled the air. Again the rain descended, and hid the vision from the watcher's eyes.

Malcolm had seen enough to assure him that the vessel had gone down in the Gloomy Cave; but his awe and terror were so great, that joy at the discovery was the furthest of all sensations from his mind. The strength which had nerved him to the task was now utterly exhausted; and he

hoped, and had prayed, if he durst, that no more unearthly apparitions might be revealed to his sight. But the spell was not yet broken.

Near the stone on which he lay he heard voices that seemed to be human, and footsteps as of advancing men. Turning his head with difficulty, he saw a strange multitude gathered round him. They were sailors, but not of this country, swart olive-complexioned men, with long hair floating down their shoulders, short slashed hose, and belts in which large knives were stuck. These stood somewhat aloof; but close by him was a tall grave-looking personage, who kept his eyes bent upon his. His dress was different from that of his companions. Round his neck he wore a stiff, formal ruff; his black velvet doublet was crossed with a massive golden chain: wide russet boots came half-way up his leg, and his broad slouched hat was surmounted with three large feathers. He wore moustaches and a pointed beard, and stood leaning upon a long rapier with a hilt of polished steel. He did not speak, but continued gazing upon Maclean.

A cold sweat broke from the limbs of the Highlander, for he felt that the figure which stood before him was not of this world. Three times he strove to speak, but his tongue was paralyzed with fear; at last he stammered out—"In the name of him whom ye know, what are ye?"

"I am Don Jose Ximenes de Benavente, captain of the Santa Trinidada, and these are my crew," replied the apparition.

"Where, then, is your ship?" said Malcolm, with an effort.

"Twenty fathom deep below the waters, in the middle of the Gloomy Cave of Benbecula."

"And the treasure?"

"Is with the ship. He that would find it must venture down. Hast thou more to ask?"

"Nothing!"

The Spaniard waved his hand, and the whole group disappeared.

"Here, then," thought Malcolm, "is the end at last."

"Not yet, messmate!" said another voice close beside him, and a flash of lightning disclosed to Maclean the figure of the red-capped sailor, sitting on the stone beside him, just as he had appeared in the boat, the short pipe in his mouth, and the malignant features tortured into a sarcastic grin. "Not yet, messmate! and, let me tell you, you owe a debt of gratitude to YOUR MASTER for having let you off so easily."

"My master?" faltered Maclean.

"Of course, your master. Who but his worship has come here, at dead of night, to watch by a stone which, in old times, has borne the sacrifice of Odin! But that's neither here nor there. I

told you, when we parted, that we should meet again in this very spot, and here I find you true to your word. What say you to the Santa Trinidada now?"

"Do you come here to mock me?" cried Maclean. "Man or devil, whichever you are, were my hands free, you should feel the weight of my arm."

"You want to be unbound, I suppose?" said Redcap, with a sardonic sneer. "No, no, my friend, wait till your brother comes in the morning to take you from your cowskin blanket. I merely wish to thank you for having saved me the trouble of tying you up, and, having done so, I shall go and have a chat with Don Jose Ximenes. Farewell, then, good Malcolm Maclean. We shall meet again, though it may not be precisely here."

So saying, the sailor rose, nodded his head, and vanished amidst the darkness.

When Donald, early next morning, reached the stone, he found his brother calm and collected, though his face was as pale as death. He asked no questions, but unbound him, and neither of them spoke until they reached the cottage, when Malcolm threw himself on his brother's neck, and burst into a flood of tears. He then told him all that he had seen, and his determination immediately to secure some part of the treasures of the wreck, or to perish in the attempt. Donald strove to dissuade him, but Malcolm was inflexible.

"Look round," said he, "upon these bare walls, this dismantled hut. There is not a sheep of our's on the hill, nor a green blade of corn in the field. Last night I forced you to destroy the only living thing that stood between us and starvation. My folly has done it all, and I will either retrieve our fortunes or die."

So saying, he strode towards the pit, and descended. Donald followed him with a heavy heart. After they had reached the middle of the slippery passage which led along the cave, Malcolm stripped, and, having once more embraced his brother, dived fearlessly into the gulf. A long pause ensued, during which the heart of the younger Maclean beat like a hammer on an anvil. At last, a shout of joy broke from his lips. Malcolm rose again, bearing a small casket, which with difficulty he lifted on the rock. This was speedily broken open, and was found to contain silver dollars.

"Thank God!" said Donald, "the worst is over now. Here is money enough—white money, not like that useless wedge—to buy all our plenishing back, and more sheep than we ever had before, and another cow, ay, two of them, if we please. Come, brother Malcolm, let us go home and thank the Lord for his mercies."

But the sight of the silver had again fanned the flame of avarice in the breast of Malcolm. He looked at the glistening heap; it was enough, in-

deed, for their wants, but he thought how much more and richer treasure lay masterless beneath the water, and he resolved to dive again. All the arguments, entreaties, even prayers, of Donald were in vain.

"But once more, Donald!" he said, "only once more. It would be folly, having gone so far, to rest satisfied with so little. One other plunge will secure us fortune and happiness for the rest of our days, and after that I will venture no more."

"Not now, at least, brother! If you will do it, wait until to-morrow. See, the tide is flowing like a mill-stream, and a heavy wind rolls in the waves from the ocean breast-high."

Donald spoke the truth. A sudden storm seemed brewing without, for the cavern, silent when they descended, now rung with the hollow roar of the waters, and sheets of glittering spray broke violently against its sides.

"The more need, then, for haste," cried Malcolm, and once more he disappeared in the gulf.

Donald stood watching in breathless and agonised suspense. A minute elapsed — another — yet nothing rose from the boiling cauldron that now lay seething at his feet. An enormous wave, with a curling crest of foam, came rolling up the cavern, almost sweeping the Highlander from his stand as it passed, and dashed with a hungry

roar against the sides of the hollow pit. The jarring echo resounded deafeningly along the vault, but it seemed as if other sounds were mingled with the elemental noise—as if a piercing cry, followed by a peal of hollow laughter, rose from the bottom of the abyss. As with the daring diver of Charybdis, so here

> The waves roared up with the roar of thunder,
> But the valiant heart abideth under.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

The following lines were written in an album, once the property of a young lady who died some years ago. It contained nothing but a few drawings of flowers by herself.

The memory of the precious dead! how oft its sudden gush
Falls on the spirit with a deep, a reverential hush!
A thousand things may bring it back, even in the midst of mirth;
"A flower, a tone, a breath of wind," may draw its magic forth.
And, more than these, when falls the glance on some old relic, kept
Even as *this*, because 't was *her's*, who many a year hath slept;

Because her touch hath hallowed it, because her gentle eye
Hath left to fancy on the page a light that cannot die.

The image of the lovely dead within my mind I see;
'T is not my privilege to have the boon of memory;
Yet, well for me, it spares one void, one pang the less is mine,
One treasure less to lose around my spirit's mournful shrine.
And I can call a phantom up with calm and open brow,
And eyes of gentle thoughtfulness, and smile of happy glow;
All that was fair and feminine, in heart, and face, and mien,
I *feel* the young departed one of by-gone years hath been!

She loved the flowers — the record here is writ in living hues;
She loved them, the sweet children of the sunshine and the dews;
And this alone would be enough of sympathy with me,
To make me feel a blessedness is round her memory.

An humble faith, a spirit pure, a mind most meekly wise,
That taught her all the simple gifts of Nature's hand to prize;
The cheerfulness that placid light on all around confers
A happy life, a peaceful death — *these* surely have been her's!

Call not this volume blank and bare—the memory of the dead,
Her words, her looks, her smiles are there, through all its pages shed;
Not for the dull, the coarse, the cold, but for the loving few,
Who, gazing here, the sunny dreams of early youth renew.
A secret writing lies therein, unseen by all, save those
Unto the spells of whose warm love its cunning tracery shows;
For them its records are revealed, and lessons deep are read
To those who feel this book doth shrine the memory of the dead.

THE MOONBEAM.

BY MRS. WALKER.

Thou com'st in brightness, when the day
Of splendour weary steals away;
And shed'st thy pure and holy light
On lonely vale, and mountain height.

But not alone the dark blue deep,
Whose glittering waters rush and leap
To catch thy smile — oh! not the flower,
Made radiant by thy silvery dower;

Not only those who love thee well—
Thy lustre hath a power and spell,
A soothing balm, a transient rest,
For weary brow and aching breast.

The mourner by the new-made grave,
Where lies what love even fail'd to save!
The convict, brooding o'er his doom,
'Midst fierce remorse, and coming gloom;

These, these, who deem the sun's broad glare
A trick to show their soul's despair,
These turn to thee, and 'neath thy ray,
The eye can weep, the heart can pray.

A SCENE IN WALES

SCENES IN WALES.

COMMUNICATED BY MRS. LEE.

The following sketch of a journey, performed in South Wales, in the early part of the present century, were given to me by the lady-traveller; and as many years have elapsed since it took place, and most of those who are therein mentioned are dead, it cannot be deemed any infringement on private history to offer it to the general reader.

In 181—, a gentleman, whom I shall call Mr. Annesley, was unexpectedly called by important business into Wales. The house in which he was a junior partner had long held commercial transactions with the inhabitants of the principality, and the sudden death of the agent required the presence of one who was well acquainted not only with the affairs, but with the character of the people. Mr. Annesley was just married, and to leave his young wife was an unexpected trial; however, he being known to the Welch from a boy, being himself descended from one of their oldest families, and able to speak their language, he was so evidently the fittest person to go, that there was no alternative.

As the hour of parting approached, the young

couple became more averse to separation; and, although it was the end of the month of February, and the route lay through unbeaten tracks and over wild mountains, they determined to go together. The elder branches of Mr. Annesley's family held forth against the plan in anger and astonishment; but the younger understood the matter better. To propitiate the former, the bride displayed her wedding-purse, and said, that its contents should all be devoted to the expences of the excursion. She urged her power of riding from her earliest childhood, and she was very sure that the constant exercise would agree with her health. A most reluctant consent was at length wrung from those whom it was a duty to consult, and preparations were accordingly made.

No carriage could pass through many of the places which lay in the route of Mr. Annesley, and it was therefore necessary to rely entirely on riding horses; a leathern pocket, the exact shape and size of the saddle, was neatly made, and buckled on underneath the off-flap of Mrs. Annesley's saddle, which contained night-clothes, and one change of linen; a small leathern valise was fastened on behind, which held brushes, combs, and various minute etcetera; and a waterproof square of cloth, serving to cover the whole person, was slung across the pommel. It was easy to put on additional clothing under the habit, and to protect the hands

and feet by fur, and the head by the same material, which alone will keep out rain. A trunk, with a larger stock of clothes, was forwarded by coach, and met the travellers at every large town at which they stopped.

Having thus briefly mentioned the previous circumstances, and the mode of equipment, it will be best to take up the lady's narrative, and for the future to use her own words.

We were to proceed on the first day from Bristol to Cardiff, and were accompanied as far as the New Passage by a friend, who was to report my especial progress to the authorities at home. Accustomed as I was to various sorts of horses and paces, the short road-trot, that I was instructed to adopt, was yet a novelty; and, moreover, I was anxious, so that it was not surprising that I should flag during the first few miles; and I shall never forget the doubtful shake of the head given by our friend, when he saw me breathless and fatigued. I felt sure, however, that each day would bring new strength, and besought him to speak of me as favourably as possible. He promised to do his best for me, but remarked that my steed required as much management as myself.

Just before I married, Mr. Annesley had presented me with a beautiful blood-mare, whose pedigree was as faultless as were her form and action, and she was to bear me through the journey. She

delighted in going through every puddle she could find, and, pushing her feet out as she did so, spread the water on each side ; therefore, she had received the elegant name of Slop, to which she answered as a dog would have done. She was also very inquisitive, and many a time, as I rode past a cottage, would deliberately go to the open window, and put her head in, to see what was there passing. She was unfit for the task she now had to perform, but we had no choice, and by means of gruel at night, and careful rubbing down, we hoped to bring her back unharmed.

Our friend watched us into the ferry-boat, and returned home while we re-mounted our horses and went on to Newport; here I was ordered to quit my uncomfortable pace, and enter the town at a long trot, that Mrs. Annesley and her horse might be seen to advantage. The artifice had its due effect in a quiet country town ; and, from whatever cause it might proceed, such indulgences, by varying the pace, were frequently a great help. We reached Cardiff that night, where, after thirty miles' riding, I could not but feel rather stiff. A good night's rest, however, quite restored me, and I was surprised at myself, for on no succeeding day did I feel any inconvenience, or as much fatigue as if I had taken a moderately long walk.

The next morning, at starting, the landlady of the inn came to help me on to my mare, and, ob-

serving the arrangements about my saddle, inquired if I were going far, to which I innocently replied, "I am going all through South Wales." At this she made an exclamation, hastily left me to my own care, and when I passed the angle of the garden, I saw her, and all her daughters, chambermaids, cooks, and scullions, standing and staring at me. On this, as on other occasions, I heard the words "Poor young thing!" uttered in a low, commiserating tone, as if it were supposed that my husband were dragging me after him like a victim, instead of affording me the greatest possible happiness to go with him.

This being rather a statement of personal adventure and feeling, than a description of places, I shall not stop to notice the sights usually seen by travellers, or to detail the occurrences of each day, but merely mention the most remarkable events.

Our distances varied from fifteen to fifty miles, with occasional rests of two or three days at a time, and on one occasion we went much further: the power of travelling by such means seemed to increase as I became habituated to it, and the enjoyment of the pure mountain air and wild scenery, though the leaves were only beginning to bud forth in sheltered nooks, was perfect.

The first uncommon incident was of a laughable nature: at the close of a clear frosty day, we had to ascend a very high hill, which prevented us from

moving fast enough to keep ourselves warm; and when Mr. Annesley stopped before a house containing a noble fire within, I could not resist the temptation of warming myself by it while business was transacting. On starting again, I found that the cold had deprived me of the power of springing into my saddle; I therefore climbed on to the top of an old cask standing outside the door, and just as I was about to seat myself, the head of it fell in, and I with it, my habit falling all round the cask, and thus identifying me with it. My appearance was irresistibly ludicrous, and, feeling that it was so, I echoed the loud laughter of Mr. Annesley and the surrounding villagers. My host, who was too much frightened to enjoy the joke, thought I was crying, and began to inquire, condole, and apologize in Welch. My English replies were not understood, but, as the circumstance had restored my activity, I soon convinced him of my well-being by laying hold of his arm, setting one foot upon the edge of the cask, and thence getting into my saddle, and starting at a good round trot.

At Bridgend, I saw, for the first time, a Welch shop; the most incongruous emporium of articles that can be conceived. With the improvement of the times, the dealers are probably less universal in their dealings; but, at the period of which I speak, the trades of grocer, cheesemonger, butterman, oilman, haberdasher, linendraper, mercer, hatter,

hosier, and even baker, were all united. I have since then seen something like them in the stores kept by our merchants in the colonies, but I should think little trace is left any where of the primitiveness with which the inhabitants of South Wales used to shut up their shops and houses, and write outside the shutters, "Gone to Bristol fair;" every one understanding, from this intimation, that the owners had proceeded thither to pay their bills, and lay in a fresh stock of goods, and respecting the property thus, as it were, left to their honour.

The shop of which I have above spoken was kept by the widow of a clergyman, and I was much struck with the contrast presented to this mode of supporting her family by her tall and handsome person and lady-like manners. She invited me to take dinner with her, and, as the inn at which we had stopped was any thing but inviting in appearance, I gladly accepted the kindness, and was shown into a well and even prettily-furnished parlour, where a meal awaited me, which, from its cleanliness and excellence, might have tempted an epicure. I felt myself in the presence of well-bred persons, and was somewhat surprised when the handsome daughter equipped herself for going out in the national round hat of the country, which I imagined was only worn by the mere peasantry, as may be seen in the annexed engraving, although she had not adopted the check-apron and mob cap,

both which are becoming every day much less frequent.

The next station of importance which we gained was Neath, situated in that exquisite valley, which has of late years been infringed upon by the works of man, but which, at that time, presented every perfection which such scenery can yield. As we were taking tea at the inn, a client of Mr. Annesley's came to request us to sup at his house; but as we refused he suddenly left us, and in a few minutes returned with his smart, little wife, who came to add her entreaties to his, and assured me that she understood the rules of etiquette by making the first call. Thus urged, we dared no longer refuse, and, just as we were feeling thankful that the plentiful meal provided for us was past, we received the most pressing invitation to breakfast next morning: resistance was in vain, so at eight o'clock we repaired to a board, loaded in a manner which could be only rivalled in Scotland. Our abstemiousness, as it was called, was really distressing to our entertainers, and they insisted on our staying to dinner; it was of no use to say that we must be off early; the dinner-hour was gradually hastened for our accommodation, till it reached twelve o'clock, and we could only resign ourselves to our fate.

Scarcely giving us time to say no, the lady slipped out of the room, but returned in a few minutes

with a triumphant look, and said, "I have spoken to cook, and she says dinner shall be on the table exactly at twelve. Now, what can I show to you?" The fine old ruins of the Abbey had excited my attention, and we accordingly went to inspect them. I secretly envied her her agility, and thought to what a strange capacity for food people might bring themselves by habit. As she skipped over the mouldering fragments, she related to me the whole history of her life, and I could not but be amused, and even pleased, at the innocent freedom with which she related the perplexity which attended her courtship and marriage, the opposition of her guardians, &c.; but I was not quite so well pleased when, taking a circuitous route homeward, she brought me through the town, and paraded me to as many of her acquaintances as she could meet with. The survey of my riding-dress was taken by all the ladies, and considerable surprise was expressed that a London lady should be able to ride on horseback.

At twelve precisely, we returned to the house, and, sure enough, there was the dinner. I had just begun to breathe; and my distress may be imagined, when I saw a goose and a meat-pie smoking on the board; these were followed by a pudding. Vain were all my protestations and imploring looks at Mr. Annesley; they excited his mirth, but he was obliged to submit to the same

stuffing, and could not help me. At length, we rose to depart, when my kind and well-intentioned hostess accompanied me to the inn to see the last of me.

All we could do was to proceed slowly to Swansea, while I inwardly vowed to myself never again to encounter the like trial.

At Swansea, we reposed from the fatigue of eating, not travelling. We here found our trunk, and letters containing many doubts and apprehensions concerning my success, all which I was able to defy. On the ensuing day, we dined with some old friends of Mr. Annesley's, and again entered into polished society. In order to take as little room as possible, I had packed up the thinnest dress I possessed; and when the matron of the family surveyed me in a dress of India muslin, and silk slippers, no thicker than brown paper, upon my feet, she began to think that I was little accustomed to the rough mode of travelling which I had adopted, and spent the greater part of the evening in trying to dissuade me from going any further. She even requested me to stay at her house, while my husband went on, and wait there till one of her sons could escort me home.

Although grateful for the interest taken in me, I was not to be alarmed or influenced, and I gave her a further proof of my obstinacy, by accompanying Mr. Annesley along the towing-path of the

Swansea canal to Ystragwnlais, where her eldest son superintended some important iron-works: her youngest son was of our party, and, although it poured with rain, we sallied forth the next morning in high spirits. Proud of our horses, we tried to distance each other, and as our friend was mounted on a pony, we soon left him behind. This was by no means a prudent action, for the path was very narrow, extremely slippery, and the bridges under which we passed so low, that we were obliged to lay our heads on our horses' necks, as we dashed through, to avoid a concussion.

Mr. Annesley was first; and on the further side of one of these bridges, some baskets were piled up in a grotesque form, which caused his horse to shy, prance backwards, and eventually to fall into the canal, his four feet in the air. For a minute, he and his rider disappeared, and then rose to the surface separately. Coated up as he was, to keep out the rain, Mr. Annesley lost the power of swimming, and I was in the act of dismounting, in order to afford him assistance, when our friend came up. To entreat me to sit still, to jump off his pony and to place the bridle in my hands, was the work of a moment, and in another, Mr. Annesley was rescued from his perilous situation. The horse clambered out of himself, and, shivering from cold and terror, awaited his master. To secure the hat was a much more difficult task, and the laughs which attended

the joint efforts of the gentlemen proved that they were not the worse for their alarm. I could not echo the laugh, although I was glad to hear it, and the next step was to prevent cold; brisk exercise afforded the best chance, and Mr. Annesley rode forward to Ystragwnlais as fast as he could, while I, quietly and thankfully, followed at the more moderate pace of our friend's pony.

When we arrived, we found Mr. Annesley drying himself in the large kitchen chimney-corner, the dye of his hat still forming black streaks upon his pale face. These were easily removed, and clothes were provided, but, as they happened to belong to a much larger man, he, for two or three hours, presented a most woeful appearance, something like that of a disbanded soldier. This adventure detained us so long, that we were forced to remain all night with the bachelor, who, however, treated us with his best, and showed me the furnaces by night; certainly the best time to see them.

When we returned to Swansea the next morning, we found that news of the accident had preceded us in all sorts of terrible shapes, so that it was doubtful which of us was alive to tell the tale; we therefore wrote an account of it home, that it might not cause unnecessary alarm, and the next morning went on to Llanelly, where a shivering fit and aching bones told that Mr. Annesley had not escaped with impunity.

It was a wild, uncouth place, and good medical advice not to be had. I had chosen my bed-room before dinner, and, desirous of hastening Mr. Annesley to it, went to see that the fire already ordered was burning properly. My mind misgave me when a barefooted girl passed me on the stairs with a pail of dirty water in her hand. It was indeed my room which she had been washing, and when I entered, the floor was quite wet, the smoke issuing from the chimney in volumes, and the window kept open with a stick, admitting the cold, dank night-air. In vain I asked for another room; the inn was full, and this or none was the alternative. After waiting for two hours, and taking every precaution which a warm bed and warm drinks could afford, my patient went to sleep, and youthful strength, and a sharp ride to Carmarthen the next day, banished every trace of illness.

As I advanced to the north, I found that I excited still further surprise; not that people would have been astonished at a Welchwoman doing as I did; but for a person in civilised attire, and coming from a place which was thought to produce none but delicate, nervous, and timid females, to brave weather, and ride hundreds of miles, they could scarcely believe it; and while we staid at Carmarthen, all sorts of excuses were invented in order to peep at me; and my landlady, on the morning of departure, showered blessings on my head.

We reached Narberth late at night, and left it before sunrise on the ensuing day. This is not a pleasant hour for travelling, in a country where mists abound, and in the beginning of the month of March, especially before breakfast. I shall therefore not easily forget the entrance to the picturesque town of Tenby, where a broad beam of warmth and light saluted us, and a blazing fire and an excellent breakfast cheered our hearts. Every good breakfast has been, ever since, associated in my mind with Tenby; and let critics snarl as they will, and accuse poor travellers of gourmanderie, the presence or absence of good food is a main feature on such occasions, and, although we may pretend to be independent of it, the physical man *will* be heard. My debut in roughing it implanted a strong feeling of the necessity of paying attention to such matters, which has only increased by years of subsequent wandering.

Let me not hesitate, then, to say, that the warm muffins, the ham and eggs, the smoking tea (for its enemy, homœopathy, was then unknown in Great Britain), and cream, so revived my spirits, and exhilarated me, that when Mr. Annesley told me to walk for an hour, and see the ruins of the Castle on the noble rocks at the entrance of the bay, while he transacted his affairs, I forgot all time, and scampered along the shore till the appointed moment was long past. I found Mr.

Annesley anxiously awaiting my arrival, the reckoning paid, and the horses saddled; and we had to ride hard for my frolic, the ferry-boat, by which we were to get to Haverford West, starting only at certain hours, and, missing that, the delay of a whole night must take place.

We passed rapidly through Pembroke, where, as I checked my mare to look at the outside of the castle, all that we had time to do, some gentlemen passed us, saying, "If you are for the ferry, you have not a moment to lose." We took the hint, and arrived, as they did, just at the instant of the departure of the boat. I hastily jumped off, and, tapping the mare with the handle of my whip, the intelligent creature bounded in, and as she turned her head round every now and then to look at me, my pride in her was gratified by many encomiums from strangers. We gaily pushed on to our destination, which presented no other interest to me, during a three days' stay, than a digression to Milford Haven, that place of classical interest to every English person.

From Haverford West, we went to St. David's, by far the most attractive spot in the whole journey. Its noble cathedral and ruined palace, its romantic situation, the wild-looking chapel among the rocks by the sea-shore, all stamp themselves forcibly on the mind, and the latter creates feelings which are not easily effaced. A castle

frowning over the sea, thus watching for foes by water or by land, seems in its appropriate place; but when we connect the idea of divine service performed in the midst of bare and rugged masses of stone, over which the waves incessantly dash, it produces a sensation of awe. I fancied, in the uninterrupted wildness of the scene, that I heard the swelling voices rising in the air, and often, since then, have I thought of the solemnity of that lone chapel, where the work of man was moulder-ing into ruin, and the works of God would con-tinue to glorify Him, till, at his command, the fair fabric of earth itself should also pass away.

While waiting in the yard of the cathedral for Mr. Annesley, I seated myself on a tombstone, and surveyed the venerable building at leisure. It was much injured by white outhouses, and two Egyptian, extinguisher-like towers, added to the western entrance; but the beautiful arches and windows of St. Mary's and the palace gave it a peculiar attraction. I was interrupted by a loud, shrill laugh, succeeded by the appearance of a little curly head, peeping up from the other side of the tombstone. The urchin from whom it pro-ceeded then stood gazing at me, with his mouth half open. I spoke, but was only answered by another laugh; at length, when I seized him by the arm, I elicited the words "Dim sassenach." I had been long enough in Wales to know that

this "No English" was often a pretence; I therefore insisted on his answering my questions; he, however, broke from me, and a chase after him round the cathedral-yard afforded much amusement to Mr. Annesley, who was watching me, and still more to a youth by his side, who was uncle to the object of my pursuit. This youth showed us over the cathedral, &c., and the choristers were already lying in wait for us to demand their fee.

I was greatly pleased with the modesty and information of our cicerone, and surprised by the learning which he unpretendingly showed when we stopped at the tomb of Giraldus Cambrensis. He had been for some time known and an object of interest to Mr. Annesley, and from him I learned that Mr. Philips was the son of poor but very respectable parents, and that his innate love for learning and great talents had procured him admission to the College. He had often consulted Mr. Annesley while prosecuting his studies, and when he dined with us afterwards, my admiration of him was increased. His fate was a melancholy one; he gradually rose in the College till he was ordained by the bishop of St. David's, and, after officiating as curate for some years, performing his ministry in the most exemplary manner, he sought and obtained the office of chaplain to the garrison of Cape Coast Castle. He reached that place, and was much beloved by all around him; but, having

had no idea of the desolate country to which he was removing, his spirit sank, and his full habit was also against him. The deadly fever of the Gold Coast laid fast hold of him; and, although his youth and temperate life enabled him to struggle against it for some weeks, he could never rally to cheerfulness, and he sank as much from sorrow as from disease. When once despondency takes possession of the mind in those fatal climates, it kills faster than fever does.

After leaving St. David's, we crossed the Niengal Sands in a stormy day, and as we ascended the heights beyond, we were almost blown from our horses. We were wet through, and, instead of reaching Fishguard, as we had intended, we stopped at a little village called Solway. The linen in my leathern pocket was dry, but all my outer garments were drenched, and, rather than go to bed, I accepted the offer of the landlady of the inn to lend me her garments. She was about my height, and the kind creature brought me all she had of the best. In those days of pillow-case gowns and short waists, the entertainment afforded by this attire was extreme; each petticoat was quilted, and the gown, of enormous dimensions and large flower pattern, was in those days a curiosity. She assisted me to put them on, and the satisfaction with which she surveyed me when robed was excessively ludicrous. As long as I

was alone with her I kept my gravity, but dared not appear before Mr. Annesley in her presence. I therefore despatched her, and went by myself into the room where he was, she, however, evidently wishing to see the effect it would produce in him. He was at first uncertain as to my identity; but the modern fashion of my head recalled his senses, and a burst of laughter followed, which I was afraid must be heard over the whole house.

On the window-seat of the room in which we sat, we found Latin and Hebrew books, and on asking who read them, we were told that her husband amused himself with them when he had time. The next morning, I offered to pay for the use of the clothes, when she brought me my own carefully dried and ironed, but she indignantly refused, saying, "No, indeed, it was too much honour for me to wear her things," and all she would ask me to do was to take with her at parting a glass of some rare liqueur, which she had doubtless procured from smugglers. Of course I complied, and fortunately it was not strong.

Having discovered, as I crossed her kitchen, by means of a paper pasted against the wall, that her son was to be released from prison in France by subscription, I found some other way of rewarding the poor old soul. The trifle which we contributed, I suppose, so far exceeded the donations of her usual customers, that her gratitude was overpower-

ing, but she spoke such broken English, that half she wished to tell me was conveyed by signs; but I could not be mistaken in the tender care with which she smoothed my habit, nor in the fervent blessing which she pronounced upon mé.

After passing through Cardigan, we went on to Aberfayron, where, as we sat after dinner, a message arrived from a client of Mr. Annesley's, requesting leave to pay us a visit. As he was an important personage, he was admitted with some degree of preparation, in the shape of brandy, &c., and he entered, evidently dressed for the occasion. We could not think why he had sought this interview, for he had evidently no intention of entering upon the subject of business. The full tumbler remained untasted, and signs of uneasiness on the part of our guest were evinced. I was exceedingly puzzled, and even distressed, for Mr. Annesley, who was full of mischief, sat a little way behind, enjoying the scene, till I feared his mirth would become audible, and increasing my difficulties by his grimaces. At length, our friend rose, advanced towards me with a solemn pace, and bowing low several times, said, that he had heard *Master* Annesley was married, and hoped he would bring his wife to see his good friends in Wales; indeed, to God he was glad that she was come, and that he had seen her, and he wished her and Master Annesley *many happy returns of the season.*

The shout which burst from Mr. Annesley absolutely alarmed me, for I was only too well inclined to follow his example; he, however, turned it into a shout of approbation, clapped his hands, exclaimed "Well done!" and gave me time to recover myself. I was, of course, obliged to return my thanks, and pledge the Welchman on my own part; but, in many a year of after-toil and suffering, the recollection of the compliment of Aberfayron would pass across us, and raise a smile when few other things would have had that effect.

Our guest did not leave us till we had promised to breakfast with him and his daughters the next morning. After two messages to say that the meal was ready, we were at his house by eight o'clock, he having come to escort me from the inn. The neatness, quality, and liberality of the repast could not be exceeded; the young ladies scarcely spoke a word, but were very attentive, and, as they did not press me to eat, as my hostess at Neath had done, I escaped the same torture, although there was enough upon the table for the hungry battalion of a marching regiment. I did not go to sleep in church afterwards, where the sermon was in the Welch language.

Next day, we went on to Aberystwith, where we turned our horses' heads southward, entering a much wilder country than any we had hitherto passed. We crossed large moors, where there

was not even a continuous track to guide us, but it was a sort of navigation from landmark to landmark, where the thinly-scattered inhabitants would tell us, "indeed there was no path at all, but we must keep looking at a large tree, and when we had come to that, we should see another," &c., where, after staring at us, they would say they had never seen the like; where the wild ponies would stand in herds, and after gazing fixedly upon us, suddenly snort, and, tossing their long manes and tails in the wind, fly from us as if laughing at our bridled steeds, who, by the by, were sorely tempted to gallop after them, especially my beautiful, gay, prancing mare, who, with her long slender legs and satin coat, presented a striking contrast to these untamed, ragged creatures.

We occasionally found the way dull and heavy, but, foreseeing this, we had bought two grammars of a language which Mr. Annesley and myself wished to learn; and, tearing each leaf out as we wanted it, we tucked it into our cuffs, and learned our lessons whenever we wanted to beguile the tediousness of a road; the fun of saying them to each other inspired us with fresh vivacity, and, moreover, as soon as we were at fault we could ride away.

We were frequently obliged to travel as long as it was light, only occasionally getting a bait for our horses at some of the better cottages for want

of inns; and then we ourselves were well contented with a substantial tea. Of the article itself we generally found a good supply, but butcher's meat and poultry were often scarce, and not good when found; we could not always eat bacon and cheese, but, when seated before a good fire, on a large old settle, and plenty of tea, sugar, milk, eggs, and bread, we had no wish for dinner; indeed, we thought it very agreeable occasionally to be without it, provided that, at the end of the day's journey, we could meet with the above fare. In succeeding years, the one quarter of what we then thought a moderate meal would have been a luxury.

On approaching Builth, my frolicsome steed played me a terrible trick. A storm was evidently approaching, and, as I had loosened my habit and wrappers in the closeness which preceded it, I began to prepare to meet the rain, and to throw my shawl around my shoulders, when the mare gave a violent start. I was fortunately not unseated, and wondered at the cause; I soon, however, discovered that it was occasioned by a man leading a horse to the market, with the beast's tail tied up by a profusion of scarlet lacing. This so attracted the fancy of Slop that she began to dance about; then, starting off at a furious pace, she passed the ornamented steed, flinging her hind-legs in the air, and every effort which I made to stop her was in vain. I was therefore obliged to

let her have her way, and as following her closely would only have increased her speed (if possible), Mr. Annesley was obliged to keep quiet, while I vanished from his sight. Slop dashed through the town, scattering men, women, and children, to the right and left, and I was much more alarmed for them than for myself. She never stopped till she got into the middle of the market-place, where, her fun being exhausted, she stared around her and became as quiet as possible.

I then turned her head, and, as she came at that rate for her own pleasure, I, John Gilpin-like, made her resume it for mine, in order to relieve her master's anxiety as soon as possible. We met him just outside the town, which we entered in another direction, and housed ourselves in the principal inn. As it continued to rain, I was no more seen in Builth, for we left it the next morning at daybreak; but the sensation which I produced was afterwards related to me by a gentleman with whom I accidentally dined, after an interval of two years. When talking of the superstition of the Welsh, he said that a curious circumstance had occurred at Builth, near which place he lived, and as he could never explain it, he had never succeeded in convincing the good people there that a supernatural appearance had not taken place. The story they related to him was, that a violent clap of thunder, succeeded by as violent rain,

occurred in the month of March, and that, as they were busied in protecting their wares from the wet, a wild woman, riding a wild horse, suddenly appeared among them. Her long dress was floating in the air, and long streamers came from her shoulders; her horse's legs were so thin that they seemed scarcely able to bear any weight. She stopped for a moment, looked round her with an unearthly air, and, turning about, vanished, no one knew how, but some thought they had seen her afterwards in the sky. What it portended no one could tell, but every unexpected disaster that had happened since had been referred to the wild woman.

I could scarcely keep my countenance as the gentleman continued his narrative; but when he had finished I expressed my sorrow at having been taken for an evil spirit, and to his great astonishment and relief told him that I was the wild woman of Builth.

On our way to Caermarthen for the second time, we passed through Newcastle Emlyn; and as we crossed the bridge thrown over its rapid river, we saw a salmon caught. Hailing the fishermen, we bought the salmon, and in an hour it was served for our dinner. This first trial of fresh salmon, and every succeeding one, has convinced me of its superior wholesomeness when so immediately dressed. It is then fit food even for children, and the delicacy of the taste renders it at that time much more agreeable to the palate.

More beaten roads, after quitting Caermarthen, did not yield us any further adventure, and as our time was drawing to a close, we pushed on, making on the last day a distance of seventy miles. That same night I presented myself to my half-provoked elders, with strengthened health and a heart full of gratitude for the protection and happiness afforded me from above during a journey on horseback of more than eight hundred miles.

CANZONET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Love that changes is not love!
  True affection never changeth;
Try it, vex it, wound, reprove—
  From its cell it never rangeth,
Never hath a wish to move!

Love that alters is but hate,
  Born of selfishness, and lasting
Only whilst it can create
  Food for its fruition, wasting
When its appetites abate!

Alter!—Thou wilt find my love
  Changeless still—a bird that cageth
Wilfully, though urged to rove;
  Which no prison-bar enrageth,
Tempted by nor fruit nor grove!

LOUIS XI. AT PLESSIS-LES-TOURS.

BY MISS LAWRANCE.

The château of Plessis-les-Tours, and its cold and cruel lord, are familiar names to the modern English reader. Indeed, both the château and its chief inhabitants seem of late to have become favourite subjects of illustration. Louis is the hero of "Quentin Durward;" one of the finest chapters in "Notre Dame de Paris" gives a picture of him, startling from its vivid reality; Beranger has celebrated his later days in one of his best lyrics; and the artist, in the picture before us, has given us a portrait of Louis and his chief attendants, and, with singular minuteness and truth, has surrounded him with every favourite of his declining years, from Olivier le Daim even to "the little dogs and all," the claspt missals and the string of relics. But it is not Louis, the bold and crafty opponent of Burgundy, the feared of Germany, and the courted of England; not the skilful sower of discontent among the Flemish burghers that is now before us, but Louis, sinking into the grave, feeble, dreading to die, but still Louis, the suspicious, the crafty, the cruel.

From the period of his apoplectic seizure in 1479,

when he mistook the ignorant cares of his attendants (who closed the windows, and placed him by the fire, when he importunately demanded fresh air) for attempts to assassinate him, Louis, always most suspicious, had become, to use the words of his chronicler, de Comines, "most marvellously suspicious of all the world."

Plessis-les-Tours, which for twenty years had maintained the unenvied notoriety of being the most prison-like palace in Europe, and for which, probably on that account, he retained his ancient partiality, was additionally fortified, the country around was more vigilantly guarded, and no one was suffered to approach him, except after a series of questionings and pass-words, which would have sufficed to open the deepest dungeon in Europe. The reader acquainted with "Quentin Durward"—and who is not?—will recollect the graphic descriptions of snares, and pitfalls, and "swallows'-nests," and bristling chevaux de frize, that rendered odious the otherwise beautiful Plessis les Tours; but at the period when our tale commences, in August 1483, a new trellis, with iron spikes, had been placed at the top of the walls, eighteen additional man-traps had been fixed in the most unlooked-for places, new gibbets had been set up at the end of each avenue, and in that kind of courtyard where the king was accustomed to "take his pleasure," four bristling chevaux de frize, armed with huge

spikes, were placed, forming, according to de Comines, "une chose bien triomphante," and which alone cost 20,000 francs. And in this strong castle did the wretched man, now sinking by slow degrees toward his end, reside, endeavouring to beguile the heavy monotony of his days, and the heavier burthen of an accusing conscience, by sending to purchase various curious animals and wonder-working relics, or in amusing himself "moult tristement" indeed, by caressing his favourite dogs, conversing with his few favourite attendants, or listening to the soft music of unseen musicians, who played while the peasant-girls of the neighbourhood performed their rustic dances in the courtyard below. In one respect, the tastes of Louis during the last year of his life were greatly changed. Although looking, to use the words of de Comines, "more dead than alive," and, according to another contemporary, "a complete walking skeleton;" he, who in his younger days had been remarkable for plainness, almost for slovenliness, of apparel, suddenly began to dress himself right royally. The richest satins wrapt his shrunken limbs, the costliest marten-skins lined the mantle, and gave warmth, as well as splendour, to the under vest; the very relics, which he still superstitiously wore, were now encased in gold, and adorned with gems, all, save the leaden image of our Lady of Embrun, which still, in

strange contrast, kept its accustomed place of pre-eminence in the band of his hat. At this period, too, he was more eager than ever for relics. He had just before sent to Marseilles for the ring of St. Jobin, to Rheims for the "sainte ampoule," with that miraculous oil which had been used at his coronation, and which he devoutly believed to have been brought from heaven by a white dove to St. Remy, for the coronation of that very worthy monarch Clovis; he had just received, as an especial favour, from the pope the loan of the "corporal," in which he sang mass at St. Peter's, and which he supposed to possess some ineffable virtues; and he was now expecting a deputation from the canons of Cologne, with the chief attraction of that venerable city, the sculls of the "three kings."

But the new importation, on which he most congratulated himself, was the marvellous hermit of Calabria, Friar Robert, as he was named, but who was called by Louis, who seems to have considered him as superhuman, "the holy man." This last favourite, and, of course, bitterly hated by the king's two chief attendants, his barber and his physician, was reported to have inhabited an hermitage on a desolate rock, from the age of twelve years to forty-three, to have subsisted during all that time entirely on pulse and water, and, although thus secluded, to have exhibited, when brought into the king's presence, so much wisdom,

that de Comines, who was present, declares "it seemed as though he were inspired."

But, notwithstanding the possession of the just-mentioned precious relics, and the even more valued society of "the holy man," Louis, as the summer passed away, became more and more ill at ease. The marriage of his son with Margaret of Flanders, although he had earnestly desired it, still brought unwelcome feelings, for he could not disguise from his mind the reflection that the son's coronation might shortly succeed, while the pleasure which he had expressed at Edward of England's death was soon followed by vexation and even alarm at the intelligence, that within three months Richard duke of Gloster had deposed his nephew, and caused himself to be solemnly crowned. As wary as Louis, Richard the Third saw the importance of maintaining his peaceful relations abroad, until at least he had placed himself firmly on the throne; so he sent "right loving" letters to the different potentates of Europe, notifying the change, but assuring them of his unchangeable good-will; and with especial ceremony did he send to "Louis, the most illustrious king of France, and our most entirely beloved cousin," because at the same time he was about to send commissioners to Calais, to endeavour to place the commerce of that town on a more advantageous footing. The letters of Richard, we

however learn from de Comines, were not received with the same courtesy with which they had been sent. Louis evidently feared the successful usurper, and, therefore, although disinclined to answer the letters, he bore himself courteously toward the bearers; and, assigning them lodgings at St. Cosmo, a village at a short distance, postponed from day to day, on the plea of ill health, the sending that answer, which, in his own mind, he had already determined should never be sent. Such was the state of things when our tale commences.

It was a bright evening, and the complin-bell had just ceased, when two persons turned into a pleasant green lane bordered by vineyards, and sauntered along toward the road that led to St. Cosmo. The younger was a handsome youth, with the open English countenance, and he wore the English dress; the elder was a sedate-looking, sharp-visaged man of about fifty, whose rich furs, and gold-broidered purse suspended at the side, indicated his high birth to those who might not detect it in the nicety of his speech and the courtliness of his bearing. The younger was Sir Lionel Talbot, one of the messengers from Richard; the elder, Philip de Comines, lord of Argenton, and secretary to Louis the Eleventh.

"Then Monsieur Louis hath not yet determined when to send his answer?" said the young man; "would that he had suffered us to await his pleasure at Paris rather than here!"

"Soothly, my fair sir, I should grieve did ye lack any accommodation," said de Comines, smiling; "but though we have not fair ladies here, we have good hunting-ground, and I hope, ere ye depart, the king's huntsman will show ye some sport."

"Blessings on St. Hubert, the hunter's friend!" said the young man, "a deer-chase in yonder forest would be pleasant; but, soothly, I had rather stayed in Paris. Here are nought but sunburnt peasant-girls; there I saw more than one fair face, as I rode along, gazing through the lattice."

De Comines again smiled, and shook his head. "Then ye heed not the advice of the good duke of Orleans?—

"'Ware the casement, gallant youth,
As along the streets ye go;
Damsels have but little ruth;
Crossbow, arbalest, in sooth,
Shoot not deadlier bolts below.

Aye beware, when open flies
The lattice, and those radiant eyes
Rain their deadly shafts around;
Onward go, nor upward cast
One look — that look may be your last,
As many a gallant knight hath found."

"Ay, truly," replied the young man, laughing, "I know it well enow, and the warning, too —

"But if heedless on ye go,
Not unwarned are ye; for know,
Wound of crossbow leech may cure;
But, if struck by witching eyes,
Vain is mortal aid — he dies —
For his doom is sure.

Ay, so sung Monsieur Louis' great uncle; but, methinks, if all the bolts from the crossbows of his guards be like that I picked up yesterday, Messire Jacques Cothier himself would be shrewdly puzzled to cure wounds made by them. Saints protect me from Monsieur Louis' tender mercies!"

"My fair sir, remember ye are not in England," said de Comines, cautiously looking round.

"Ay, too well I know it; with nought to look at save yonder grim castle, and nought to do save to walk abroad in jeopardy of crossbows and pit-falls."

"Nay, my fair sir, remember, king Louis is forced to be cautious," said de Comines, again looking round; "but I trust we shall find you some amusement. We can show you some dancing, at least; our peasant-girls, of whom ye speak so slightingly, trip it nimbly; and, perchance, they will be summoned to dance before the king to-morrow."

The young knight smiled contemptuously. "A

dance of peasant-girls, and to please Monsieur Louis! — dolorous work, methinks: pray, is your friend, Messire Tristan l'hermite, master of the ceremonies?"

De Comines was well acquainted with English free speaking; indeed, more than once, in his memoirs, he alludes to it with great surprise; but free speaking here, within a bowshot of the lion's den, was indeed perilous, both to him and to his young companion. "My good young friend," said he, earnestly, "I pray you to remember, that Plessis-les-Tours is not Windsor; be guarded, for our lady's sake. The king hath those near him who would be well pleased to break the peace between France and England; and nought would be so likely to do it as remarks upon his tastes and habits."

"Well, a speedy return to England for me!" said the young knight; "and, soothly, Messire de Comines, I greatly marvel wherefore *you* stay here, while the pleasant castle of Argenton calls you lord."

To so home a speech, what reply could a courtier make? They, however, had just turned the corner of the winding lane, and suddenly came close to two peasant-girls. "Look, my fair sir," said de Comines, glad to change the conversation, "these maidens are not sunburnt—English roses are here."

The two maidens, to whom the young knight's

attention was thus called, were indeed worth looking at. The one who, stooping down, was gathering some wild flowers, had a complexion of Flemish fairness and freshness; her abundant flaxen hair was gathered up to the top of her head with a bodkin, and her dress, though of coarse materials, was ampler and more respectable than that of the ill-clothed peasants of Poitou. The other, who stood beside her receiving the gathered flowers, had higher claims to beauty; a complexion of equal freshness, but features of a nobler character; a white throat, on which even pearls would have looked dim, and neck and shoulders of the finest symmetry. Her dress, although that of a peasant, was of better materials; the ample sleeves were of fine linen; ribbons laced the boddice; the upper-petticoat was of figured stuff: she appeared to be a peasant from the neighbourhood of Calais, but the dress seemed almost as though worn for a disguise, so stately was her bearing.

"Ha! Messire—peasants of Poitou, say you?" exclaimed the young knight; "no, rather from your neighbourhood; the sun of Poitou never ripened such roses."

The maiden, startled at the voice, suddenly turned her head, and met the gaze of the young knight; she turned quickly away, but his eager eyes still followed her.

"They must be from the neighbourhood of

Calais," said de Comines, more attentively observing them. "Well, fair maidens, what brought ye hither?"

The flower-gatherer hastily rose with a rustic courtesy. "We have come, messire, to see our godfather, Jehan Fourbault."

"What, the under-ranger yonder?"

"Yes, messire."

"Come along, Mahiette," said her companion, bowing with no peasant-girl's grace, and they passed on.

Still the eyes of the young knight followed their footsteps; he seemed lost in thought.

"Aha, my fair sir," laughed de Comines, "witching eyes have caught you even here—well, ye may have reason to say, 'beware the vineyards of Poitou' as well as the casements of Paris."

"It cannot be," said the young knight to himself.

"Ay, but it *can* be, it seems; and truly 'twould be but a just judgment of the lady Venus, who, as Alain Chartier sings, hath 'all noble hearts beneath her governance,' did you lose your heart to a peasant girl for your evil speeches against our neighbourhood. Ay, fair sir, for another sight of this 'la belle inconnue,' ye will await patiently the despatches."

"Truly, messire, a Talbot is not in danger of losing his heart to a French peasant girl," replied

the young knight, haughtily; "but saints! if I ever saw so strong a likeness! her very height and bearing, the very turn of her beautiful neck."

"Whom speak ye of?"

"Of a lady—O how beautiful! but I never saw her save twice."

"But whom, like all devoted knights of twenty, you intend never to forget," said de Comines, smiling, "nor will you until you meet a fairer."

"That I never shall! St. Mary! how I paced the streets, how I sought about, but I never caught sight of her but once more!"

"And where did you meet this peerless lady?"

"At Calais, two years ago. O how fair she looked on her white palfrey, her beautiful hair waving from beneath the gold network, and her bright eyes glancing so sweetly! Surely Sir Lanval's faërie-love, when she rode along the streets of Caerleon, and struck all men dumb with her loveliness, never looked fairer than she!"

"Surely not, my fair young knight," said de Comines smiling, for love and faërie had long lost their influence over his mind — indeed, who, immured in Plessis-les-Tours, could ever think of romance?—"every young knight's ladye-love *must* surpass the queen of faërie—well, 'tis a pleasant dream of youth."

"It is *no* dream."

"Surely not; so said I thirty years ago, and swore to it most devoutly; though, whether the demoiselle Amelotte de Christeuil, or the demoiselle Gabrielle de Bracquemont, was the goddess of my worship, I can scarcely remember."

The young knight turned angrily away. The secretary of Monsieur Louis, from a very pleasant companion, had become, since his last remark, a cold-hearted, calculating courtier, only fitted to indite heartless letters of state gratulation, but unworthy the companionship of the noble and high-hearted; so Sir Lionel almost turned his back upon him, and began contemplating with great intensity the hedges on the roadside. Once or twice, de Comines attempted to resume the conversation, but the young knight scarcely replied; and when they came to the entrance of St. Cosmo, to the courteous farewells of de Comines he coldly bade him good night, and, wrapt in anxious fancies about his unknown ladye-love, and hoping he might never live to grow cold and heartless, as his companion seemed to him to be, he retired to his lodgings.

It was a bright, clear morning, and the beautiful slopes and valleys of the surrounding country laughed in the sunshine—even the grim walls and stern keep of Plessis-les-Tours looked glad in that flood of golden light; and, to bask in the reviving

warmth, an old and feeble man, worn to a skeleton, but wrapt in the richest silks and furs, came forth into an open gallery supported by two attendants, the one dressed in the scarlet robe and furred hood of the physician, the other in a full long damask gown, which displayed on the breast in neat broidery the chevron and deer, in allusion to his adopted name. These three, the reader need scarcely be told, were Louis the Eleventh, Jacques Cothier, his physician, and Olivier le Daim, his barber, alias, and never was an alias more appropriate, Olivier le Diable.

"What is your judgment, compere, of slow poisons?" said Louis, after a long silence, suddenly turning to his physician.

Jacques Cothier was taken by surprise; he had expected a dolorous account of the spasms, and coughs, and sleeplessness, of the past night; but what did *this* question portend?"

"Sire," said he, looking very oracular, "it is a difficult subject."

"I know that," said Louis, sharply; "but what is your judgment—how long may they be given before they take effect?"

"Months, even years, sire."

"So 'tis said—but doth the health always suffer?"

"That is according to the kind of poison, sire; but happily, whatever be the kind, there are anti-

dotes, and therefore secure me from iron and steel."

"Or hemp," muttered Olivier.

"Ay, or hemp," repeated the physician, with a quiet smile, and a nod to his companion; "and I heed not the deadliest poisons."

"Good," nodded Louis, apparently well pleased at the skill of his physician; "but may not poison be administered without its being known? What is that that hath lately been found out in Italy—a subtile essence, which may be carried in a ring, enclosed in a pacquet? Saints! how can we guard against such?" and a forced smile, as though he had but spoken in jest, distorted his ghastly features.

Olivier looked earnestly at the king. "There is nothing new, sire," said he, "in folk professing more wondrous things than they can do, and this is one of them."

"Be not too sure of that, Maitre Olivier," said Cothier, angrily. "Never was there such a time for new discoveries as now."

"Never," repeated the king. "Sweet lady! lady of Embrun, save us!" and he lifted his hat. "Olivier," said he, after a short pause, seating himself in the huge arm-chair, "bid my secretary hither, and go to the holy man, pray him, if he dare quit his devotions, to come to me. I would have speech of him—only for the space of two

paternosters." Olivier departed. "Compere," continued Louis, turning to Cothier, "how is this day marked?"

The physician drew from a cabinet a small book bound in purple velvet, with the golden lilies embossed, and presented it to the king, who eagerly opened it. "The 22nd," said he, "'Beware of new comers'—ha! 'twas well then that I said I would see no company. 23rd. 'Be cautious'—ay, truly, and yet to-morrow the canons of Cologne will be here with their precious relics—well, caution is ever useful. 24th. 'Be cautious'—aha! I shall have need—good Angelo Cotta, if ye had known who was to come to me, ye could scarce have given wiser advice. 25th. 'Do whatever is wanting *to-day*'—strange this; compere, what saith your almanack of the 25th?"

Cothier took from his bosom a small book and opened it; he looked down the page, but suddenly started.

"How now, compere?" said the king, "what saith *your* astrologer?"

"I can scarcely make it out, sire," said he, "but 'twill be as well to be cautious on that day. Saturn is chief of the ascendant."

"Ay, caution is always needful; but, 'do whatever is wanting *to-day*'—what can that portend?"

"Time will show, sire," said Cothier, care-

lessly; "meanwhile, take the fresh ptisan, lie down until noon, and in the evening take a walk in the inner court; we will send for the peasant girls to dance, and recreate you with sweet music. Nought refresheth the spirits and comforteth the brain like sweet music, saith Avicenna, save rosemary distilled in aqua vitæ."

The door now opened, and admitted Messire Philip de Comines and Olivier. The barber took his station behind the king's chair, while the secretary advanced, and, kneeling, presented a bundle of despatches. Louis took them. "From Liege," said he, tossing the uppermost aside; "from Sicily—they may wait," and the second shared the same fate; "from the commissioners at Calais—*that* must be seen to, and now I think of it, what shall we do with these messengers yonder? receive them I will not, but we must speak them fair, must we not, Messire Secretary?"

"It were as well, sire," said de Comines.

"Ay, truly; but I should greatly like to know how the young king was set aside. Said yonder young gentleman in the short velvet cloak with whom ye walked last night aught about it?"

De Comines' look involuntarily expressed surprise, almost alarm. "He was the son of an old friend, and to whom years ago I was greatly bound, sire," said he.

"Ay, his father was Sir Gilbert Talbot, me-

thinks. Well, he kept the marches of Calais strictly while he was governor, so am *I* not greatly bound to him. And so that Richard Plantagenet would fain keep friends with me? ah! 'tis a bold one and a brave one; ye may tell your young friend thus much. He learnt warfare in Flanders under our *beloved* cousin the Duke of Burgundy, did he not?" continued Louis, sharply. De Comines bowed. "And he led the vanguard at the battle of Barnet?" another assenting bow; "and was appointed lieutenant-general against the Scots, just before Edward's death?" Again de Comines bowed. "Well, 'twas friendly in him to send such loving letters, seeing that my refusal to marry the dauphin to his niece cost her father, methinks, his life," and a sarcastic smile passed over his features.

"Nay, sire," said Olivier, "he is greatly bound to you on that account—moreover, he saith his niece is illegitimate, so *ye*, methinks, have cause to be pleased."

"I'll tell thee what, *compere*," said Louis, tapping his barber's hand, "I am well pleased the dauphin's marriage is concluded; and I shall tell him alway to take good counsel, and to conceal his intentions until the fit time for declaring them."

"Recommend King Richard to his friendship then," said Olivier, with a grim smile, "for no one knew his, until the crown was on his head."

"Ay, 'tis a gallant falcon," said Louis, musingly; "the falcon soared high and swooped upon the crown."

"Nay, sire," said Olivier, "the white boar hath struck down the falcon."

"What white boar?" said Louis, hurriedly, turning to de Comines.

"Richard Plantagenet, sire, whose badge is the white boar."

"Sweet lady, sweet lady, that I should have forgotten that!" exclaimed Louis; "the *white* boar!" He rocked himself violently to and fro in his chair. "Lady of Embrun, remember how much for many years I have done for thee!" His lips continued to move; it was either a spell or a prayer that he was saying—not much difference to Louis, for he viewed prayers as a kind of spell, and considered spells as efficacious as prayers. "Cothier," said he, suddenly turning, "my diet-drink; the cough is coming on, it always comes on about this time, and it always gives me long warning. Saints! what were we saying?—O, the messengers from England! There are three? Sir Richard Tunstall, Sir Thomas Thwaite, your young friend, messire, and ——"

"The archdeacon of Lincoln, sire."

"Ay, a right learned man, 't is said, given to deep and wondrous studies. Well, master secretary, give them notice we have not been able, as

yet, to prepare an answer. Be courteous, and tell your young friend how much we lament the delay."

De Comines bowed. "I will prepare an answer, sire, and read it when you shall appoint."

"Well, so you may, good secretary," said Louis, nodding pleasantly; "but a truce to state affairs until to-morrow! And where is the holy man?" continued he, as de Comines retired.

"Telling his beads, sire, as usual," said Olivier, with a grim smile.

"Pray him again to come," said Louis, "I *must* have speech of him."

"He is here," said a solemn voice; and a middle-aged man, in the grey frock and cowl of the Franciscan, holding a huge rosary of wooden beads in his hand, slowly walked in.

The emaciated features of Louis were lighted up with a smile almost of joy. "Good morrow, holy man," said he, rising up at his approach. "*Sancte pater, ora pro me.*" The holy man cast a stern look at the two attendants as he advanced.

"I would beg, sire, that your conference be short," said Cothier, placing his hand upon the king's wrist; "all excitement must be avoided."

The king cast an angry look at him. "What, shall I take heed only of my body, and neglect my soul?"

Olivier smiled grimly, and nodded to Cothier, who solemnly replied, "Surely not, sire, but the day is marked as dangerous."

Louis cast an imploring look at his physician. "Methought 't was only dangerous for receiving new comers."

"Dangerous for health, too," said Cothier; "the moon is in the wane, and this is the same day of the week on which the feast of the Holy Innocents fell" — a day, at this period, considered by all Christendom as the unlucky day of the week throughout the whole year.

"Good Cothier, I will not be long," said Louis, earnestly; "but I *must* speak to this holy man."

"Well, sire, I cannot be answerable," said Cothier, relinquishing the king's hand.

"*I* will be answerable," said the holy man, haughtily; "and the three kings, whose blessed relics will be here to-morrow, and Our Lady herself, *she* will be answerable for the health of her servant." Olivier cast a grim look at the physician, who shrugged his shoulders, and both retired.

Meanwhile, Louis sat rocking himself to and fro in his chair, repeating snatches of the litany of Our Lady, with great apparent devotion. At length, he looked cautiously round, and beckoned friar Robert yet closer. "Holy father," said he, "I want speech of you, for I have had a most fearful dream." Again he looked cautiously round, and beckoned the holy man close beside him. "Methought I was hunting the boar. I roused one,

't was a *white* one; but, instead of standing at bay, he fawned on me like a spaniel. I drew back, when I fell — holy saints! it seemed as though from the topmost tower of this castle!—Oh! how I fell! but with the fright I awoke."

"This dream betokens danger from him whose badge is the white boar," said the holy man.

"Ay, from Richard Plantagenet — he fawneth on me, indeed, and hath sent me right-loving letters."

"And he is bold and unscrupulous."

"So he is, and well would he like to join France to England; and well might he do it, were *I* no more."

"Our sweet lady long preserve you, sire, from secret danger even as from open!"

"Ay, *secret* danger. A few drops of liquid—a subtle essence that might be enclosed in a letter. Sweet lady! where may we look for safety? Come closer, good father; truly I am strangely put out by these messengers: there is one with them—a fearful man—'t is the archdeacon of Lincoln. 'T is said he studieth more than his breviary, that he is learned in herbs and minerals: well, such things are useful, but ——. And then, good father, the dauphin will be here the day after to-morrow; what if they were to practise on him? not on his life — that *we* cannot guard against — but stir him up by hints of the pleasure of a crown.

Ah! I waited long for mine. Sweet Lady! let me live!" — and he convulsively clasped his hands— "live to keep order in France; *he* is young, a mere boy, and cannot do it; *I* alway have. Lady of Embrun, remember me! If I have done wrong, I will atone for it, only let me *live*. O! I am not old, not *so* old. They showed me a peasant yesterday, who had numbered more than fourscore years. I am scarcely past threescore. Sweet Lady, let me live a *little* longer, a *little* longer!" and Louis lifted his sunken eyes, and clasped his shrunken hands yet tighter, his lips quivering with strong emotion.

Friar Robert looked at him anxiously, for his whole frame seemed convulsed. "Don't call them," said Louis, hurriedly, "I've somewhat else to say. What think ye of my secretary? can I trust him?"

"De Comines loveth England well; he were no true Fleming did he not," said the holy man, sarcastically.

"Ay, true enow; but, holy father, how wondrous is your knowledge! dwelling from childhood on a desolate rock, ye yet seem to know as much as if brought up in courts."

"How can he but learn well, who hath Heaven for a teacher!" replied friar Robert, with uplifted eyes.

"Ah! true, indeed: blessed be Our Lady who

sent you hither! Then I had best look closely after my secretary. He is strangely intimate with one of the English yonder, a young man, whose father, when governor of Calais, worked me sore annoyance; and, remember, de Comines broke his faith to his liege-lord to take service with me — he may do so again."

"He may. I will pray Our Lady to grant you caution and knowledge what to do."

"And life, holy father, *life*. O that these three days were past! Say twenty Aves on my account, holy father."

"I will; and now dismiss your fears, for the especial servant of Our Lady bids you fear not."

"Thanks, holy father, for your comforting words! ay, 't is not in vain to trust in Heaven! Pardon, holy man, that I have called you from your devotions; take this, I pray you," and he drew from his finger a rich emerald ring.

"What hath he, whose garb is sackcloth, and whose food is rye-bread, to do with such vanities?" said the holy man, drawing back.

"Nay, take it, good father, if only as a token of my esteem — take it, I pray you; cast it away, if you please, only take it."

The holy man took it and withdrew, and the door that closed upon him admitted Olivier and the physician. "You had better now lie down, sire," said the latter.

"Lie down, compere!" cried Louis, with a ghastly attempt at a laugh; "no, methinks I could rather order my palfrey and ride forth."

"Holy saints! say not so, sire, your pulse saith it not; nay, ye must keep quiet until the evening; there will be much to do for the next two days."

Louis passively rose; he leant on Olivier's arm, and slowly withdrew.

"Sathanas take that *holy* man!" said Olivier, soon after returning, "*he* never leaveth Monsieur Louis empty-handed. The emerald ring, which was as good as promised to me, is gone. I would ye could give him a quietus."

Jacques Cothier laughed. "Ah, 'tis scarce worth the trouble; his time will not be long—at least to do mischief *here*."

Olivier looked earnestly at the speaker. "What mean you? and, pray, what meaneth this fright that Monsieur is in about the 25th?"

"The stars or the saints will show."

"Confound your mysticism! do the stars say that life is short? if so, we must look about us."

"We had best do so; but soothly, Olivier, the stars never, methinks, tell very plainly — we had best use our own judgment. That he is very ill, neither saint nor star need be asked to tell us; so, when monsieur the dauphin comes, 't would be wisest to pay him some little respect."

"Do as you please, compere; for my own part,

my knees are too stiff to worship the rising sun; moreover, Olivier le Daim is indeed Olivier le Diable in Monsieur Charles's estimation. Well, I shall to the musicians, for Monsieur saith he will have dancing in the courtyard to-night."

While Louis was tossing on his restless day-bed, the young English knight was listlessly wandering down the lane, along which he had walked the preceding evening, not, perhaps, without hope that he might again catch a glimpse of that fair peasant-girl, whose features so strangely reminded him of his unknown ladye-love. Fortune favours lovers, it is said; and so seemed it here. Just behind a large hawthorn bush, two young maidens were sitting, their faces turned from him, and one, as though in the very gladness of her heart, had just begun singing as he drew nigh. It was a pleasant tune; he knew it well, and the words too, for it was no rustic rhyme, but a *triolet*, which had been sung ere now by many a fair and noble French lady with lute in hand; and this was it:—

"Ever should the damosel
Cold and stately be:
By that bearing all may tell
The lofty-born ladye."
Ah! that lesson was, in sooth,
Fitter far for age than youth;
Yet, methought, I 'd learnt it well,
O simple-hearted damosel.

Pleasant is the month of May,
  Pleasant pastimes bringing;
O'er the daisied fields to stray,
  Joyous carols singing.
Thus I strayed, with heart elate,
Who could think of pride or state?
O that lesson! county Guy,
I forgot when thou wast nigh.

"Ever should the damosel
  Cold and-stately be."
So the lesson — it is well,
  But 't is not for me.
No, 't is not for blooming youth;
For maiden gentleness and truth,
And mild and graceful courtesie,
Better suit the fair ladye.

This playful song, sung so archly, and with so much sweetness by a mere peasant-girl! Impossible! thought the young knight. He hastily pressed forward at the conclusion, and pushed the intervening boughs away. The two maidens were startled; they swiftly retreated, as though unwilling to be seen, but not before he had caught a glance sufficient to assure him that they were the same he had met the night before. "Who are yonder maidens?" said he to a peasant who soon after passed, describing their dress. The peasant could tell nought, save that they were strangers, perchance summoned by Maitre Olivier to dance and sing before his master. The explanation was displeasing to the enthusias-

tic young knight; and, yet, was it possible that a high-born lady would come from afar, and sojourn with peasants in the dolorous vicinity of Plessis-les-Tours? "I will see the dancing, however," said he, "and catch, if possible, another sight of this fair songstress. Saints! how wondrously she resembles my unknown ladye-love."

Evening came on, calm and golden; and on a raised platform, in the upper court, sat Monsieur Louis in a huge covered arm-chair, wrapt in furs and damasks, while on one side Maitre Olivier stood adjusting the pillows, and on the other, Messire Philip de Comines sat on a stool so low, that he seemed almost kneeling, with a huge book on his knee, which served for a writing-desk, and diligently inditing a letter to be sent to the good people of Ghent, assuring them of the monarch's especial goodwill, he having just determined to mulct them most heavily. Close behind the chair, in linked mail, and tabard with the arms of France, stood Tristan l'hermite, the provost of the palace, and executioner-in-chief, leaning on his huge sword; behind him, apparently engaged in unearthly contemplation, stood the "holy man," while two or three of the archer band completed the group. Of all his usual attendants, Cothier alone was absent; but he was engaged in preparing a marvellous medicine for the king, for which he had already received, in reward, a rich golden

goblet, and, moreover, the promise of five thousand crowns should it prove efficacious. And now the musicians, who were placed out of sight (for Monsieur Louis, of late, had chosen to be looked upon by no one), began to play their soft music, and the peasant-girls advanced in the court below, tambourine in hand, to dance. But soft music and gay dances seemed alike out of place here, and the very peasant-girls felt it, for they moved constrainedly, and with downcast looks: it was mournful dancing with Louis and Tristan l'hermite looking on.

The king soon made sign for the dancing to cease, and Olivier stepped forward to dismiss the performers. Suddenly there was a slight confusion below, and a girl sprang forward, notwithstanding the efforts of one of the archer band to hold her back, rushed upon the platform, and knelt before the king. "Take her away!" said Louis, drawing back; "methought all these women were aware of the penalty."

"Good king," cried the girl, "only hear us; we have journeyed many weary miles to gain admittance to you. Come, my lady, and present your petition; king Louis will not refuse you."

De Comines looked up, and beheld the two peasant-girls, the one kneeling, and half turning toward the other, who stood bending over her.

"Keep her back," said Louis, fixing his cold, savage eye sternly upon her.

"Let them speak, sire," whispered Olivier, "and we shall soon unravel this plot. And wherefore dared ye thus?" continued he, turning to the two affrighted maidens.

"O, good sir," cried the kneeling girl, "my lady hath sought in vain for the recovery of her lands; and 't was said, if she could present a petition to the king, all would be well."

"And did they tell you the penalty if you did not succeed?" said Olivier, with a grim smile.

"O no, sir."

"It is hanging on yonder gibbet; so just prepare yourselves; Messire Tristan can allow you but a short shrift."

The words scarcely met the ear of the affrighted girl, but the grim smile of the speaker awakened her most fearful apprehensions. She looked to the king, whose basilisk eye was fixed upon her, to the executioner, on whose stern face no pity could be traced. "Who are ye," said Olivier, "and from whence?"

"From Picardy," said the elder, kneeling beside her companion. "Alas! my father's lands have been seized since his death, no one knoweth why; and the prior of St. Quentin said if I sought the king's highness I should gain redress."

"Ay, very likely, fair lady in disguise, and what is your name?"

"Emmeline de Valoines, lady of Valoines."

"The lady of Valoines in a peasant's dress, like a masquer at Shrovetide!" said Olivier, contemptuously; "a likely story! Well, fair lady, ye shall hang on a higher gibbet."

"King Louis," cried she, "only look at this seal-ring—your own hand gave it my father after the capture of Liege."

"Keep her back," cried Louis, shrinking in his chair; "let her not touch me."

"And supposing the king *did* give that ring to the lord of Valoines, that does not show how *you* became possessed of it," said Olivier.

"Jehan Fourbault, my foster-sister's godfather, knoweth I tell no falsehood; ask him, he served my father faithfully many years."

"Know ye aught of this lord of Valoines, Master Secretary?" said the king, turning to de Comines. "Saints! out of the many score rings we have given 'twould be hard to remember all—well, mistress, were ye ever at Calais?"

"Yes, sire."

"I thought so," said the king, turning to Olivier. "Ay, 'tis an English plot—rightly did the warning run, 'beware of new comers.'"

"And which of the English yonder sent ye hither?" resumed Olivier.

"I know of no English."

"I thought as much," said Olivier, drily; "fetch hither Jehan Fourbault," turning to one

of the archers, "*he* will refresh your memory, fair lady."

"And doth our secretary know nought of this lord?" said Louis with a sarcastic smile: "methought Messire de Comines had many acquaintances in and about the marches of Calais."

The poor secretary scarcely dared to look up; he felt that *he* had become an object of suspicion. "I may have heard the name, sire," said he.

"Is *that* Messire de Comines?" cried the lady Emmeline. "O surely he must remember my father, for he said he had ofttimes visited him."

"Aha, Master Secretary," cried Louis, with a grim smile, "your memory hath grown treacherous! — how is this?"

The guard now appeared with Jehan Fourbault; another was with him, it was the young English knight. De Comines caught a glance of him, and devoutly prayed the aid of every saint who came to his recollection, and wished himself a thousand leagues from Plessis-les-Tours.

"How is this!—who is he?" said Louis, pointing to the young knight.

"He was talking with him, sire, when I entered," said the archer, "so I brought them both."

"Right," nodded Louis; "is this one of the English messengers?"

"He is, sire," said Olivier; "the friend of Master Secretary."

"And he is now here to inquire wherefore he was summoned hither so discourteously," said the young knight, proudly.

"Well, what sayeth this peasant?" said Louis, turning to Olivier.

"What know ye of these women?" said Olivier, turning to the affrighted Jehan Fourbault.

"That the one is the Lady Emmeline de Valoines," said the trembling prisoner, "and the other Mahiette la Gualtiere, her foster-sister, and my god-daughter; but, sire, be not angry with them — the prior of St. Quentin, who knoweth nought of these things, bade them come hither, and they hoped ye would pardon them."

"How came *he* with you?" continued Olivier, pointing to the young knight.

"To inquire who these maidens were, Master Olivier," said Sir Lionel Talbot.

"Be silent, my fair sir," said Olivier; "ye will find it quite enow to answer the questions put to you."

"I shall not be silent, Master Olivier; I demand the respect due to my rank and the office I hold."

"There is no respect due to those who, perchance, are engaged in treasonable practices;— what shall we do with him?" whispered Olivier to the king; "if we detain him, it may bring trouble."

Louis bit his lips, and looked on the ground; he was evidently much disturbed. At length he raised his eyes. "Heaven knoweth, my fair sir," said he, "that we are most unwilling to act discourteously toward the messengers of any neighbour prince—most of all toward those of our dear cousin Richard; but warnings have been given of an attack on our lives, and therefore in our inquiry into so heinous an offence we are enforced to take into custody many whom we cannot suspect, but who may be suspected by others. We view you not as prisoner, Heaven forbid! but merely detain you for this night in Plessis-les-Tours."

Louis gave the signal, the young knight was hurried off by the archer-guards.

"And what shall be done with him?" said Olivier, pointing to Jehan Fourbault.

"Let him be hanged."

"Hanged! gracious sire, and wherefore?" cried the horror-struck peasant.

"For disobedience in harbouring these women."

"But, sire—" cried he. Louis turned his head—one of Tristan's agents came forward, who, with as little ceremony as though he were tethering a mule, threw a rope round his neck and dragged him off.

"And these women?" said Olivier.

"Let them be hanged too."

No reply was made, no petition offered by the unhappy maidens. The one had fainted, the other, her lady, was bending over her, too anxious to have heard the dreadful sentence so coldly uttered. And yet this very man had prayed for life—for a *little* longer life, for himself, in convulsive agonies that very morning!

At that moment, friar Robert pressed forward, his whole frame agitated. "Forbear!" said he.

"Wherefore, holy father?" said the king; "they have incurred the penalty."

"Say not so," replied friar Robert. "Know you not to-morrow is the octave of our blessed Lady's assumption?—that to-morrow the canons of Cologne will be here with the blessed relics?—Shall these poor maidens be hanging on the gibbet to greet their arrival!"

Louis turned anxiously toward the speaker—"Holy father, what may be done? have not they infringed our ordinance?"

"Wilt thou incur our blessed Lady's displeasure—now, even *now,* King Louis?"

"O surely not! *Virgo amantissima* remember my vows!" And the cold-blooded monarch lifted his hat and said an "*Ave,*" and then glanced a look at the fainting maidens at his feet, like a tiger despoiled of his prey.

"The holy father knoweth not state affairs," whispered Olivier; "despatch them, sire."

The whisper caught friar Robert's ear. "He knoweth not state affairs!" said he; "from whom came the letter sealed with green wax, and a griffin thereon, Master Olivier?"

Olivier's face became deadly pale. "How should I know!" said he.

"When did Messire Coppenole send last?—when did ——"

"Good friar Robert, what have I to do with these girls?" said Olivier, in almost a deprecatory tone: "shall they be set free?"

"No, let them be kept safely—*I* will examine them to-morrow."

"Then it is best not to hang them—as yet, at least?" said the king.

"Surely not—*I* will search into this affair."

"Thanks, holy father, your knowledge is wondrous, for ye spoke of danger but this morning. Tristan, see these women be kept safe; well, I commend me to our blessed Lady?" Louis wrapt his fur-lined mantle around him and rose, leaning on Olivier's arm. Tristan came forward, to lead the two maidens toward their cell, when the Lady Emmeline felt a soft pressure on her arm; she turned her head, and beheld the holy man close beside her—"Fear not," he whispered, and immediately disappeared.

Again came morning, bright and joyous; and in solemn procession, with banners, tapers, and

chant, came the canons of Cologne, with the jewelled chest, that contained the apocryphal sculls of the "three kings of the east, Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar." And with the most reverential devotion did Louis receive the holy relics. He prostrated himself before them, he joined in the litany sung by the attendant choristers, he bestowed on the cathedral many right royal gifts, presented great largesse to the canons, and, after their departure, he remained kneeling before the temporary altar on which the precious relics were placed.

It was a ghastly sight—Louis, feeble, thin, with countenance of deadly paleness, and eyes sunken and dim, kneeling with clasped skeleton hands before the table on which were placed the three blackened sculls, rendered more hideous by the priceless circlets of gems and gold which spanned each fleshless brow—the monarch on the threshold of the grave, proffering with quivering lip ineffectual prayers to those kings who for centuries had been dust, and the eyeless, tongueless sculls seeming, with emphasis more powerful than words, to say, in the solemn old rhyme,—

> "Erst we were even like to thee,
> What we now are, *thou* must be."

And he felt it; he shuddered, withdrew his eyes, and then, with violent effort, fixed them again on

the objects of his devotion. The door opened; friar Robert entered; no one else dared to disturb Monsieur Louis at his devotions, and the king turned from the sainted sculls to receive the holy man's blessing.

"I have seen the prisoners, sire," said he; "their story was true—there is no plot against you, let them therefore be set free."

"Not to-day, holy father—speak not to me of them or aught earthly to-day," said Louis.

"I speak of mercy, sire," replied friar Robert, "mercy, which is better than mere prayers."

"Nay, holy father, leave these things till to-morrow; I have bound myself by a solemn vow to the canons to pass the whole of this day in devotion before these holy relics. Assist me, I pray you, with your prayers—truly I need them, for the dauphin will be here to-morrow," and Louis turned from the holy man, and again fell on his knees, exclaiming, "*Sancti reges ora pro me!*"

Friar Robert cast one look on the kneeling monarch, and then raised his eyes to the window—there, in the midst of the laughing scenery, flooded with dazzling sunshine, was the gibbet with the corpse of the hapless peasant hanging thereon. Friar Robert struck his forehead, groaned aloud, and, ere Louis had turned toward him, rushed from the room.

The precipitate retreat of the holy man was not

unmarked. In the adjoining room, concealed in a deep recess, stood Olivier and Cothier. "Heaven favours you as yet," said Cothier, smiling; "Monsieur Louis hath kept his promise."

"Ay, the holy man is not used to refusals," said Olivier; "thanks to the canons, we shall keep him away for this day—but how shall we manage for the morrow?"

"We must endeavour to find out why this holy man is so interested in these two girls," said Cothier.

"That's easily enow accounted for; he saw I wanted to hang them, and so he determined to save them. But 'twas Sathanas' own work to send them hither, after I had managed so well, and told the king that Aubert de Valoines had left no heirs, and had got the lands quite into my own possession. They are lands worth somewhat, compere;—moreover, if inquiry be made about these, we shall have questions about those of Grestein and the fief of Bracquemont — 'twould be shrewdly dangerous to have inquiries made into the titles of my estates, and Monsieur Louis, perchance, near his end."

"Ay, truly—but still, methinks, yonder holy man would scarce be so anxious about those girls, unless he knew somewhat."

"Knew; he'd match his master, Sathanas, for knowledge — yester-even he told me what me-

thought only myself here and two in Flanders knew. *He* hath no more dwelt for three and thirty years on a rock than I have in a church."

"No, indeed;—well, you are safe for to-day, but to-morrow the holy man *will* see the king."

"Not if you will aid me, Cothier: Monsieur Louis must require a good night's rest. Now, give him a comforting night draught, so that he shall not awake until an hour or two later; meanwhile I will delay his dressing, so that he shall be but just ready when the dauphin arrives."

"'Tis a good plan enow," nodded Cothier, "and if it be a bargain?"

"Well, you shall have the gold cup which he gave me; I know you wanted it; do this, and it shall be your's."

Anxiously did friar Robert repair to the king's apartments the next morning, and with keenest disappointment receive the answer of Olivier that the king had not yet awoke. Time flew on, and the tramp of horses and the flourish of trumpets startled the hushed silence of Plessis-les-Tours. The archer band advanced to the chief entrance, and cautiously unbarred the gates and let down the drawbridge; the various officers, not excepting Tristan l'Hermite, drew up in solemn procession; for it was not so much a son about to visit his father, as the expectant of a crown come to pay respect to him, from whom, ere long, he should receive it.

A strong contrast did the aged monarch and the youthful prince present. Charles, the fair youth of fifteen, with clear open brow, and bright gentle eye, but shy and timid, glancing an affectionate look at his governor, and then attempting to meet the cold, piercing gaze of that father, whom for years he had never seen; and Louis, in his richest dress, with royal circlet on his head, rendering his countenance more ghastly, seated in his chair of state, holding out his withered hand to his son's kiss, and eyeing the kneeling boy with a feeling akin to that which we might imagine the miser to feel, could he be shown the person who is to deprive him of his treasure. There knelt the fair boy, his bright flaxen ringlets almost touching that yellow withered hand as he bent to kiss it; and there sat the father, with compressed lip that uttered no blessing, and gloomy brow, and dark malignant eye, that seemed charged with curses.

But the cloud soon passed or *seemed* to pass away from the king's brow. He laid that withered hand most paternally on the fair boy's silken locks; he complimented the governor on the care he had taken; he implored every one present to assist him with their prayers while he gave counsel to his son, and he spoke to that son so wisely and so well, according to de Comines, that it was quite marvellous to hear him.

The dauphin retired; Louis and his faithful Olivier were left alone. "Well, compere," said he, "methinks we've managed well. Aha! young sir, I'll warrant me your tutor hath been talking to you of the pleasures of a crown; but through our Lady's grace it will be long ere ye wear it."

It was late at night when the porter at the archiepiscopal palace at Tours was aroused by a loud knocking. He opened the gate, and perceived a man in a friar's habit, but the hood was carefully drawn over the face. He said he came from Plessis-les-Tours, and demanded instant speech of the archbishop, Elie de Bourdeille; he was admitted into the archbishop's chamber where he received strangers, and the prelate soon appeared. "What brings you hither, my son?" said he.

The stranger threw himself on his knees. "Holy father, to confess my sin, and to pray your aid."

"Who are you? I was told you were from Plessis-les-Tours."

"I am, holy father, and my name is friar Robert."

"Friar Robert!" said the prelate, "the king's confessor, and *here!*"

"Yes, holy father, and well may you scorn me—I, whose past life hath been nought but guilt and deceit. Yet, do not scorn my prayer, for it is not for myself."

"Heaven scorneth not the repentant sinner;

then why should I, a sinful man, scorn thee?" said the worthy prelate.

"Alas! holy father, years of guilt have been mine. A soldier in the Flemish wars, a travelling minstrel, a pretended hermit, I have been. Heaven have mercy upon me! Ye well know how King Louis sent for me—how I came, how I managed him, even more than Olivier himself. Alas! but two days since, two young maidens, as ye have doubtless heard, came before him. Holy saints! the one was the daughter of my liege-lord, Aubert de Valoines — he who sent me to the monastery of St. Quentin for learning, — he who first led me forth to battle. But the king would not believe the Lady Emmeline's story, and he sent for Jehan Fourbault—O, heavens! Jehan Fourbault, the playmate of my boyhood. He was hanged! hanged at the mere pleasure of a cold-blooded king. O! how I longed to have stepped forth, and bid the king spare my old companion; but then methought I could not save those two poor maidens. I have tried to save them, but I fear I cannot: Olivier is evidently bent upon their death. I have sought to see the king all day, but have been refused; it is said, holy father, that you will visit him to-morrow. O! will you urge mercy upon him?"

"I will, unhappy man: and, oh! may you repent your awful hypocrisy!"

"Holy father, I do repent. I would willingly leave Plessis-les-Tours, and enter whatever monastery you assign me."

"Not yet, for that might awaken suspicion. Go back, be wary, and Heaven grant a merciful spirit to the king! Alas! he may soon cry for mercy himself."

The next morning saw the archbishop at Plessis-les-Tours. His conference with the king was long; but, when he took his departure, his brow was clouded. "Our sweet Lady protect me from visitations of such churchmen as our worthy archbishop, good Olivier," said Louis, sipping his diet-drink. "Saints! this is a nauseous dose, but not so nauseous as his homilies. The cunning knaves! that visit of Monsieur Charles yesterday hath set them all on the look-out for a new king. Ha, ha, they will wait, methinks, for truly I feel not like the same, and I will show them too, that while I live I will be feared."

"Do so, sire," said Olivier, "and nought were better than that those girls should be executed."

"Not to-day, good Olivier. I asked the holy man this morning, and he saith not to-day."

"The holy man!" exclaimed Olivier. He checked himself, but it was with difficulty, for he had not been aware that friar Robert had been with the king. "That villain Cothier," muttered he, "must have played me false. *He* said no one

but the archbishop had been with him. Then it is your pleasure, sire, to set them free," continued he.

"No, no, truly, compere; 'twas unlucky, methought, to hang them to-day—'tis the 25th: but I vow, by our Lady of Embrun, they shall to-morrow."

Olivier smiled with grim delight, for that oath the king never broke—"and the English knight?"

"Let him be kept safely; we will show our cousin Richard that we will be feared. Well, I will walk in the gallery." Louis rose, he leant on his attendant's arm, but his strength failed; he fell heavily down and fainted.

It was a dimly-lighted room; on a table beneath the darkened window stood a golden crucifix, a small, gold-enamelled phial in the shape of a dove, which held the "saincte ampoule," two long staves called the rods of Moses and Aaron, and which had also been sent from the treasury of Rheims, and in front were placed the three ghastly sculls of the three kings. Right opposite, and gazing intently on the precious relics, lay King Louis, propped up by pillows, and attended by Cothier and Olivier. "Aha! good Olivier, ye prophesied my death too quickly," said he. "Through the grace of our Lady, I shall recover yet."

"Heaven grant it, sire, for folk seem to think there is no king," said Olivier.

"What!" said Louis, sharply, "dare they

set our authority at defiance ere we have been five days ill?"

"Soothly they do, and within this palace too. Gave ye not orders that those two girls should be hanged on the morrow? and, forsooth, because Tristan did not hear it from your own lips, he will not do it."

"Give me my signet—do you write the order," said Louis, bending forward; "ay, I have been feared living, and I will be feared till my death! but O! blessed Lady, let me not die—not die!"

"Gracious king," cried friar Robert, rushing in as Olivier departed with the mandate, "is it possible that he who hath been raised up, as it were, from the very gates of the grave should doom these maidens to death?"

"It is," said Louis, coldly, "so go and prepare them for the morrow."

The first beam of morning peeped into the cell where the Lady Emmeline and her faithful Mahiette lay awaiting death. "It is the last beam we shall ever see," said the poor girl: and she buried her head in the straw, while her lady sat with folded arms and uplifted eyes, absorbed in prayer. Suddenly the heavy toll of a death-bell sounded, and there was confused noise, the tread of many feet, the sound of many voices above. There were sounds of approaching footsteps too; and, as the death-bell again tolled heavily, the

bolts were withdrawn, and friar Robert entered. "I know your errand," said the Lady Emmeline, rising up; "let the will of Heaven be done."

"The will of Heaven hath been done, my daughter, and blessed be that will," said he, "for it bids you forth, not to death, but to life and freedom."

"Holy father, what mean you?" cried Lady Emmeline, gazing wildly at the speaker.

"That the archbishop of Tours hath come to release every prisoner in these dungeons."

"O! blessed be the king for his mercy!" cried Mahiette.

"Bless not King Louis, my daughter," said the archbishop, solemnly; "bless Him in whose hands are the lives of all men. Not King Louis, but the King of kings, hath given you life and freedom. Louis hath even now passed to his account. Bless God alone!"

THE FOUNTAIN'S DEPTHS.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

The fountain's depths were dim and chill,
  Though summer smiled upon the plain,
Though gaily sang the tinkling rill,
  And softly chimed the distant main;
The blossoms, springing by its side,
  Shed down their hues upon its wave,
Yet still its ever-gushing tide
  Was calm and voiceless as the grave.

The autumn wind went whistling by,
  Whirling the dead leaves far and wide,
Yet still no voice of sympathy
  From those untroubled depths replied;
The upper waters might be stirred,
  And the fringed grass and rushes thrill,
But from its heart no sound was heard,
  Its source was all serene and still.

But when there came a quiet night,
  And winds were sleeping in their caves,
The placid stars, with holy light,
  Shone down upon its inmost waves;
Then fell there from the cloudless skies,
  Unto its depths so coldly clear,
The light of those immortal eyes
  That gladden Heaven's pure atmosphere.

And by a silent under-spring
  The gentle waters ebb away
To where the leaping streamlets fling
  A thousand sparkles to the day.
May not the fountain's depths impart
  Some image of the hidden worth
Of an unworldly, peaceful heart,
  Thus lit from heaven, thus gladdening earth!

Drummond Del.ᵗ Patrick Ackermann Sculp.ᵗ Scratch Etch.ᵗ

MIRANDA.

THE PORTRAIT OF MIRANDA.

A DEAL EXTRAVAGANZA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LION."

Leander. Blood is upon the floor! . . Hast thou no eyes?
'Tis her's . . . Come hither. Drop by drop it creeps
Down these unconscious steps!
Gilbert. (*aside.*) Slave, wouldst betray? . . .
(*aloud.*) Thus poets conjure up the empty dreams
That men are fooled by . . My revenge, Count Henry!
We'll to piquet . . .

The Buccaneer.

"You must give us a day when you next come to Deal," were the last words of a cousin of mine, who, after forty years of a seafaring life, had resolved at last to cast anchor on shore; and, bringing his family over from Tours, where they had resided to lay by a fortune the sooner, had chosen the Kentish coast for his harbour during old age. "Be sure you give us a day at Deal!" And he vanished under the archway of the Swan with Two Necks; while I trudged westward, repeating to myself the advertisement which has always so much amused me, and which begins, "*Any*body wanting a diving-bell" . . . "When I next go to Deal—good cousin Blackstone! I wonder how his daughters will like their residence."

But let no one be too sure that he *may not* want a diving-bell: or, at least, let no one who finds it his yearly pleasure to visit Paris scoff at the chance of his next visit to Deal.

It was a howling November afternoon, with a storm vicious enough to tear the earth to tatters (as some quaint old author has phrased it), and the sky made the theatre of a masque of clouds, one interlude of which was a blinding shower of hail, to be succeeded, in ten minutes, by a burst of chill, flaring sunlight; an afternoon threatening enough to keep Boulogne and Calais full of the birds of passage, who were waiting to fly across the Channel. But I love to know the worst: and I hold my poor, thin body to be no more precious than the Queen's mail-bags. Add to this (but I hope it will not be remembered to my discredit) that I had nearly come to my uttermost penny of travelling funds. So cross I would, my impatience and my necessity earning for me a reputation for courage beyond my deserts: and, with one fellow-passenger, a sandy-haired German, some four feet ten inches high, with corkscrew moustaches, a toupee, a fore-finger ring, and a green cutaway coat, such as no English tailor would father, committed myself to the Coquette, then the fleetest but most unsafe boat on the station, and the certain horrors of sea-sickness.

Do you know what the word means, dear

reader? the nausea and the depression of spirits, and the extraordinary, the very extraordinary desire you have to yawn: — something *quite* unusual; and the hideous, hideous cabin, with its cold air, and its close smell, and its hard mahogany sofas, which, however, for ten minutes, are Elysian in their relief, until, until, until . . . . . All this time my small German, folded up in a cloak of wonderful amplitude, and his feet comfortably rammed into a furred footbag, was nestling in his corner, provokingly impenetrable to the elemental shocks, which were driving me, for the thousandth time, to vow that, as my bad stars had decreed me to be an islander, a home-keeping one I would henceforth be for evermore. And there, propped up, as stiff as a gatepost, he sate —talking away about what Heaven knows!—but talking in that quick, cheerful, steady voice, without a *piano* in its inflections, and with a fluency that became so distracting to my ear, at last, that, good breeding all forgotten, and agony carrying the day, I gasped out, "If he would only stop a moment, I don't think I should be quite so . . . ."

"*Kellner!*" cried he, in the true *table d'hôte* tone, "how much is vom hier to Dover?"

"Dover, sir!" exclaimed the steward, putting in his pea-jacket and his oilcase hat at the door, with a contemptuous look at the poor creature on the floor, who was past speaking to him, "you

won't see Dover to-day, mounseer. We must put you ashore at Deal!"

"And when shall we be there?" gasped the victim to his impatience and his empty purse.

"In a couple of hours, or thereabouts," was the unfeeling answer. According to the usual truth of stewards and sea-captains, or according to my usual luck, it was four ere the agony came to an end, and I was gathered up, more dead than alive, and carried upon deck, and my baggage banged over the vessel's side into the boat, which was gone before I could benefit by the same summary process. On the return of the wave, however, I was thrown in topsy-turvy on my friend the German, whose ceaseless inquiries were drowned by the hoarse surge and the lusty "Pull away" of those worst of all extortioners, the boatmen of Deal. Certainly, one is not landed on that inhospitable beach without undergoing almost as many tortures as a length of wire, in its transition from simple ore to pin-hood. Too worn out to resist (if resistance could avail when the Old Sea is the tyrant), too thankful to grumble, too stupid to distinguish —all I can say is, that, after many ups and downs, partial tastes of the spray, and glimpses of the wild, red, stormy sun, just dropping behind a bank of black clouds, just before touching that paradise of paradises, the dripping and lipping shingle beach, I was finished off by a saucy wave, which, slapping me on the back, drenched me from head to heel,

and with me the Herr, who had been talking half the way over of the far-famed beefsteaks and porter he would have directly on landing, by way of welcome.

"*Das ist merkwürdig!*" exclaimed he, with a rueful face of patience. "And also is this Deal, my good man?" And upon this he sighed a heavy sigh, which I laid to the account of an empty stomach and the salt water bath. "*Das ist merkwürdig*. And perhaps you know a gentleman who lives here, my good men" . . . . .

"Look sharp, sir, or you'll get wet again!"

"Perhaps you know a Sir Blackstone, who has here a lodging?"

Till that moment, I declare I had never for an instant remembered that warm-hearted shake of the hand, and that hospitable, "When you next come to Deal!" There was now something in it worth considering. Go to town that night I neither could nor would. And I remembered something about my second daughter Clarissa Blackstone, who is a beauty. And there had been a small matter of my cousin's entrusted to me for legal adjustment, which was halting for want of a consultation; and I was sure that my indefatigable fellow voyager would follow me to whatever hotel I pitched upon. In short, I am thirty, and selfish: and was then under the very circumstances which quicken regard and curiosity with respect to far-away relations,

whose house can be pointed out to you, gleaming with cheerful lights, and reeking with savoury smoke, as you stand shivering with cold and emptiness, on a stormy beach, at five o'clock P.M., in the gloomy month of November. "One must make the effort," murmured I to myself in a truly christian spirit;—"I would make any effort, I am sure, to oblige my cousin Blackstone—a capital fellow!"

How I introduced myself, and how I accounted for my appearing so unexpectedly on the largest principles of family affection, and how delighted my capital cousin was to shake me by the hand (Mercy! it *was* a shake), and to present me to "Kitty, my wife, and to Eleanor, and Clarissa, and Barbara, and Clementine, my daughters,—Clementine, a little French woman"—and how five of the most elegant-looking victims ever banished to the Dover coast smiled, and curtseyed, and cared for every comfort that could refresh so miserable an object—all these things, I say, are to be taken for granted as told; and we are to be fancied as sitting in the warmest of chimney-corners, waiting the summons for dinner, and saying all manner of cousinly things, when the head of the house broke in with one of his double bass *solos*. "But where is Peggy, my dear little Peggy?—got by herself again to-night? Poor thing! poor thing! It's more than I can understand! Well, perhaps, if no one notices

her, she will slip into her place at dinner, as if our cousin were not there." "A fifth cousin?" whispered I to Mrs. Blackstone, as I gave her my arm to lead her in to dinner. "I understood"...

"No, no," looking anxiously round, as if afraid of being overheard, "I can't just now explain.... How the wind is roaring to-night! You are well ashore."

There was a sudden significance and anxiety in Mrs. Blackstone's reply and immediate digression—I felt the same too, in her pressure of my arm—which startled me. So new the world into which I had fallen, and so soon to have found out that it had its secrets and sunken rocks! She was a perfectly well-bred woman, and did every thing that could be done by a woman at the head of her own table, to entertain one who chose to consider himself almost as good as shipwrecked; but, whenever she cast her glances towards her husband, there was a restlessness and trouble in her eye, which her fluent and cheerful conversation contradicted. The young ladies, too, I thought more silent than befitted a due sense of relief on the arrival of such an acquisition as my handsome self. What could it all mean? I thought they would never leave the table. But that fashion probably came from Tours with them: and when at last I rose to bear them company, a "Thank you, Mr.——" burst from my hostess much more

eagerly than hospitality demanded. But my cousin Blackstone detained me. "None of your French tricks here! Come, draw in, draw in. You shall stay, man. I say you shall, and help me to finish the bottle." I was too sleepy to resist, but not to hear something very like a sigh from the lady, and not to see the melancholy countenance which lingered at the door a second longer than was necessary. "What *was* her maiden name?" said I to myself, in a fast thickening confusion of ideas; "Mathew? She can't bear to think of any one drinking, at all events."

Cousin Blackstone was by no means the dullest after-dinner companion I have encountered. His sea-anecdotes were of the best salt-water quality, and yet clear of that slang, on the strength of which more than one stupid fellow has of late set up for a marine novelist, as near to the real thing as the toy-pinnace on a Cockney's ornamental puddle at Hornsey is to a real seventy-four! He had hairbreadth 'scapes, too, to recollect—a fire at sea, a mutiny, an encounter with pirates, and a quarrel on board an East Indiaman. "I'll tell you all about that, cousin, it is a very remarkable story. Will you see that no one is listening at the door. My wife is ——"

"Listening?"

"Some servant or other," replied he, wincing under the curious gaze I am sure I must have cast

towards him. "I heard feet in the hall, and my man will have all my secrets, right or wrong — all but one — all but one. Cousin, I'll tell it *you*." And he drew his chair close to mine, and filled his glass. Somehow or other, the oddity of the preamble wakened me up; and, I know not why, I must needs poke the fire, so as to make it give more light.

"I was asked, on my last voyage from Bombay," he began, "to take charge of a young lady who was returning to Europe for the benefit of her health, and, as far as I could gather, in but poor circumstances. She was to make the long voyage without a servant; and it was even intimated to me that she would be only too happy, should her strength permit, to wait upon any married lady, who might happen to be on board, for the sake of protection in return. But that was soon proved to be impossible. For the first fortnight we were at sea, she never quitted her berth; and, when she did come among us, all stood up, shocked by her faded and delicate appearance, she glided in among us so like a ghost. If the ladies on board had not nursed her, she must have died, and perhaps ——.

"It came out that she was a poor German governess, a native of Hildesheim or Detmold, or some such out-of-the-way place, who had accompanied a nobleman's family to the East, and had

left them from being unable to bear the climate. They paid her expences home. But it was not the hot sun that had been the matter with her; it was a distressed mind, cousin. She owned to me her poverty—she owned to me all the little hopes and fears which had set her forth in her plan of governessship—simple creature! fancying she could have made a fortune in ten years. 'Margery,' I once said to her (for I treated her like one of my own children) — 'Margery, and is there no one you would have been saving this fortune for?' I thought she must have slipped through the deck when I asked her the question. She was leaning on my arm, and her lips turned quite white as she said—I saw it by her lips—'No one!' That was all.

"It was as beautiful an evening as God ever made that I asked her that question. She was quite silent, and, I was sure, turning very bitter thoughts in her mind, when there came upon deck a young gentleman, who, like herself, was going home for his health, and had never been seen among us before. He had joined the ship at the last moment, and kept his berth ever since we weighed anchor. But he was not like my poor Peggy! — with his half-dozen servants, and his airs, and his graces — the villain!

"I think I see her now, when, sharply turning round, she suddenly came upon Major Glanville. A handsome fellow he was, though bleached and

torn to pieces by illness; and I had been sorry to see one at his age obliged to lean his hand on the shoulder of an old good-for-nothing French valet, by way of getting a little fresh air. But I was not sorry when I felt the start poor Margaret gave, and I saw the agonised face she put on! 'Captain,' said she, drawing me aside, entirely beside herself with consternation — 'captain, you promised me a fair passage. Is that he — really he — on board? My God! then it is all to come over again.' And out came the whole story. He was the eldest son of Lord Whitelocke, in whose train she had gone out: she had loved him as modestly, I am sure, as ever woman loved man, and, somehow or other, he had found it out, and had tried to take advantage of it! And that was the fever, the climate, and the sorrow, which were driving her back to die (she said) at Hildesheim. And, indeed, it was hard upon her to be thrown into contact with him again! So I promised her eagerly to protect her as carefully from him — no harm could, of course, befall her but from his looks, and whisperings, and attempts to gain a hearing — as her terror could desire. Ah! she loved him, in spite of all the baseness he had meditated!

"I have made twenty voyages between India and England, cousin, transported some hundreds of womankind, and some of them very beautiful, to and from market again (you don't drink); but,

maid, wife, or widow, never had I such a charge as poor Margaret. Bless you, every one on board was in love with her! Mrs. Blackstone is a singular woman, cousin, and hardly likes . . . You are sure she is not listening at the door? Look!—will you?"

I rose, as I was bidden, to see, oddly struck by the manner of the narrator. Of course, no one was there. He went on.

"She was not very pretty, nor very graceful; and, as for learning, my Eleanor or Clarissa could have taught her all she knew ten times over! But, for all that, she had all the men after her, though there were some fine women on board. Old General Tyrawley made her two offers before we had been out a month; and General Tyrawley's man, I am sure, was more in love with her than his master, and would have clambered up to the masthead — land-lubber as he was! — if she had only said 'Go, Antony!' But the worst case of all was a little German artist we had with us. Only about four feet high, he was a stiff, positive fellow —and, Lord! *such* a bore, with his tryings to talk English. Look, cousin! You are *sure* she is not there?—this is one of the pictures he made of her: he would never draw any thing else. I have had it copied."

And hastily, as he spoke, the rough old man plucked from his bosom a small drawing of a lady, something like that which you have seen, dear

reader, at the beginning of my story—the long hair drooping over the shoulders, and one hand to the bosom, clasping a handkerchief, and the other on the knee, a rocky shore behind the lady, and a crescent moon rising above. Under the picture was written the name of MIRANDA.

"Beautiful! is it not? — so sad, so speaking! and yet not half so beautiful as she was! Well, poor Reichenbach was worse off than any of the men — gave up smoking, even because he had heard her say she could not endure tobacco, and used to twist about his poor ugly face, if he came within hail of her, till I thought it would positively crack. But he was an honest, generous fellow for all that, worth fifty of your Glanvilles, and could never make out why she, being his countrywoman, and so hard pressed by such a scoundrel as he was, would have nothing to say to him. Perhaps I could have told him . . . . Poor thing! Cousin, if you like, I can show you a lock of her hair — You are drinking nothing."

For the best of all reasons — the bottle was empty.

"My little German," continued Blackstone, who by this time seemed indifferent as to the fact of his having a listener or not, "was as brave as a lion, for all he was so quiet — and the poor girl knew what a capital fellow he was; and, because he was German too, used to let him walk up and down the

deck by her side when I was not there, just to keep off other people. It was a dangerous indulgence for him, I sadly fear. And you may think what a capital little creature it was, when I tell you that, though we three *knew* she could not love him, and she would not love him, he encouraged the people on board to believe that all was settled between them, to secure her from further importunity. Not that he boasted, or told a single lie, cousin. It is not always your finest gentleman that is delicate and honourable where women are concerned.

"I happened to be up one night on deck very late—for I am as fond of a moonlight walk, sometimes, let me tell you, as if I was seventeen—when I heard voices talking in a tone which I was not going to suffer on board any ship where I was master. I must tell you what they had been talking about. It was Glanville and Reichenbach. And the fellow had begun by complimenting the poor, faithful creature on his drawings, and wishing they might be properly appreciated in England. Now, you must know Reichenbach was one of those people who fancy they are always going to be unlucky in whatever they touch. Glanville knew this, and went on, speech by speech—the serpent! —to talk of the competition, of the difficulty of gaining a livelihood, and so forth, till the poor painter was disheartened down to the ground; and thanked him, between every word, for his great

goodness in giving him advice. To be sure, some people are thankful for very strange things!

"'You see, my friend,' said Glanville, laying his hand on the other's shoulder, 'I know your position. Ah! you see I have a great regard for you. I can help you essentially. I will—if I may look for as much help from you."

"'*Also*, sir?' was the answer. Reichenbach was always saying, '*Also*,' when he meant to ask you what you meant.

"'You think I don't know the number of sketches you have been making on board here.' (It was just at this part, cousin, I came upon them.) 'You shall have your own price for them if you will throw the original into the bargain. Come, you are a man of the world, and know what I mean. We have had a quarrel. Poor little girl! She was desperately in love with me. With a little of your help, my good fellow' . . . . . And he turned away from Reichenbach, who was quiet for a second, and thinking aloud, I heard him say quietly to himself, '*Bit, I see!*'

"But Reichenbach had been only quiet to burst out all the more furiously. 'What make you of me?' he cried, at the top of his lungs. 'You rascal! you brute! you' . . . . . God knows what name would have come next, had not the major felled him to the deck with a blow, for he was now much stronger again. Reichenbach was up

in an instant like a fury. I never saw one of those foreigners with half the pluck that he had; and, if I had not rushed between them, there would have been dreadful mischief done. As it was, one or other of them carried a pistol about him; and, while they were wrestling, and I between them, to keep them asunder, before any one else could come up, it went off, and gave me a crack upon the head here, cousin" . . . . . .

"Tea is ready," said Mrs. Blackstone, entering quietly, and casting an anxious look at the empty bottles. Her husband had snatched up the drawing, and hid it in his bosom before she was in the room. He was now laid back in his chair, to all appearance senseless.

"You need not say any thing," said my new relation, in a tone of profound sadness. "His own man will come to him. He is subject to these seizures, the effect of a hot climate, and of a blow on the head, which he received while interfering in a quarrel between two of his passengers. I am sorry, however, that you have witnessed so painful a scene on your first visit to Deal. Graham," (the servant had by this time entered) "you will take care of your master. We shall not see him again to-night: but you need not be alarmed; it is nothing serious."

"And what became of *her?*" was on my lips, forgetting that, in all probability, my cousin's wife

knew nothing of the strange story I had been hearing.

"We know when these attacks are coming on," continued she, detaining me for a moment betwixt the two rooms, "by his talking rather wildly. You heard him before dinner. And then the smallest quantity of wine, or the least possible excitement, is sufficient. Will you help us out a little? you see I treat you like a relation. Here is a young foreigner, who has just arrived in the last half hour, to see Captain Blackstone on particular business, which he is by no means willing to explain to any of us. Such people are perpetually coming. Will you talk to him?"

It was my fellow-passenger on board the Coquette. If I started to see the sandy hair, and the toupee, and the fore-finger ring, and the cut-away coat, my surprise was, in part, ascribable also to the first words of my hostess, who, addressing him as "Herr Reichenbach," apologised for the absence of her husband, who had been seized, she said, with a sudden fit of illness, and was compelled to retire. "Our relation," said she, "will be the bearer of any message you may have for Captain Blackstone, if I *can* not."

There was a lurking pique in the italic word. "She has a temper, if I am not mistaken," thought I to myself; and then I thought of the morning coaches to town.

But to bring good Herr Reichenbach to an explanation of his errand was not so easy. First, I had to hear what he was in England for: to see all the country—London of course; the Thames Tunnel, and the railroads, and Sir Walter Scott's house, and the Manchester factories, and the Lakes, and Devonshire, and the Menai bridge, and Oxford, and Cambridge, and the Giants' Causeway, and some friends he had at Bristol—all in one poor fortnight. A heavy task, I could not but think, for one willing to bestow so much precious time on Deal. And not only would he see these things: he would make sketches of them. He could sketch . . . .

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "then you *are* an artist!"

"*Gewiss*, sir . . . Captain Blackstone could impart to you, sir, a poor production" . . . And with this he looked anxiously towards the ladies.

A snug little book-closet opened from the drawing-room, lighted by a blazing fire. "Will you do me the favour," said I, leading the way at once, bored, curious, and feeling very much as if I were in the last scenes of a dream.

"It is this, my dear," said the stranger, when at last I had brought him to the point. "Also, I could not tell it you before the ladies because their prideness — and he has said me, somtimes his wife was jealous of him. Once he has been very kind to a lady on her journey from India — Margaret Dremel. He will remembrance her, so I think.

And she sends him a little piece of her work, *für Andenken*. My wife is very industrious with her needle."

"Your wife!"

"It is — I know not what you call it in England."

And, from a paper parcel, in one of the pockets of the very cutaway coat, which had made so lively an impression on my eye in the moment of nausea, he produced a knitted worsted comfortable, of the finest Berlin wool imaginable, wrought in a pattern which the Miss Blackstones will describe to any one postpaying a letter to Deal: I cannot.

My poor cousin! he had not recovered himself when I left his hospitable roof the next morning, taking good care to avoid the coach upon which Herr Reichenbach travelled townwards. And, as circumstances connected with the legal business entrusted to my care brought about a coolness between us — a more irascible client never did poor solicitor possess!—I know not, to this day, how far his story was true—how far he had really been entrapped by the original Margaret Dremel, the Miranda of the portrait; how far Mrs. Blackstone really was jealous of her husband; how far all I heard or all I fancied might be ascribable to the best part of the best bottle of port I ever drank, acting upon a weak brain, made all the weaker by a *coup de soleil*.

IMAGINATION.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Life of the Invisible! Thou Light supreme!
  Heir of the unapparent!—that alone,
As in the radiance of some angel-dream
  God-visited, ascends Creation's throne!
To thee immortal destinies are known:—
  Bards of all ages;—glories of each clime;—
Minds—that exalted Genius called her own!
  The great—the gifted—honoured of all time—
Have to thy footstool soared, and wreathed thy steps sublime!

Imagination—whose transcendent power
  Links earth with heaven!—that with one mighty hand
Grasps the proud stars which visit heaven each hour,
  And midway with the other lifts the land!
Whilst angels, as around God's altar, stand—
  The immortal with the mortal to behold!
Two worlds as by Imagination spanned!—
  All nature and eternity unrolled:—
As Deity designed, and Prophets had foretold!

THE SEA-SHELL'S MURMUR.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

——————— "I have seen
A curious child, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely, and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for, murmuring from within,
Were heard sonorous cadences! whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea."

WORDSWORTH.

A murmur low,
A moan, as if of woe,
In a mysterious whisper aye doth swell,
From thee, oh wreathed Shell—
As if some spirit, struggling to be free,
Gave a faint echo of the sounding sea.

Lute of the ocean-caves,
Some exile from the waves,
In the deep winding of thy chamber dim,
May breathe a mournful hymn—
Sighing, to earthly ears, the low, sad strain
Which makes the restless music of the main.

As if within that cell
It pined for things that dwell

In crystal palaces beneath the seas—
For the red coral trees,
Or for the gems which their rich brightness keep
In the far abysm of the boundless deep.

A melancholy moan,
A music all thine own,
Thou breathest ever in this upper sphere—
As if a soul were there,
Holding communion with that heaving main,
In which its voice may never sound again.

Could'st thou but tell,
Oh ever-murmuring Shell,
What thou hast witnessed in the depths below,
Where stately vessels go—
Where youth and age, the dastard and the brave,
Have found quick burial 'neath the yawning wave!

Yea, more than all—
Like a funereal pall,
How the dark waters sweep above the dead!—
What sighs, like odours shed,
The sea-nymphs breathe above the early lost,
Decking their sleep with pearls of priceless cost!

Yet more—oh more!
Upon that ocean-floor,
Paved with the rarest gems that ever shone,
How pale Death sets his throne,

What time the waters by the storms are stirred,
And when, in thunder, *his* deep voice is heard!

One ceaseless sound,
Thrilling the air around,
Breaks from the deep, is whispered by the waves—
A wail from myriad graves,
In which the brave and beautiful do rest,
Like wearied children on the mother's breast.

There have gone down
The banner and the crown—
There friend and foe have found one sudden tomb:
Oh tell if, 'mid that gloom,
The ocean-spirits do not sometimes weep,
While o'er our dead a vigil long they keep!

Thou answerest not!—
But, on *this* sunny spot,
Where come the merry murmurs of the bees,
And sweeter sounds than these—
The music-gush of rills—the songs that swell
From childhood's heart—thou moanest, lonely
Shell.

The cheerful sounds of earth,
Their music and their mirth,
The light winds whispering with the forest leaves
On lover-meeting eves,

Are sweeter than that echo of the tone
From the dark ocean thou dost make thine own!

Ever to thee
That murmur of the sea
Hath a supreme and voice-coercing spell,
Which haunts thee, hollow Shell,
Even as, 'mid music's wonders, hearts *will* sigh
For simpler song—some home-bred melody.

There!—from the earth,
Lone Shell, I cast thee forth!
Seek, once again, beneath the ocean foam,
Thine unforgotten home—
Drink in, for aye, the music which the surge
Over the drowned doth make—a low, sad dirge!

OUR VICAR.

BY J. FORBES DALTON, ESQ.

'Twas in the glorious summer's prime,
The merry birds were singing,
Our village all kept holiday,
And the old church bells were ringing,
When our vicar brought, from o'er the hills,
His young and lovely bride,
There was not such another one
In all our country side.

"Thank ye! God bless you all, my friends!"
He cried, as the chaise drove by,
Waving his hand to all alike;
There was gladness in every eye,
As we wished him joy—and joy he had
Through many a happy year;
And I'm sure his joy was a joy to us,
And the gentry far and near.

For he was not like some good priests,
Who, perhaps, may act aright,
But seem to simple folk to keep
Their talent out of sight.
He loved society, and gained
All hearts where'er he went;
Yet, with his family at home,
Was cheerful and content.

And, though the rich man called him friend,
And bade him to his feast,
He'd talk familiar with the poor,
Nor scorn the very least.
A kind word ever, from his lips,
Would cheer the labourer's heart,
When worn with toil. Few rich men think
How much kind words impart!

To some it seems an easy thing
To give the poor relief;

But cold, reproachful charity
Oft fills their hearts with grief.
Not such was his! His generous soul
Was backward to condemn,
And what he would that men should do
To him, he did to them.

Blessing and blest, he lived with us,
And every Sabbath day
Our church was crowded, for we loved
To hear him preach and pray.
"The pleasant paths of righteousness"
He taught his flock, and trod.
And so we verily believe
He now is with his God.

'Twas on the anniversary
Of our Redeemer's death
That our good vicar placidly
Breathed forth his latest breath.
And, as it passed his lips, he told
His children weeping by,
"A Christian's triumph this, my dears,
On *such* a day to die!"

And so to Heaven the spirit fled
That watched our happy vale,
And now we find the Bible truth,
"Man's life is as a tale."

ROUEN, NORMANDY.

A TRAVELLER'S BLUNDER AT ROUEN.

BY MRS. GORE.

THERE is perhaps no city, except Nuremberg, which presents a gradation of Gothic architecture, from its highest adaptation in the temples of divine worship to the ordinary purposes of domestic life, so perfect as we find at Rouen. Its gorgeous churches, its tribunals, its Hotel de Bourgtheroude, renowned as they are, scarcely exceed in interest those quaint fragments and nameless patches of the olden time, which may be found in almost all its streets, intermingling with the common-place uncouthness of the Norman homesteads of the last century.

But, alas! the picturesque aspect of a city as remarkable for its historical monuments and traditions as for the beauty of its site, is gradually disappearing. Rouen, in its saucy prosperity of trade, is growing, like other *nouveaux riches*, ashamed of its origin. Every day some curious old structure is sacrificed to the innovations of luxury and pride.

Since the introduction of steam navigation on the Seine, splendid quays have arisen, regular streets are arising; a gay suspension-bridge extends its aërial span across the river, and a minor

Paris, adorned with boulevards, balconies, brilliant shops, showy façades, and meretricious sculptures, is closing out the venerable oddities of the curious old town, which witnessed the death of Joan of Arc and the birth of the great Corneille. One may almost discern there the peasant putting aside, one by one, the vestiges of his rusticity—his homely garments, his characteristic *patois*—and assuming the conventional garb of the times, the civic *surtout,* or embroidered suit of courtiership.

It is steam that has effected all this. Among those rich Norman valleys, vying in verdure and picturesqueness with those of England, the same towering and reeking chimneys which disfigure the beautiful glades of Derbyshire, are amassing wealth and generating ambition. Rouen is encompassed with suburbs and factories; and the whole of France, and some portions of the adjacent countries, to say nothing of the western colonies that trade with Havre de Grace, sleep in cotton nightcaps of her invention. The antiquarian has his account to settle with her spinning jennies for the barbarous innovations daily perpetrated against the sacred relics of the bad old times.

Let those who would admire the ancient capital of the conquerors of Britain, ere it forfeit all trace of its former grandeur, hasten thither without delay; and, above all, let them time their visit on

market-day, when an admixture of the peasantry of the environs with the more civilized population of a manufacturing town presents as amusing and anomalous an assemblage, as the showy quays and overhanging dwellings of the adjoining streets.

Last summer, in the course of a coasting tour in France, we happened to walk into Rouen, after disembarking from the Elbeuf steam-packet. Crowds of Norman peasant girls lined the road, with their white caps steepling almost in emulation of the engine chimneys, and their sabots clattering upon the road in rivalship with their noise.

It was the period when the removal of the remains of Napoleon occupied general attention in France; more especially on the banks of the Seine, which flattered themselves they were about to play a distinguished part in a great national pageant. In the capital, people were beginning to sing with renewed affection Béranger's affecting ballads relating to "*le grand homme;* and a peculiar smile of exultation seemed to animate their faces when discoursing on the subject with any English person; as if the valour of France had conquered back the precious deposit it had the bad taste to disturb in the sacredness of the Golgotha which, sole witness of the agony of a great soul, afforded the only fit sepulchre for the clay from which it was emancipated.

"I perceive you are all intent upon the same

object," said I, addressing a handsome young peasant woman, who, mounted on her bourrique, was conveying into town a sufficient load of eggs and vegetables for sale, singing to herself or conversing with her neighbours as she jogged along in terms of the most triumphant joy.

"Ay, ay—you are a shrewd guesser to have found it out so readily!" she replied, with a blush and a laugh scarcely in accordance with the solemnity of the subject. "Poor fellow! it was time he should be in the hands of those so eager to possess him!"

"And who so warmly appreciate the acquisition," said I. "Is it expected, pray, that much interest will be excited in Rouen when he passes through the town?"—

"*Interest!*" cried my companion, giving a slight punch to her monture by way of expediting its pace; "*interest?* I believe you! Every body will be overjoyed—every living soul will be ready to welcome him. Last market-day, nothing else was thought of, or talked of. *Que Dieu le bénisse, quoi!* I, for my own part, have been full of nothing else these three months past. I have neither ate, drunk, nor slept for thinking of him!"

"Thiers is a great little man after all!" was my secret reflection. "How well he understood the national character! How ably did he calculate on the enthusiasm of these vain-glorious people!"

"It is not so pleasant, I can tell you, to find yourself continually crowed over by your neighbours," resumed my companion.—"Impossible to guess the joy of feeling that patience and perseverance have placed you in possession of the treasure you have been vainly coveting for years! *Sainte Vierge de toutes les vierges!* I am so proud in my soul, just at this moment, that I fear *Monsieur le Curé* will make me pay a heavy penalty for my pride.—But I can't help it.—Human nature is human nature. The queen on her fine throne yonder in Paris feels no doubt much as I do to-day!"

"The feeling of national exultation seems, indeed, pretty universal," was my solemn reply.

"*Plait il?*" demanded Madelon, puzzled by the magniloquence of the phrase.

"I was observing that I envied your country people their warmth of feeling on this occasion," said I.

"Only cast a glance upon the market-place this afternoon," cried she, "and I fancy you will have news to tell me on the subject!"

"Sweet enthusiast!" said I, greatly interested by her animated countenance.

"Come about one o'clock, when the great ladies crowd to purchase their nosegays and garden plants at the cathedral door," she resumed, "and you will see the sort of sensation that is excited by the event of the day."

Having no better occupation for an idle hour, I visited the market-place, whose vivid and variegated flower-stalls form so curious a contrast with the solemn frontage of the old cathedral, and the richly carved stonework of the opposite chapter houses. I saw no trace, however, of my friend. The laced cap of Madelon was not visible among the flower-women in their flapped straw hats. It was not till I was taking my way along the tortuous street leading from St. Ouen towards the quay, that I discerned my friend, still seated on her donkey, partly engaged in surveying the treasures of a neighbouring *fripier's* shop, and partly in conversation with an old peasant, to whom she was laying down the law.

"I told you, Marg'rite, you would live to see me raised out of the dirt!" said she. "I felt that I was not destined to tramp it through life. The Christmas before last, Blaise had already laid by three crowns towards the purchase, and still I had my eye on the poor *bourrique*, the finest within three parishes round! By last Christmas, we ought to have had three crowns more, though we only made up one and a half. But on Lady Day, my dear good Marg'rite, on Lady Day we had come up to the price within a few francs! The hay was to do the rest. The hay has done it. And here I am, and here is the beautiful animal which has cost me so many careful hours; and happy enough we are likely to be together for the re-

mainder of our days!—See how all the world is looking at us—either envying my good fortune, or congratulating me! I told you," said she, turning towards me, on perceiving that I was listening to their conversation, "I told you this morning that you would see at market tokens of the warm reception given to him!"

"To *him?*" cried I, in some perplexity. "*Est-ce que, par hasard, les restes de l'Empereur seraient déjà arrivés?*"

"*L'Empereur?—qu'est ce que l'Empereur?*" retorted Madelon. "What have such as I to do with emperors?—I was talking of my new donkey!"—

SONG.

BY MISS GOULD.

Little bird, little bird, with thy beautiful eye,
  Looking as if 'twere cut out of a star,
How do I know but it once was on high,
  Beaming through midnight, sublime and afar?
I cannot say what thy Maker divine,
  When he composed thee an optic so bright,
Causing the skill of his finger to shine,
  Took from his grand upper chamber of light!

Little bird, little bird, with thy spirit-like wings,
  Fleet as the air—as the rainbow in hues,
I do not know but the Ruler of kings
  Formed them by those his best ministers use!

Were not the heavenly tints of thy plume,
Was not the delicate down of thy breast,
Drawn from the flowers that in Paradise bloom,
Pluck'd from its couch where the weary ones rest?

Little bird, little bird, was thy musical voice
Tuned by a seraph's so sweet and so clear?
Was not thy melody, touching and choice,
Taught by some angel who visited here?
What! what, pretty fairy! so soon must thou go,
And, swift as a vision, without a reply—
Like other bright creatures of earth's passing show,
That charm to elude us, to change or to fly?

MOUNT TABOR.

'Tis evening upon Tabor's hill,
And, like a sheet of gold beneath,
Reflecting forest, star, and rill,
Sleeps broad and bright, Gennesareth;
Yet still four wayworn pilgrims climb,
Tabor, thy precipice sublime.

And now, with fainting steps and slow,
The four have reached the summit-plain;
And now their wearied limbs they throw
Amid its harvest's yellow grain—

But one alone is kneeling there
With lip and heart in mighty prayer.

And now has sunk the last red beam,
Still on the ground the three are strown,
In the deep sleep that knows no dream.
Still one is kneeling there, alone,
Still fix'd beneath the dark'ning sky,
With clasping hands and heavenward eye.

'Tis night, and silence o'er the land;
In cot and palace all is sleep,
From Sion's towers to Syria's sand.
But radiance glows on Tabor's steep;
And hosts, on gold and purple wing,
Pay homage to their pilgrim king.

And two, on splendour's richest tide,
Are floating o'er the mountain's brow,
And now they worship at his side.
Are those thy vassals, Man of woe!
Light folds thee like a regal robe,
Light crowns thee, Monarch of the Globe!

They speak the living words of Heaven,
Of Death absorbed in victory,
Of Satan chain'd, and sin forgiven,
Of man redeem'd, and nature free,
Of mercy's starry diadem,
And earth illumined by its beam!

The sleepers wake; their startled gaze
  Sees pomp of more than star or sun,
And, flashing in its central blaze,
  Pilgrim no more—the Mighty One;
And Israel's chief, and Israel's seer,
Elijah, Moses, bending there.

Are those the forms of hoary time,
  The wanderers in our vale of tears?
They stand in manhood's noblest prime,
  Unstain'd by woe, unworn by years;
The cherub crown, the cherub plume,
Their trophies o'er the mortal tomb.

Veiling his glory-dazzled eyes,
  Cries Peter's heart in extacy,
"Here let three tabernacles rise,
  The first and mightiest, Lord, to thee!"
But, hark! the thunder's awful roll
Bows to the dust his ardent soul.

Down stoops the cloudy canopy,
  And all are wrapt in light divine!
And shall not Faith's exulting eye
  Thus see the second Advent shine,
And, waking in the world alone,
Behold the pomp, the King, the throne!

Ελιας.

MORRIS'S ISLANDS.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

Oh! Love! true Love! what alters thee? Not all
  The changes that flit o'er the heart of man!
Thou art the fruit that ripens—not to fall—
  The flower that lives beyond the summer's span;
The clinging plant that props the crumbling wall—
  The vestal fire, which braves the winter's ban,
Nor is extinguished by the sleet or snow
Of human cruelty, and crime, and woe!

MAGNIFICENT, truly magnificent, is the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, and, perhaps, there is not more splendid panoramic scenery in the whole world than is presented to the eye from the place of anchorage between the city of St. Sebastian on the south, and the pretty island of Braganza on the north. The entrance to this place is spacious, with almost perpendicular mountains on either hand, one of which, from its peculiar form, is called the Sugar Loaf. To the westward, in the distance, are innumerable small islands, just dotting the surface of the broad river, assuming a rich purple tint at the rising and setting of the sun. Behind the city, the mountains, covered with eternal verdure, rise sublimely grand, climb-

ing up into the very heavens; while, on the Braganza, rise others not less stupendous, mantled with gigantic trees down to the water's edge, and broken occasionally at the base by small bays of silvery sand, that glisten and sparkle in the bright rays of the sun, delightfully contrasting with the delicious green of the wide-spreading foliage that hangs clustering above, and from which here and there are seen the white convent, or the chapel, breaking through the mass of branches, like a coy virgin peeping from the shade. The city, with its spacious monasteries and churches, its palaces and luxurious gardens, looked temptingly from shipboard, and the whole awakened in the breasts of Englishmen that veneration and worship for romantic scenery which has ever been a characteristic of my countrymen.

And yet how fallen, how degraded, were those on whom Providence had conferred such innumerable blessings, and how strange it is, that, in a country where the precious metals were as common for household purposes as earthenware in England, so much real poverty, ignorance, bigotry, and superstition, should prevail! I have seen the ingots of gold and silver in piles eight feet high, arranged with scrupulous care to the amount of millions in value beneath the regent's palace, in vaults resembling a blacksmith's forge, yet the court was poor, and the people wretched, because they trusted to the perishing dross, instead of ex-

erting their own industry in the cultivation of the soil and the extension of commerce. It was England that reaped the abundant harvest, and it is worthy of notice, that the enterprize, ingenuity, and skill of my countrymen have profited most in those parts of the world where wealth particularly abounded.

I was at Rio with the gallant Sir Sidney Smith, when he conveyed the royal family of Portugal from their own home-shores, to this delightful region; and, had Don John possessed common sense, and a moderate stock of intellect, he might have rendered his dominion in the South American provinces far more valuable to himself and more formidable to his enemies than the slice of continent which he left behind in Europe. But Don John was an ignorant bigot; yet it is not to him that my tale relates: the circumstances occurred long, long before he had being; and, though the priesthood, even when I was at Rio, held unbounded influence over the minds of the sovereign and people, so as to compel the royal family to be bearers of a silken canopy over the pampered bishop, yet that was nothing to the days when the "Anathema Maranatha" sealed the fate of thousands, and men rushed to untimely death through fear of denunciation from the Church.

One of the most pleasant places in the neighbourhood of the city of San Sebastian is the Bahia da Gloria, or, in English, Glory Bay; and refresh-

ing is the sea-breeze as it sweeps over the surface of the waters to cool the temperature of the air. I was sitting one lovely afternoon in the balcony of a pretty residence on the shores of the bay; my companion was an officer in the Portuguese service, who had passed a considerable portion of his time in travelling, had resided many months in England, and could speak both French and my native tongue with considerable accuracy. He had picked up and treasured a great fund of information, and was particularly fond of collecting romantic legends, of which he had a stock sufficient to form a tolerable circulating library. Nor was he sparing or backward in narrating the intelligence he had gained, when he thought it would be amusing to the parties with whom he might happen to be. We had been conversing on the legendary lore of England, which he declared to be more extensive than that of any other country in the world: and in the course of discussion we very naturally reverted to the region we were then in. Before us, right in the centre of the passage into the harbour, lay the rocky island of Villegagnon,* with its low fort, in which some French invaders had been compelled to shelter themselves when driven from the city, and they held the battery for a long time, in defiance of the force that was brought against it. From that

* It was thus named after the leader of the French party, a man of undoubted courage, who, in 1556, conveyed Queen Mary from Scotland to France.

subject we passed to a cluster of small islands, three or four miles outside the harbour, called Morris's Islands. They were nearly circular in form, and thickly covered down to the verge of the sea with trees in perpetual verdure. I had noticed them when we first made the land, and wondered that such apparently beautiful spots should be left to slumber in their loneliness upon the ocean.

"What a delightful residence one might have on the largest of those islands," said I, "away from the turmoil and care of the world! There is plenty of fish and turtle; a small space might be cleared for a garden, a few poultry to breed, and a cow to give milk, or even goats, would do."

My companion shook his head. "You would soon grow weary of it," said he; "it is all very pretty in imagination, but quite another thing when reduced to practice. Fish and turtle you might occasionally get, but, for the rest, it would require great labour and no little expence to supply your wants."

"But would it not be gratifying to the mind to live in pleasant retirement," urged I, "away from the excitements that rouse the passions, and disturb our peace?"

"You mistake the thing," argued he; "man is a domesticated being. The Creator has ordained that he should be so, and the perpetual solitude of those islands would but ill accord with that expan-

sive benevolence which is implanted within us for the best and wisest of purposes. The recluse who shuts himself up from intercourse with his fellow-creatures wilfully sacrifices the choicest pleasures of existence."

"But I would not be entirely alone," observed I, "it is not necessary. I would have a dear and amiable companion."

"Of the feminine gender, of course," interrupted he, laughingly, as he laid his hand upon my arm.

"As a matter of course," returned I, full of delight at the thoughts I had conjured up.

"And what female do you suppose would bury herself alive, merely because you wished it?" asked he: "women are too worldly for that; they worship the fashions, and, if you only procured her a new dress of seal-skins by your own hunting of the animal, she would long to make a public display of it. Besides, my dear friend, it would be impossible to run out of doors and fetch the nurse and the doctor when you wanted them. Fancy and reality are two widely different things."

Now these latter were affairs upon which I had not calculated, but the mere mention of them brought me down from my romantic stilts. "And yet," said I, "it would be pleasant for a while."

"If you are in the humour for a story," said he, "there is one connected with that very island

you have been speaking of, that may serve to illustrate our subject. The hero was a countryman of your's. I have been at some pains in collecting the particulars, and believe that I have obtained them pretty correctly. Have I your sanction?"

"Oh, most certainly," responded I, for I always loved a good yarn, and knew he was no bad hand at spinning one; "it will afford me much pleasure to listen."

"Then we will have another bottle of this delicious claret," said he; "it is as cool as in the mountains of the Gironde—the first pressure of the grape, rich to the palate, and purifying to the blood. Here, boy ——"

An old Negro of sixty made his appearance with a "Si, signor," and then stopped at a deferential distance to await orders.

"Another bottle from the same case, daddy," commanded the officer, returning him that which had been emptied. "Be careful not to shake it, and let us have clean glasses and fresh cigaros."

"Si, signor," replied the enduring black, as he withdrew, and in a few minutes he re-appeared with the articles required, which he placed on a stand before us and then retired.

"National prejudice," said my companion, as he lighted his cigar, "national prejudice very naturally places individuals of the land of our birth among the most profound scholars, statesmen, and

warriors of the times. But I have been too long a citizen of the world to give undue preference to my countrymen, and it certainly must be admitted that the viceroys who formerly governed this colony were not the most remarkable for their learning and knowledge."

"I am aware of that," assented I, with some degree of pride: "when Captain Cook put in here in his voyage round the world, he stated the object of his enterprize to be the making of observations on the transit of Venus; but the viceroy and his court could make nothing of it but the north star taking a trip to the South Pole."

"Malice! sheer malice!" returned he, composedly, though it was evident that this citizen of the world was every inch a Portuguese, and did not like the reflection upon the ignorance of his countrymen. "Slander is current in all parts of the globe, but detraction has ever turned out to be base metal. However, to my tale."

I cannot fix the precise date, but it was many years ago, probably in the reign of your second Charles, when profligacy at court could be maintained only by extraordinary exactions, that licences were granted to private armed ships to go round to the western coast of this continent to trade—that is, to force contraband dealings, and to fight the *guardacostas*, should they presume to interfere in the traffic. It is true that instructions

were given to the English men-of-war to seize, take, burn, and destroy all buccaneers: but this was a sort of legalized marauding, that smoothed down an uneasy conscience, should blood be shed in carrying it on. Oh! there is nothing like a royal privilege for sacrilege and plunder, and many a church altar was cleared of its plate during the darkness of the night in a most unaccountable way, not a single trace remaining on the following morning of the picaroons, though an ominous white speck might be seen lifting on the verge of the horizon out at sea, like a gull dipping the extremity of its wings, as it sportively played over the coom of a billow.

It was somewhere about this period that a handsome and well-appointed ship, commanded by a Captain Morris — I have seen it spelt Marice, but that is not an English name — anchored off Lisbon to procure a supply of wine. She was admirably manned and well armed, and, as her avowed destination was Rio Janeiro, for which place it was stated she had a valuable cargo, Don Jose etcetera etcetera Ferreira, who had been appointed as superintendent of the gold mines of San Paulo as well as governor of that district, was desirous of taking a passage in her. Morris at first respectfully declined the venture, lest his real destination should be detected—for he was bound round Cape Horn—and the Spaniards should

be apprized of his intention. But Don Jose invited the captain to his house, and introduced him to his wife and daughter, who were to share with him the perils of crossing the ocean.

Your countrymen, signor, are like tinder beneath the sparkling eye of a pretty woman; they catch in an instant; and Don Jose's daughter was, I understand, more than is implied by the term pretty. She was very lovely, and, if Don Jose had not been more intent upon his own aggrandizement than the chances in favour of an attachment to the bold Englishman, he would have reasoned cautiously upon the ready assent of the captain to receive him on board, although he had only a short time before positively refused to take any passengers. But, signor, there's no accounting for these things; and in a week from that time the future governor of San Paulo embarked in the Swallow, with his family and household gods, and the following day they left the Tagus under a cloud of canvas, and the vessel was speeding her way like her namesake upon the open ocean.

At first the ladies were sea-sick, and this afforded Morris an opportunity of assisting that utter helplessness which this malady is sure to bring on. Donna Inez, the mother, had a share of his attention, but his whole soul seemed devoted to Donna Clara, the daughter, who, suffering in the extreme under the distressing and debilitating

symptoms, clung to him with the same eagerness that a drowning wretch would do to his preserver. Now, though sea-sickness is no great heightener of female beauty, yet there is a delightful feeling attendant upon the conviction that the being who is under its influence is, in a manner, dependent upon you as a refuge in affliction; and it is sweet to cherish the thought that you are rendering service to one, who, without your aid, would suffer in hopeless wretchedness. We love to have the weaker sex reclining on our stronger nature, and we never feel more firmly attached to one dear object than when her whole reliance is placed upon our honour. And yet, signor, how many thousands perish through that very reliance!

Donna Clara was young, artless, and inexperienced — she was not eighteen. Morris was the noble, handsome-looking seaman of five-and-twenty; and, therefore, it can excite no wonder if, shut up within the wooden walls of a ship, the one weak and confiding, the other affording gentle protection, gratitude and generosity should form a mutual attachment. Captain Morris had resigned his own state-room to Clara, and had a temporary accommodation erected for himself next to it forward, so that only a slight bulk-head parted them. But, whilst the sea-sickness lasted, he was both night and day unremitting in his kind attentions to the suffering lady.

At length, use to the motion of the vessel and fine weather overcame the indisposition, and the passengers assembled on the deck to enjoy the cool and invigorating breeze, which, in the increased heat of the atmosphere, was rendered most grateful. You know what it is, signor, to gaze upon the moon-lit waters while the vessel gallantly cleaves the ocean, and the sky and sea, in their subdued brilliancy and beauty, harmonize with the pensive feelings of the heart. A bewitching hour is that of evening, when stillness reigns throughout the ship, and not a sound is heard but the whispering of the waves, as the bold craft divides them hither and thither. Oh! how the generous emotions of the breast expand, and thoughts of home and those beloved steal upon the mind in all the varying shades of joy and sorrow! But you, probably, have never experienced what it was at such a period to have a fair and exquisitely-formed arm passed through your own, and leaning upon it for support, while eyes that rivalled the sparkling gems of the billow were looking in your face with the full expression of innocent delight. Oh there is, there must be, a soul-thrilling pleasure at such moments, for, though much may be said of the glowing evenings in the palazzos of Italy, or the Bay of Naples, yet, for perfect felicity in love, nothing can equal the sweet embrace upon the wide ocean, where fond attachment fears no rival

to awaken jealousy, and all the mental energies are concentrated in peace and joy and confidence.

Morris and Donna Clara felt all this; but, as affection grew stronger and stronger within, so did outward caution more powerfully prevail for the purpose of preventing their secret from becoming known. They loved, passionately loved each other, but both were well aware that, if suspicion of the truth entered the mind of Don Jose, the father, or Donna Inez, his lady, all future communications would be prohibited; nor were they the only parties who excited fear: there were both male and female attendants on board; and, though the former seldom interfered with the cabin arrangements except at meal-times, the latter were mostly associated with the ladies, and slept in the standing bed-places of the great cabin. One of these, Marietta, was a pretty black-eyed girl, of unexceptionable figure and smart address; and from the time of her embarkation she had admired the handsome captain, which admiration progressively increased, till she became perfectly enamoured of his person, and sought numerous opportunities to convince him of the fact. But Morris was insensible to her blandishments, for his heart was pre-engaged: still he was fully mindful that the disappointed girl would, in all probability, conjecture the cause, and keep a watchful eye upon his actions, to ascertain whether her conjectures were correct.

Hence arose a necessity for the utmost precaution on the part of the lovers, who, notwithstanding their strong affection, were compelled to act with reserve and distant respect when together. It was in the evenings, the delightful tropical evenings, that they had opportunity to hold sweet converse, while leaning over the bulwark of the high quarter-deck, and gazing apparently on the wide expanse of waters. But this was only for short intervals; and at last even these became few and far between, so that, had suspicion been excited, the apparent indifference of the captain to Donna Clara and of Donna Clara to the captain must have very soon removed it.

But you will ask, were the lovers really insensible to each other? No, signor, they were more firmly, more fondly, more devotedly attached than ever; but their interviews were stolen when all besides were wrapt in slumber; and though their conversations were low and brief, yet Morris could fold her in his arms, could press her to his heart, and she would recline her head upon his breast, and sleep in happy security. The fact was, signor, the captain had contrived a shifting panel in the bulk-head that divided his cabin from that of Donna Clara, and they passed many unobstructed hours together.

Thus matters stood when they made Cape Frio, and ran down with a fine breeze off the land to-

wards those islands to which Morris was subsequently to give his name. Don Jose and his partner rejoiced at the prospect of a speedy termination to their voyage; but their daughter beheld in it a painful separation from one whom she enthusiastically loved, and she mourned over it with heaviness of spirit. It was sunset — a glorious sunset — as the vessel lay becalmed off the islands, and the towering Sugarloaf, darkened into intense blue at its watery base, but gleaming in the golden sky of the west, received upon its summit the last rays of the declining luminary. Morris gazed upon each well-remembered object (for he had been here before), but a dejection had crept over him; he, too, was contemplating the hour of parting with melancholy forebodings of future loneliness in the prosecution of his voyage to the South Atlantic, and debating with himself whether he should not seize some coasting vessel, in which to put Don Jose and his suite, so as to send them into the harbour, whilst he continued his course with Donna Clara to the River Plate. It is true, he wanted water for his ship, and, individually, he would have endured any hardship to keep his affianced with him; but his generosity triumphed over selfish persuasions; the health of his crew demanded his care, and he determined to risk his own happiness rather than that they should suffer privation or distress.

That night, the last they could truly call their own, was passed in anguish and bitterness of heart. Morris, indeed, was determined not so easily to resign his prize, for he had contemplated plans of carrying off Donna Clara as soon as his vessel was again ready for sea; and though he knew the difficulty he should have in persuading her to leave her parents, and was well assured of the great danger of the undertaking, as well as the certainty of death if detected and unsuccessful, yet he hoped, by skilful management and unflinching courage, to prevail over all. Donna Clara had no such stay to sustain her in the approaching trial; her's was deep and hopeless despondency; and, while her wet cheek was pressed to his, she saw before her an immense void, which fancy was filling up with pictures of perpetual misery. They could not converse; for they feared that the expectations of the morrow might deprive some of the inmates of the great cabin of sleep, and to be discovered would at once put an end to future casual interviews.

Never had daylight been a more unwelcome visitor to aching hearts, for it fixed the barbed arrow deeper; and never was agony more excruciating than that which wrung the bosom of Donna Clara, as the faint beams grew into stronger light, and warned the lovers to part. Morris could scarcely free himself from the grasp of the despair-

ing girl; and when he, at length, retired to his cot, he solemnly swore never to love another, and that, ultimately, nothing but death should divide them.

The sun rose in splendour, and his fierce rays poured down upon the ship, as she still lay becalmed near the islands, to which they had been drifted by the current so close as to be within a cable's length. The foliage looked gorgeous, as well as refreshing to the eye, and Morris thought how happily he could pass his days on such a spot, with Donna Clara to sweeten the cup of existence. I, ay, and thousands of others, have cherished the same idea, signor; but, believe me, it would not stand the test of practice.

Don Jose and his family remained below, preparing for disembarkation, and Donna Clara was late before she quitted her cabin, because the overpowering heat of the sun, which had risen high in the heavens, deterred her from ascending to the deck. But the truth was, that she durst not venture to be near Morris, lest she should betray the grief which was almost overwhelming her. You have been in a calm outside, and know what it is to be sinking under the lassitude arising from an overheated atmosphere; you must have felt a faintness creeping over both your mental and physical energies, a heavy weight that oppresses the vital functions, a relaxation of the system, which

seems to be the precursor of the dissolution of nature. You must remember, also, that the ocean lies like a dead sea, mirroring the etherial blue of a cloudless sky, and reflecting its radiant splendour with dazzling brightness, as from a plate of polished steel. Suddenly the horizon to the eastward darkens to a deep and intense blue; the line advances, continues to approach, leaving its ruffling effects upon the space which it has traversed. The sleeping sails, that hung listlessly down the masts, begin to shake and tremble; the breeze—the sea-breeze—is coming, bringing with it refreshment and relief from torture: it comes with delicious coolness, bracing the nerves, and dissipating languor; every fibre acquires its proper tension; sickness departs, and cheerful health resumes its sway: is it not, then, most appropriately termed "the doctor?"

The Swallow caught the sea-breeze, her canvas was trimmed, and onward she sped past the lofty Sugarloaf, saluting the heavy battery of Santa Cruz, and boldly steering for the anchorage near the island Da Cobra, where she brought up. The boats were manned, and Captain Morris conducted his passengers ashore to the viceregal palace. Here he left them, and, after transacting some business, returned to his ship. Oh! how desolate did that cabin appear, which had been so recently tenanted by one whom he ardently loved! They had passed together nearly three months, a con-

siderable portion of which they had been inseparable, and now he was alone and sad.

In a day or two, Morris received an invitation to visit Don Jose at a pretty house, which he had taken on the shores of this bay; it stood, signor, upon yon promontory that rises from the sea, and near the chapel which, you now see, forms a prominent feature in the landscape. It was surrounded by a walled garden, in excellent cultivation, and full of the delicious fruits that grow so profusely in this climate. The boundary-wall of the place still remains, but the garden has been renewed, and a more modern edifice erected. You may judge for yourself that it is a beautiful spot. Well, thither went Morris on horseback, preferring the journey by land, that he might not expose his after-intentions of removing Donna Clara by means of his boats. His reception was cordial and kind, and compunctious visitings stole over him as he thought of the injury which he purposed to bring upon the devoted parents. Donna Clara, though she strove to be guarded, could not sufficiently restrain the warm gush of impulse when the captain approached. The glow upon her cheeks, the bright flashing of her full-orbed eyes, the tumultuous swellings of her bosom, manifested her rapturous delight; and, but that her parents attributed it to her excess of generous feeling, she would have stood convicted before them. In fact,

they themselves were warm admirers of the captain, who had treated them, whilst on board, with every attention and respect; so that, in the exercise of their own grateful feelings, they made allowance for those of their daughter.

But there was one who silently looked on, and was not to be so easily deluded. The gnawing worm of blighted hope and disappointed affection had cankered the heart of Marietta, who, with woman's intuitive quickness, saw in the conduct of her young mistress the cause of the neglect and coldness which she had experienced from Captain Morris. For a minute or two, she felt as if the blood had ceased to circulate through her veins; then came a sudden reaction — a deep scarlet subdued the paleness of her cheeks and brow; her heart swelled almost to bursting; jealousy gnawed at her very vitals; and, falling on her knees as soon as she was alone, she uttered a fearful oath that she would have revenge.

The lovers were unconscious of this, and, in the evening, in the privacy of the pleasant garden, they renewed their vows of eternal fidelity and love. The time they were thus together was but short; it sufficed, however, to restore greater tranquillity to both. Oh! how much would their alarm and uneasiness have increased, had they been aware that the lynx-eyed watch of demoniac jealousy was upon them! Marietta, availing herself

of the umbrageous foliage, had contrived to steal upon them, and, though she could not hear what passed, yet she beheld the Englishman press the yielding Clara to his breast, and imprint impassioned kisses on her lips. Every bad and malignant passion was excited; her suspicions were fully confirmed; and, in the maddening certainty, she gave herself up with infernal hate to meditate deeds of vengeance.

Morris from this time frequently visited at Don Jose's, and on these occasions he opened to Donna Clara his plan for elopement: but, devoted as she was to the Englishman, she nevertheless shuddered at the proposal of abandoning her parents, and drawing down their imprecations on her head: but she did not positively reject the plan, for she shrunk from the thought of making her lover wretched. To a union with Morris she was convinced her father would never consent, for the latter, being a rigid Catholic, looked upon a Protestant as a heretic, beyond the pale of salvation; besides, Don Jose prided himself too much on the antiquity and nobility of his ancestors, to sanction so disproportionate a match between the daughter of a grandee and a roving English adventurer.

The captain's scheme was to quit the harbour as soon as he was ready for sea, and to bring up for the night out of reach of the batteries. He intended then to return in a light skiff to a little

bay beneath the promontory on which the residence of Don Jose stood. Clara was to join him outside the garden, and they were to embark together in the Swallow, which, once under way, with the land-breeze to blow them along, would soon be safe from pursuit. To this arrangement Clara assented; for though she was reluctant to leave her parents, yet if she remained it would be at the expence of an eternal farewell to Morris.

Marietta was aware that something was in progress, but she could not fathom what it was. Still, judging by herself, she supposed that her young mistress would find means to accompany the captain to sea; and, as the ship was nearly ready for sailing, she very naturally assumed that there was no time to be lost in preventing it. Marietta, therefore, at the confessional, artfully denounced the lovers to the priest. A conclave was held, to consult on the best means of punishing the base, heretical captain, and of compelling the rebellious lady to pass the remainder of her days within the walls of a nunnery. A deputation waited on the astonished Don Jose, and, with great circumlocution and innumerable denunciations, represented the whole affair, heightened by exaggerations that were calculated to terrify advancing age. They insisted that a convent was the only place for Donna Clara, who was summoned before them and ordered to prepare herself for the terrible change.

The beautiful girl was ready to expire, when she found that her love for the Englishman was known; and dreadful was her horror at the prospect of being separated for life from all that was precious and desirable. In the mean time, she was closely confined to her apartment; Marietta was appointed by ecclesiastical authority as her jailor; and, trusting to the watchfulness of the latter, the priests thought themselves secure.

That evening Morris came as usual, but met with a chilling repulse. Marietta, in the name of Don Jose, informed him that his visits must be discontinued, and that henceforth it would be dangerous to approach his residence, as his duplicity had been discovered and his vile schemes thwarted. A spiteful, mischievous devil lurked in the eye of the waiting-woman as she delivered her message: she yielded to the full indulgence of malignity, and, for the moment, exulted in the wretchedness which she had caused. But it was only for the moment — the passion which she had cherished for Morris was not eradicated; and, when she saw him turn despondingly away, her strong regard returned with full force, and she would willingly have fallen at his feet, and implored his pardon, if only to have gained a smile of favour. But it was too late; for the captain, afraid of involving Donna Clara if he should attempt to thrust himself into the presence of her father, had manifested indignation at the insult offered, and returned to the city.

Among the followers of Don Jose was a youth, to whom Captain Morris had been particularly kind during the voyage out; and, in one instance, while fishing for an enormous shark, had caught him when falling overboard, and, in all human probability, saved his life. The youth was much attached to Donna Clara, and grateful to the Captain; he therefore readily became the means of communication between them; and as Morris, fearing that detection might take place, had arranged to come at night in his boat to the little sandy bay at the foot of the promontory, he kept his word, and there had an interview with his young friend, who had scaled the walls of the garden when all had retired to bed, and, descending the rock, was waiting to receive him. Both spoke the French language fluently, and therefore they were enabled to converse with freedom; and now it was that Morris learned the exact position in which Donna Clara was placed, and the intention of immuring her for life in a convent.

Half distracted with passion, Morris threatened to bring an armed band to attack the house and carry off his mistress; and, had his ship been fully equipped for sea, it is not improbable that he would have done so, and thereby caused great injury to his countrymen who should thereafter visit the place. But, happily, he was not prepared for sailing, and consequently he saw the impolicy and futility of

rashness. By the messenger he sent the strongest professions to the lady, and promised to be in the same place on each succeeding night, under a hope that vigilance might be relaxed through his seeming indifference, and that Donna Clara might be induced, if it was in any way possible, to meet him there. Accordingly, on the following night, he again repaired in his boat to the spot appointed, taking with him a rope ladder, which had been made by the seamen, to assist Donna Clara in surmounting the enclosure, should they not be successful in obtaining the key of the gate. Long and anxiously did he wait, but no one came; and, impatient at the occurrence, the captain climbed the rock, and at all hazards entered the grounds, but every thing was still and tranquil. There was a lamp burning in Marietta's room, and this assured him that she was still an inmate of the house. After watching for some time in the shrubbery, he became convinced that it would be both useless and hazardous to remain longer, and therefore, with a heavy heart, he regained his boat, having concealed the ladder, as agreed upon, in a nook of the rock, where the youth might find it.

Arduous were the exertions of Morris on the succeeding day to prepare for his departure; but obstacles were thrown in his way: he no longer met with c[illegible]esy from the authorities, and it became evident [illegible]him that the tide of influence

was against him. Whether this arose from what had passed at Don Jose's, or from suspicion being excited as to the real character of the Swallow, he could not tell; but it determined him to be off, at all hazards, as early as was at all practicable.

No sooner had thick darkness veiled the sky, than his little boat was again in motion, and in a short time he was once more at the rendezvous, where he had not waited long before he was joined by the youth who had discovered and secured the ladder. He learned that Donna Clara was still guarded with great strictness, and, it was expected, would be removed in a day or two; that, in fact, it was only owing to the entreaties of her parents that she had been suffered to stay, as the bishop had issued his decree for her safe custody as one that was contumacious to the church. Morris would have again entered the garden, but was dissuaded from his purpose, as no benefit whatever could be derived from it; and the chances were that much mischief might ensue, as it was impossible for him to see, much less speak to, the idol of his affections, whose regard he was assured continued undiminished and unchanged.

For two successive nights after this, he was in the bay, but had to return each time without obtaining intelligence, as the messenger never made his appearance, and doubt and uncertainty racked his mind, so that he resolved on the next occasion to accomplish his purpose, or perish in the

attempt. But, on the third night, he had been but a few moments on the beach, when the youth approached, accompanied by a second person, who was instantly pressed in the impassioned embrace of the captain—it was Donna Clara. Half yielding, half reluctant, the poor girl was conveyed to the boat. A heavy purse rewarded the youth; and in a few minutes the light skiff was dancing on the waters at some distance from the shore, and drifting out of the harbour with the ebbing tide.

An arduous task now devolved upon Morris, who, though his heart thrilled with delight, as he sat with his arm encircling Donna Clara, while she reclined her head upon his shoulder, yet felt all the danger of his situation. To take her on board the Swallow would, he was well aware, be exposing both to discovery and most probably to death. He knew that, under one pretext or other, his ship would be rigidly searched, not only while in the harbour, but also when passing out under the guns of Santa Cruz, one discharge from which, in case of not bringing-to, must sink him. There was only one alternative — to land, and leave his companion on one of the islands outside, where he might pick her up in running out to sea. This he proposed to Clara, who was ready to assent to any thing that might save her from the convent which she was to have entered the next day. Thither, then, they directed their course; every instant was precious, and the trembling girl

was landed to pass the remainder of the night and the succeeding day alone — the only human being on that desolate spot—without shelter and without food, excepting a few biscuits and some fresh water.

But what will not woman's love endure for the object of her regard! Oh, signor, they may talk of the fortitude of man, but what is to be compared with the patient suffering of woman, who will brave every trial, every peril, for the individual on whom her heart's best and dearest affections have been placed? Donna Clara, the high-born and well-attended girl, submitted without a murmur; and Morris, after promising to visit her as soon as darkness should again cover the waters, rowed back with all speed to his ship, which he had not reached more than a quarter of an hour when she was boarded by the guard-boat; and, under pretence of searching for deserters, every part was subjected to a rigid examination. But it was without avail, and they discovered nothing that could implicate the captain in the abduction of the lady; for, no doubt, that was the main object they had in view. In fact, Morris assumed such an open frankness of manner that even suspicion was lulled to rest.

The return of night, however, again saw Morris afloat in his small boat; and this time he went prepared with necessaries, to render the detention of Donna Clara more comfortable. He found the ter-

rified girl anxiously expecting him; and great was her joy at his arrival. The seamen promptly set to work, and, with the sails they had brought, very soon erected a commodious tent; branches of trees were piled up, on which a mattress was spread, and a well-filled basket of provisions furnished a supply for the cravings of nature, whilst, to add to her gratification, the captain informed her that the next day but one he should quit the harbour, and take her on board again, but that he would not fail to come the night previous to see her.

What the feelings of Donna Clara were during the solitude which she passed, it is not easy to say. No doubt, thoughts of her parents and the home she had quitted for ever weighed heavily on her mind; and, though she ardently loved the Englishman, still there was before her a dark future, which it was utterly impossible to penetrate. That evening the Swallow was nearly ready for sea; and the captain, in the fufilment of his promise, set out to encourage and cheer the lady of the isle. But he never returned; the boat was discovered the following morning upset near the rocks off Fort Villegagnon; the oars and a man's hat were floating on the water, whence it was supposed that every soul had perished; but, though search was made for the bodies, they were never found. The Swallow was detained for several days in order to have the matter investigated: the mate assumed

the command, and, no further intelligence being obtained, he sailed upon his cruise.

Whether the mate was acquainted with the fact of Donna Clara having been conveyed to the island is unknown. The probability is, that only the seamen who accompanied the captain were in the secret; though, perhaps, the mate, supposing the captain might have been saved, and ambitious of his new power, had forborne to explore the place, lest he should be superseded. Be this as it may, the Swallow sailed, and every one believed that Morris and his men were drowned.

It was nearly twenty years after this event that an English frigate put into Rio, on her passage out to India; and one day, as her boat lay off the palace stairs, an old and wretched-looking man presented himself to the officer in charge, and earnestly requested to be taken on board. He declared that he was a native of England, and claimed the protection of the British flag. The captain of the frigate, coming down to embark, granted the poor fellow's request; and nothing could exceed his delight when he again found himself among his countrymen. He was supplied with food and clothing, and then, being summoned to the quarter-deck, he gave the following account of himself. He stated that he had been a seaman in the Swallow free trader, and was one of those who accompanied Captain Morris in his excursions to Donna

Clara. On the last night of their visits, while lying in a small cove at the island, waiting for their commander, who was up at the tent with the lady, a Portuguese barge with muffled oars ran into the same place, gagged and bound the two English seamen without noise, and, throwing them into the barge, took the small boat in tow and pulled away, leaving Morris and Donna Clara behind. When they had got into the harbour, the small boat was purposely capsized and abandoned, and he and his shipmate were landed in Gloria Bay, whence they were hurried into a cart, and escorted to a convent several miles in the interior, where they were interrogated, and suffered great torture, to compel them to confess the whole of the proceedings. They were then sent in secrecy to the mines, in the neighbourhood of San Paulo, as state prisoners, and buried underground, scarcely ever beholding a gleam of daylight. His shipmate had died in the fourth year of their captivity, and since then he had been compelled to toil unceasingly, until, after repeated trials, he at length effected his escape, and was fortunate enough to get on board the frigate. Of the fate of Morris and the lady he was utterly ignorant, but thought it very likely that both had been murdered.

Captain Gwatkin, who commanded the frigate, made it a point to institute inquiry into the truth of this statement, but he could glean very little in-

formation on shore, although numbers remembered the boat being found bottom up, and so far the tale of the poor fellow was corroborated. Both Don Jose and his wife were dead, but a female who had lived in the family was a Sister of Charity at one of the public hospitals. Thither Captain Gwatkin repaired; the sister readily attended. It was Marietta; and from her he learned, amidst tears and lamentations, the part which she had been induced to act in the tragic drama. She expressed her conviction that her young mistress and her lover had fallen victims to the vengeance of the priests, but of their actual fate she knew nothing, except that they had never been seen since. The seaman was confronted with her, and mutual recognition took place. The whole of the circumstances seemed so strange and romantic that Captain Gwatkin determined to visit the island, and ascertain if any clue remained to the fate of the unfortunate couple. The viceroy, an intelligent man, offered to accompany him, and a party was made up more for a pleasant excursion and curiosity than from any other motive.

The viceroy's state-barge was manned; the frigate's boats were also in attendance; and on a splendid morning the procession, with gay streamers flying, and a well-dressed company beneath the awnings, pulled out of the harbour, and, guided by the seaman of the Swallow, the viceroy's barge entered the Cove, and the party were soon

landed. The man led the way up the rising ground, till they came within sight of a flat, where the trees grew in great luxuriance, and the thick foliage darkened all beneath it. But the sun was shining brightly, and his rays penetrated through the leaves; so that every thing, though dim, was yet discernible. The ends of two or three ropes hung from the branches; and on the ground lay the tattered remnants of a sail. This the man declared to be the spot on which they had erected the tent; and, the singularly romantic history of the unhappy pair, rushing upon the minds of all present, caused a deep silence, as the party halted at a short distance with something like reverence.

At length Captain Gwatkin and the viceroy advanced, followed by as many as the space would admit. The seamen laid hold of the remnant of the sail, and drew it on one side. A shuddering thrill ran through the spectators, which was succeeded by deep groans and piercing shrieks, the females starting back in horror; for there, at a short distance from each other, lay the perishing relics of two human beings, in the last stages of decay. That these were the remains of the lovers was speedily confirmed by the discovery of some imperishable articles that were identified by the seaman, and the certainty was that they had died from starvation. Oh! signor, what must have been their agony, when they saw the Swallow pass and put out no boat to take them off! with what horribl

anguish must they have watched the receding ship as she diminished in the distance, and then disappeared!

The bones were gathered together, and, on the following day, a grave was dug on the very spot where they were found. Captain Gwatkin, with several of his officers, and surrounded by the brave crew of his barge, read the funeral service, as they committed all that was left of the ill-fated lovers to the earth. From that time these insular mounds have been called Morris's Islands.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL, ESQ.

A pearl, that 'bideth in a lowly shell—
A flower, that buddeth on a lonely lea,
Where but the sun and stars its grace can see,
And but the prying bee seeks out its smell;—
A red-lipped berry, that doth shily swell
Into rich ripeness 'neath a forest tree;—
Or, in some secret shade, a natural well,
Gushing, untasted, save by birds, that be
Haunters of solitude and peace:—to me
Such didst *thou* seem, and wert, and so wert priz'd
Above thy sex—the dearer that few knew thee
As I soon came to do.—Time hath devised
A plot to sever us, and *now* men woo thee,—
And Pearl, Flower, secret Well, I may not liken
to thee!

ERNESTA;

A PERSONAL ADVENTURE OF PAUL PLEDGETT.

READER, the following pages did not find their way into my possession by any of the ordinary ways in which papers come into the hands of editors. They were not the legacy of a dying friend, nor were they discovered in the worm-eaten recesses of some ancient cabinet, a dusty and yellow bundle, whereon the fading characters were scarcely to be deciphered. Nor were they rescued from the unhallowed clutches of tailors or confectioners, just as they were about to be sacrificed to the genius of the needle or the oven. They were given to me by a descendant of the hero, with full liberty to use them as I saw fit; and I have them now before me, written in a clear old-fashioned hand, with some few defects in the spelling, and now and then a little quaintness in the style. I have altered the orthography, and in some instances modernized the expressions, otherwise I have not deviated from the original; and, with this introduction, I leave Paul Pledgett to speak for himself.

1841. M. A. BROWNE.

I was just twenty-five years old when my worthy father, Sampson Pledgett, pawnbroker of Cheapside, in the city of London, died, leaving me heir to his business, a fair character in trade, and a tolerable sum in ready money. My mother had departed this life about ten years before; therefore my father's death was the heavier affliction, leaving me as it did alone in the world. But I will not dwell on the grief that overwhelmed me on this sorrowful occasion; I will only say that I spared no expence in testifying my respect to the memory of the deceased—that I caused a handsome urn to be erected to his memory—that I put the servants into mourning, from the housekeeper down to the errand-boy—and that the funeral, and my deportment thereat, were so solemn, that Miss Betty Lappets, the milliner over the way, observed, in strict confidence, to several of her friends, that she "never had given young Mr. Pledgett credit for so much feeling, and that I was a pattern and example to all the young men in town."

I did not attempt to alter any thing in the shop, or in the manner of doing business there, for some months; for I thought it would be a sort of silent disrespect to my father to change immediately what had satisfied him. But by degrees, almost insensible degrees, I found myself amending first one thing and then another, till at length I started on coming up to my own door, for it looked quite

a different place. First I had the three balls re-gilt, and then the outside paint and varnish, being shabby, must be renewed to keep the balls in countenance: finally, the letters on the sign being dim with age and partly defaced, I employed a painter to restore them, and on going to the other side of the street to observe the effect, I found that, without any order of mine, he had rubbed out the name "Sampson," and substituted that of "Paul;" which, though it gave me a shock at first, feeling as if some wrong had been done my father thereby, convinced me of the reality of that which had hitherto seemed like a dream, viz. that all the premises were my own, that I stood no longer in a subordinate situation, and that I was henceforth the head of my family.

After this I had less scruple in making changes than I had felt before. The unclaimed pledges, which were exposed for sale, had hitherto lain in the window, heaped up without any regard to appearance; but now I removed the piles of blankets, the large books, and the heavy furniture, to the back of the shop, not only improving its looks from the outside, but giving far more light to those within; and instead of these I arranged, as tastefully as I could, watches, chains, silver plate, and some curious china, which I found thrust out of sight.

My business increased, my shop was the smartest and cleanest in the street, and I sold off many

things which might have been disposed of before had they only been seen. On the whole, I had cause to be pleased with my alterations, and I have reason to think that the improved appearance of my premises led to the adventure which I am about to commit to paper, wishing my children and grandchildren to keep it in mind as the passage of my life most worthy to be remembered.

It was on a gloomy evening in August, 1747, that I was standing behind my counter, busily engaged with my books, when the window was suddenly darkened, and I perceived that a woman was peering anxiously into the shop. This was not a matter of such uncommon occurrence as to occasion much surprise, but she retreated so hastily when she saw that she was observed that my attention was attracted towards her. In a few minutes, I perceived again that she was cautiously looking in at the door, as if hesitating whether or not to enter. I could not discern her features, for she wore a mask, and was shrouded in a cloak and hood, but from the lightness of her movements it seemed likely that she was youthful.

"What can I do for you, madam?" I inquired, as, gathering courage, she entered and advanced towards me. She came close up to me before she replied, and then her answer was included in one word, "Much." It was uttered in a low earnest voice, and I felt at once that she had come on no

common errand. But I suppressed my expressions of astonishment, and civilly reiterated my question as to what her commands might be. "Are you willing," she said, in the same low voice, "are you willing to assist the unfortunate—to help one who cannot help herself—to save a fellow-creature from despair? I have come a long and lonely tramp to ask you this—oh, do not disappoint me!"

I replied that in the way of my business it was my bounden duty to help the unfortunate, and that in the way of charity I hoped I should not be found wanting. "But it is not only charity that I ask," said the stranger. "I am not begging an alms, believe me; I ask for more—I ask you to confide in me—to trust in me of whom you know nothing. Think you that you can do this?"

In my worthy father's lifetime, he had often taken occasion to warn me of the wiles of men, but more especially against those of women, and often expressed a fear that my disposition to listen to tales of sorrow would make me an easy prey to imposition. This flashed across my mind, and made me hesitate for a moment; but there was a charm in the voice of the speaker, and in the small white hand which rested ungloved on the counter, which was not to be resisted. I was strangely puzzled how to act, but at length I remarked that it was necessary I should know what was required of me before promising to comply with her request.

"The first thing I ask of you," she replied, "is to close your shop and come with me, bringing with you two hundred guineas, if you have so much by you. I promise that you shall have full value for it at the end of your journey. The second is that you do not ask where we are going, but follow me without further question, that you will deliver the required money to the lady you will see, and take in return the pledge she will offer you. The third is that you will not speak of the events of to-night, at least until I permit you to do so. It is indeed much to ask—can you, *will* you grant it?"

I was again silent, for the suggestion of my own fancy, no less than my father's warnings, made me pause. Tales of midnight murders—of men tempted from their homes to be the prey of robbers and assassins by representations as plausible as the present, came crowding into my brain. Then, on the other hand, there were anecdotes of ladies who had fallen in love with youths of low degree, and of tradesmen taken on secret expeditions and returning enriched for ever, to balance my apprehensions.

Again the low voice sounded in my ear—breathlessly, as if the speaker anticipated a dreaded refusal. "You will not help us? Say so at once, and end this wretched suspense."

"You mistake," I replied, decided at once by

her manner; "I will help you to the uttermost of my power." The words were scarcely spoken before I repented of them as rash and unadvised; but they could not be recalled. The stranger snatched my hand, and in the fervour of her gratitude pressed it to her lips.

"God bless you! God bless you!" she murmured, and, dropping her face upon her folded arms, she wept.

Her tears and the earnestness of her manner re-assured me, and I begged her to walk into an inner room the while I prepared to accompany her. Having called my only apprentice to close the shop, I left her in the parlour whilst I went up stairs to equip myself for my expedition. I stowed the required sum of money as carefully as I could about my person, taking at the same time the precaution to conceal a small pair of loaded pistols in the deep pockets of my waistcoat, and then, descending to my unknown visitor, I declared myself ready to set forth with as much composure as I could assume. She was pacing the apartment impatiently, and we left the house at once. I offered her my arm, but she declined taking it, and we walked on in silence for some time through streets that were familiar to me. Then, suddenly quitting the more frequented ways, we plunged into a nest of blind lanes and alleys, with whose character I was not unacquainted, though I had

never entered their mazes before. Again my suspicions were aroused; and I was about to pause and insist on an explanation, when my conductress suddenly stopped at the door of a small house, which had every appearance of being uninhabited. She tapped twice; the first time slightly, the second time more loudly. The door was opened, and, having admitted her, was instantly closed again, and I was left alone.

I could now have fled without being observed, had I been so inclined; but curiosity began to take the place of fear, and I anxiously waited for the re-appearance of the female. She did not come for some minutes, and when she did she emerged from the door of a house a little farther on, and beckoned me to follow her. We resumed our silent journey, and soon struck into a narrow lane, or passage, between tall black warehouses, at the end of which I perceived the gleam of water. A few minutes brought us to the river side, and presently a small boat, indistinctly seen in the thickening twilight, shot from the shadow of the bank, and came close beneath us. There were no steps or other convenience for landing at that place, but the tide was at flood, and the boat nearly level with the shore. A few whispered sentences, whose purport I could not catch, passed between my guide and one of the boatmen; and, stepping into the little bark, she motioned me to

follow. It was too late to retreat; I was by her side in a moment; and the boatmen, observing as much caution as possible, turned the bows of the boat down the river, and began to pull vigorously in that direction.

And now, seated in that fragile vessel, with that masked and silent woman beside me, and gliding down the darkening stream, going I knew not whither, I began to think that, should I even lose my life in this wild adventure, assuredly nobody was to be blamed but myself. I began to wonder how I came there, and experienced that strange sensation of being in a dream that cannot be shaken off, or of all my previous existence having been an unreal vision, which often accompanies a sudden and unlooked-for change of scene and situation. I felt as if I must surely have left Cheapside years ago, and that, for aught I knew, I might be condemned thus to glide on for ages to come, uncertain of my destiny. I have no doubt that, at the moment, I was in a state of mind bordering on delirium: my neighbours say I must have been mad to venture there at all.

I made two or three attempts to get rid of this feeling, and to draw my companion into conversation; but she shook her head warningly, and made no reply to my observations. And thus we glided on for upwards of an hour, as I afterwards found, though I did not then measure the time very accurately. At last, the boat turned from

its course in the mid current; we were borne towards the shore, and rested by some steps, against which the tide was washing with a cheering sound — cheering to me, for it told of land.

We were soon on shore, where a pair of large iron gates seemed to oppose our further progress. A small side-wicket, however, was on the latch, and through this we passed into a large courtyard. By this time the mist had cleared away, and, though there was no moon, I could see by the uncertain starlight that a large and handsome building was before us. My companion now spoke, though still in a suppressed voice. "You will soon know now that I had no evil design in bringing you hither, but that I have spoken truth. Robbers and murderers do not dwell in mansions like this, at least not those who stoop to insignificant game. Follow me, and I will bring you to my mistress." I murmured some inaudible reply, I know not what, for I felt bewildered and ashamed of my fears, and obeyed.

My guide led me round the side of the building, and we entered a narrow alley, bordered with tall hedges of trimly-cut yew and privet. This led into a garden, which, from the white statues that gleamed out here and there from the flower-knots, and the rich scents that filled the dewy air, I guessed to be well kept and richly decorated. Winding through the smooth grass-walks, we

passed to the other side of the mansion, where a flight of marble steps, with a broad balustrade, led to a terrace overlooking the river.

At the top of these steps, a lady was sitting, quite unattended; and, as my eyes were now accustomed to the twilight, I could see her face and form with tolerable distinctness. She might be two or three and twenty, perhaps more, but there was a maturity about her beauty, a dignity in her mien, which seemed to have been produced more by circumstances than by time. Her dress was a plain white petticoat of lawn or muslin, and her shoulders were enveloped in a large mantle of black velvet. Her dark hair was without powder, or any ornament but a simple bandeau of silver, clasped in front by a large diamond. It was partly twisted up behind, and partly fell in *waves*, rather than curls, over her cheek and neck. One hand lay idly on her knee, the other (her elbow resting on the balustrade) supported her pale cheek. She was gazing out on the river, and seemed absorbed in deep thought, for she did not perceive us until my companion was close beside her; then, as if awakening from a dream, she shook back her long hair, and, after a hurried whisper with her attendant, came towards me, exclaiming, "Oh! have you — have you, *indeed*, brought me help!"

That low but most earnest voice, that trem-

bling yet stately figure, that eager dark eye, are before me even now; and though another image was that evening stamped more deeply and dearly on my heart, the Lady Ernesta, as I looked upon her then, always rises to my memory as the loveliest woman I ever gazed upon. "And you have brought me help!" she said again, in the same tone; "may blessings be on your head! you cannot know the extent of what you are doing; you cannot know how valuable the life that may yet be saved through your means. Nay, it is not *one* life only — though the other is worthless in comparison with his—but mine—mine — young man, you will save mine also!"

I was much affected by her address, and replied in the most courtly terms I could command, that I was only too happy to be permitted to serve so fair and noble a lady, and that I was prepared to deliver to her the sum which I understood she required. She renewed her expressions of gratitude, and, turning to my guide, whom I shall henceforth call by the name of Agnes, she bade her fetch the casket from her chamber. The girl tripped away, but presently returned, saying that she had placed a light in the anteroom, and that we should see the jewels better there.

The windows were cautiously closed, so that the solitary light on the table might not be perceived from without; and I could now see my compa-

nions more distinctly, Agnes having by this time disencumbered herself of her mask and cloak. Though less strictly beautiful than her mistress, I thought I never saw a prettier face than her's, with its dark sparkling eyes, its clear brown cheek, and its soft red lips — lips which it thrilled me to remember had that very evening been pressed upon my hand! I gazed on her, perhaps too earnestly, for the colour mounted to her temples, as she hastily placed a casket in my hand and bade me examine its contents.

It was furnished with really valuable jewels; but the lady seemed filled with apprehension that I should not think them sufficient security for the sum she required. I assured her that they were well worth five times as much, but that, if she pleased to write me a simple acknowledgment for two hundred pounds, I would ask no further pledge for the repayment of my money. "No," she replied, "that must not be; take enough, do not spare them, for I fear I may never be able to repay you in money. If better times should come, I will hope some day to redeem them."

At last, we compromised the matter. I told down the money on the table, and received as a pledge a diamond necklace of considerable value. I then took a respectful leave, but, returning again, said, with some hesitation, "Pardon my presumption, madam, but I would entreat one favour. I

am but an humble tradesman, but, if there be any thing further wherein I can serve you, believe me, I am no craven, and will execute your commands to the uttermost of my power."

"Again and again I thank you, kind friend," said the lady; "and should I need your service, believe me, I will not hesitate to ask it. Meanwhile, attend to this, for your own sake as much as for mine—do not speak of our interview to any one; do not even appear as if you could guess aught of my purpose, nor venture to identify me with any person, whatever may reach your ears; no, not though you are told that the niece of Lord R——* is dragged to the Tower as a traitor!"

Next moment, I was by the river side, and the boat awaited my approach. Agnes stood on the steps, waving her little hand, and I was soon out of sight, as the boatmen pulled vigorously towards London. They were now released from the silence that had been before imposed on them, and laughed and talked to their hearts' content. I found that they took me for a dealer in French lace and other contraband articles, who had been brought down on a secret expedition to traffic with the female inmates of the mansion. I did not discourage the

* I cannot, by the most diligent search in the pages of history, satisfy myself as to who this nobleman might be. Probably, Mr. Pledgett thought it safest, at the time he wrote, to give a wrong initial letter.—M. A. B.

idea; and, when we reached the Tower-stairs, where they said they had been ordered to land me, I pressed on them a small present of money, which procured me a spontaneous promise of secrecy. I was well acquainted with my homeward way, and reached Cheapside just as day began to dawn.

The sun, glaring full into my window, awaked me from a short and feverish slumber, and the remainder of the day passed heavily enough. The dream-like adventure of the preceding night dwelt on my mind, and haunted my memory. Its reality was sufficiently attested by the presence of the diamond necklace in my strong box, in place of the two hundred guineas I had taken from it the evening before, and yet it seemed incredible. I was restless and uneasy; the quiet course of my life had been broken in upon; the scene that had taken place seemed like the embodiment of a chapter from one of the romances which, notwithstanding my father's warnings, I had occasionally perused. I longed to speak to the actors in it again, and especially to the gentle messenger, whose persuasions had induced me to enter on the adventure. But that day went over, and the next, and the next, and veiled and masked females glided at twilight into my shop, making my heart palpitate and my cheek tingle, as they entered; but, still, a strange voice met my ear, or, if the mask was drawn aside, some pallid face, some

cheek faded by sorrow or dissipation, met my view, and some poor trinket, or paltry article of dress, was laid before me, to be received in the way of my business.

Still the person so eagerly waited for came not; but, on the fourth evening, as I was assisting my apprentice to put up the shutters, I saw a shrouded figure gliding slowly down the other side of the street, and at once identified it as the form of Agnes. I beckoned to her, but she shook her head, and pointed to the boy, whose back was towards her. I saw that she wished to escape observation, so I re-entered the shop, and presently afterwards despatched him on an errand which I knew would detain him some time.

As soon as I was alone, I opened the door, and perceived that Agnes was waiting under the doorway of the opposite house. She crossed over at once, and whispered in my ear, "Have you forgotten your promise?" "No," I replied, in the same tone, "but, come in." She trembled excessively, but needed no second bidding, and we entered the house together. I begged her to be seated, but she declined, saying that she was in haste, and her errand must be done quickly. "You offered us help," she said, in a hesitating voice; "we hoped we should not need it then, but now we have little else to trust to. There is that in progress which will make or mar my lady's

happiness for life; and he who had promised us assistance lies sick and helpless. I tell you, honestly, there is danger, and that, if you undertake for us, it must be as one Christian neighbour would serve another, only for the love of God and right good will."

"Does your lady stand in need of more money, Mistress Agnes?" I inquired; "if she does, she has but to say so, and my store, a reasonable good one, is at her disposal."

"No," she replied, "it is not money, it is far more; and why should we ask it of you? Why should one so kind, one who knows us not and cannot care for us, be involved in our deadly risk?"

"Say not so, dear Agnes," said I, taking the little hand which she did not withdraw, though it trembled like a bird; "I know your mistress for a beauteous and noble lady, whom any man might fight for without fear or shame. And you—do I not know you for a true-hearted and courageous maiden, for whom a far worthier than I am might gladly lay down his life!" She turned away her head, but I could see that her throat and the hand I still held mantled with burning scarlet.

"Come," said I, after a moment's pause, "say what is required of me?"

"It is to give a day's shelter to my mistress, and to a noble but unhappy gentleman, *her husband*," replied Agnes — "to receive them by

dawn of day, to conceal them until evening, to furnish them with disguises, and then to conduct her to the place whence they will sail for another country. *He* will leave you a little earlier than you must set forth, and will meet you at the spot he will describe to you. Have you courage to do all this?"

I was certainly a little startled at the request, though I did not *then* know on how dangerous a service I was to be employed; but I had pledged my word to assist the Lady Ernesta to the utmost of my power, and I would not draw back. "I will not fail you," I replied. "I will use my best endeavours to do what you wish; but may I not ask the name of your lady's husband?"

"I would rather hide it from you," she said; "but perhaps it is best you should know the extent of the peril you incur in serving him or his — yes, you must be wholly trusted. This unfortunate gentleman is called Edward Herbert."

Truly she might say that his was a perilous service. I felt at once how critical a situation I was placed in; for to aid or abet Edward Herbert was accounted an act of treason. He was under the ban of the ruling government, not more for the part he had taken in the last struggle for the Pretender's claims, than on account of his superior courage and address, which rendered him as dangerous an enemy to those in power, as he had

been a useful ally to the opposite party. True it was that that party was now reduced to a few, who clung obstinately to a most hopeless cause; but still it could scarcely be expected that entire peace could be preserved in the country if two or three such spirits as Edward Herbert were permitted to influence those who, without such prompting, would probably let their enthusiasm die quietly away.

His father, Sir William Herbert, though once a stanch Jacobite, had found it convenient to join the Hanoverian party some time before; but his defection seemed only to increase the ardour of his son in that which he conceived to be a righteous struggle. He spoke and acted so intemperately that the government could no longer allow the son's furious opposition to be sheltered under the father's newly acquired loyalty. Edward Herbert became a proscribed man, and it was generally understood that he had fled to France.

For several months, therefore, no inquiry was made about him, when, from some circumstance, I know not what, a report was circulated that he had not left the country, but was concealed somewhere in London. As a considerable reward had been offered for his apprehension, the spies of the government were naturally anxious to discover him. He had changed his hiding-place many times, but at last found that there was no safety except

in flight, which grew more difficult every day. And here it will be better to detail some other matters respecting him, which were less publicly known, and which I learned by degrees.

Lord R—, a nobleman of stanch Whig principles, had an orphan niece, the daughter of an only sister, who had married in Germany. Ernesta von Meyer was little more than seven years old when she was deprived of both her parents; and the desolate child was brought to England, and reared with tenderness by her uncle, who was childless. She had been brought up in his political principles and prejudices; and therefore, when she met Edward Herbert, a few months before his proscription, she was astonished beyond measure to find that one who held opposite politics could be so amiable and so handsome. Going from one extreme to the other, she became fervently attached to Herbert, and, as a matter of course, to his party, adopting his principles, seeing with his eyes, and being convinced by his arguments with an ease which belongs only to a loving woman.

No sooner did Lord R— discover the attachment between Herbert and his niece, than he took the ordinary step of forbidding him the house. Nor did he stop here; for, as he was known to have much influence with the ruling powers, there seems little doubt that he was secretly a principal instrument in directing their attention towards

him. Herbert was, as I before said, generally believed to have taken refuge in France; and even Ernesta herself thought so at first: but his passion for her was too much the master feeling of his mind to permit him so to leave her.

One fair evening, she was seated on the very terrace where I had seen her, weeping for her blighted hopes, yet taking comfort in the thought of his security, when, to her surprise and consternation, he was beside her. It was in vain that she blamed his imprudence, that she entreated him to fly for the life that she held dearer than her own. Nothing could shake his resolution never to leave her till she became his wife. If she would consent to marry him, he promised that he would quit England as soon as possible after the ceremony, and trust that time might yet restore him to his own land, and that they might spend happy years together. He did not ask her to follow him into exile—nay, he vowed that she should not do so; but Ernesta was as resolute as himself, and adhered firmly to her purpose of being the companion of his flight.

Herbert had a clerical friend, whom he knew he could trust; and this gentleman not only performed the marriage ceremony, but promised to provide the means for their flight. He was, however, disappointed in the receipt of a sum of money, which he had mentally devoted to their service,

and hence the application to me. Poor Agnes had started the idea of raising the necessary sum by sacrificing her lady's jewels, and she afterwards confessed to a strange, unaccountable feeling having drawn her to my shop, day after day, before she found courage to enter. "There was something in your face," she has often said since, "which made me feel that I could trust you."

This difficulty overcome, another arose. Their passage had been secured in a small French vessel, which was to linger near an unfrequented part of the coast until a certain day, and nothing remained but to attempt to reach her. But the person who had undertaken to secrete Ernesta in his house, and to supply the fugitives with disguises, was rendered incapable of doing so by sudden and severe illness. In this emergency, Agnes proposed to ask my assistance, which it would have been indeed difficult to refuse when solicited by one like her.

"And do you accompany these travellers, Agnes?" I asked, almost dreading a reply in the affirmative.

"No," she answered, in a low, embarrassed voice, "I should only add to the difficulty of their escape; besides, I have an old mother living in this city — I cannot leave my mother."

She would not permit me to accompany her even for a part of the way home, for she feared that, if her movements were watched, my being

with her might lead to suspicions which might be fatal to our designs. She was not going so far as I imagined, she said, for her lady would by this time be in town, taking advantage of her uncle's absence for the night to leave home secretly. We agreed on a signal to be made beneath my window when the fugitives should arrive, and then, with much reluctance, I saw her depart. I dared not go to bed that night, for I feared that I might not be ready to acknowledge the signal at once, and that alarm, perhaps even danger, might ensue to the wanderers from my neglect. I seated myself, therefore, in my father's great chair, and mused, with half-shut eyes, on the strange adventure into which I had been drawn. It was curious to think how I had become involved in the affairs of those whom a week before I had never seen, and to feel myself so entirely identified with their interests. They were quite different from the people with whom my daily occupations brought me into contact. They were far more like the characters I had met with in those works of fiction which, as I have hinted before, had occasionally afforded me a stolen treat. They inspired even a warmer interest than these; for, added to the beauty and visionary accomplishments of those creatures of fancy, *my* heroines possessed a nature, a flesh and blood reality, which made them ten times more charming. "Perhaps," thought I, "had I been

less lonely—had friends and kindred, brothers and sisters, been around me, this feeling would not have been so easily and so keenly awakened; but few are near me who have claims on my affections, and therefore they have sprung up towards these strangers."

Then my thoughts grew less and less distinct; the scene seemed to change before me; I was still conscious of being in my own room, but I did not perceive that it was an inconsistency to fancy it was also a fair garden, with tall trees, and fresh flowers, and a sparkling fountain, beside which I beheld the form of Mistress Agnes. I say, this strange transformation did not seem unnatural at the time, and it has often crossed my mind that I must have been, at least, on the borders of sleep. A tap at the window, a low whistle, and the image of Agnes glided away, beckoning to me to follow; yet I stood spell-bound. Another tap, another whistle — she vanished, and I started up to pursue her, when, lo! the garden-scene had disappeared, and the dawning light in my room told me that my dream or reverie had been a long one. I remembered, at once, what the sounds that had aroused me must be, and hastened to undo the door.

It was a chilly, drizzling morning, such as is not unfrequent at the close of summer; and through the mist I soon discerned two muffled figures,

whom I concluded to be the Lady Ernesta and her husband. I was right in my conjecture. They advanced cautiously towards me, and, after a few words of explanation, were safe in my dwelling.

It happened, fortunately, that the store of pledged garments in my garrets offered ample means of disguise, without compelling me to incur suspicion by purchasing others. Long before my household were afoot, the grateful pair were concealed in one of these apartments, of which I always kept the key, and in which, of course, they ran the least risk of discovery. I managed to convey refreshments thither unseen by any one, and they selected from my stores such dresses as they thought best suited to their purpose.

I told my servants I should be obliged to leave town in the evening on urgent business, and that I should not return till late on the following day. I watched my opportunity, and contrived that my guests should leave the house unobserved just before dusk, directing them to a certain street where I would join them.

Having got rid of the officious attendance of some of my servants with difficulty, I made for the place appointed, and found, as I hoped, Ernesta and Herbert there before me. Here he consigned her to my care, with a whispered injunction to me to return her safely to her home if he should not have reached G—— before her arrival there, or

within an hour after it, in which case we might feel assured he had been discovered and taken. Then, wringing Ernesta's hand with such silent fervour as I have seldom witnessed, he left us.

I conveyed my trembling charge to the outskirts of the city, where I procured a horse, accommodated with a saddle and pillion, on which we mounted. Nothing worthy of remark happened on our journey; and, although my fair companion's terrors were continually alive, we reached G—— without accident. To my infinite delight, Herbert was there before us. He had taken a shorter, but much less easy, route—one, indeed, which Ernesta could not have used, as a great part of it was impassable save for a pedestrian, and the poor lady was so enfeebled by her apprehensions that she could not have endured the fatigue of such a march. Their meeting was a truly joyful one; but Herbert seemed anxious to push for the coast as fast as possible, as he feared that some suspicion respecting him had arisen in the last village through which he had passed, and he still dreaded pursuit. We left the horse, therefore, at an inn, where I ordered breakfast with assumed carelessness; and then we set out for the beach, under pretence of taking a walk the while it was preparing.

We passed down a narrow path, through some steep rocks, and soon found ourselves on a broad level of sand, across which we hastened with all

expedition. A small, low, black-looking vessel glided slowly at a distance; and Herbert, directing our attention to it, shouted with all his might, and then waved on high a large scarf, which he had brought for the purpose. The signal was observed, for an answering shout came faintly over the water, now all bright and sparkling in the morning sunshine, and presently a dark speck seemed detached from the vessel, and a small boat came dancing over the waves. The shore, however, was too shallow to allow of her drawing near enough to the point where the travellers stood, and the men who manned her shouted to us to go "farther down," to a spot where a low ridge of rocks ran out for a short distance into the water.

We made for this point as fast as we could; when a loud cry from the men in the boat, and an exhortation to hasten, while their gestures directed our attention towards the town we had left, caused us to look round. What was our consternation to perceive that several horsemen were galloping towards us, and that our utmost exertions would scarcely enable us to reach the boat before them!

"Save yourself—save yourself, Herbert!" cried Ernesta, as her trembling limbs seemed failing her —"save yourself, and do not think of me!"

There was no time to be lost. I was not a strong man, but the energy of a giant seemed aroused within me. I caught her in my arms, and, carry-

ing her over my shoulder as if she had been a child, ran with her to the boat. She was caught from my grasp by one of the seamen, and Herbert was by her side in a moment. The boat was instantly turned about, and retracing her way to the distant vessel.

Another minute's delay might have been fatal; the horsemen neared the spot which the boat had just left, and a few pistol-shots were discharged after her; but she was beyond their range, and they leaped and skipped harmlessly along the clear water. The pursuers gave vent to a volley of execrations, to which the seamen replied with a shout of triumphant defiance. The boat shot rapidly away, and soon shewed but as a speck on the waste of waters.

In the excitement of the moment, I had never remembered my own danger; and now, when I attempted to fly, it was too late. A bullet struck me in the shoulder, as I was hastening away, and I was made prisoner.

The details of what immediately followed would have little interest for my readers. I was re-conveyed to London, and threats and entreaties were alike vainly employed to extort from me any information respecting the fugitives, or the part I had taken in their escape. But my father was a man well known in his generation as a sturdy upholder of Whig principles; and, as I had always avowed

the same, my conduct was attributed to ignorance rather than to disaffection, and, in a few days, my release was procured. I paid a further penalty, however, in a long and dangerous illness; for the anxiety and excitement I had undergone, together with the effects of my wound, had brought on brain-fever.

Through all my illness, even in its wildest delirium, I was conscious of being carefully and kindly tended. Surely, it was not the step of a hireling that glided so noiselessly through my darkened chamber; surely, it was not the hand of a hireling that was laid so lightly and pleasantly on my burning forehead; nor was it the face of a hireling that met my eyes as the light of reason once more returned to them. No — the step, the hand, the sweet, kind face, were those of Mistress Agnes. She had come to nurse me — she would not be hindered—but she had not come alone; for her mother, a pale, gentle woman, of some forty years old, had accompanied her, and shared her fatigues, and almost—but not *quite*—her solicitude.

The first day on which I was able to sit up, I missed Agnes from my room, nor did I see her all day, though her mother remained. At last, I asked for her. I had forborne to do so before, hoping every minute that she would enter. "She left London this morning," said the mother; "she is gone to an aunt in the country, for she needs

some change after her close confinement here. As soon as you are better, I am going there too."

"Why—why did she leave me!" I exclaimed; "why must I lose her for a moment!" The mother coloured slightly, and smiled, but she made no reply.

Three weeks afterwards, I myself found that country air was indispensable to my complete recovery, and I set forth upon a little journey in search of health.

The little hamlet where Agnes was staying was thirty miles from London, and I purposed to make this the end of my journey, seeing all I could by the road. But I soon found it would be best to go there at once, and defer all my sight-seeing till I was returning; for, somehow, I could not enjoy the scenes through which I passed, but was ever longing to get forward.

"And when will you be back in London, Agnes?" I asked, as we stood, the evening after my arrival, under the shadow of a large walnut-tree, the pride of the orchard where it stood. Her delicate hand was in mine, and I could not see her eyes, for the long eyelashes hid them, as she looked down on a rose — the last of the season — which she held in the other hand.

"I cannot tell," she said, softly; "my mother talks of remaining here — for my aunt and uncle are so kind as to wish it—and, you know, I cannot leave my mother!"

Sweet Agnes! she was the most truthful creature on earth, but, in this instance, she deceived herself. She found that it was possible to leave her mother, and she did so six months after, in a white silk mantua, with all fitting appurtenances, and with the style and title of Mrs. Paul Pledgett.

The Lady Ernesta did not always continue in exile. Time gradually softened the animosity of government towards her husband, and, perhaps, in some degree, abated his enthusiasm in a cause in which it would now have been utterly vain. On the death of his father, a few years afterwards, Sir Edward Herbert was allowed to return to England, and enjoy his hereditary title and estates. Lady Herbert lived not only to redeem her jewels, but to wear them at many a birthnight revel and courtly gala, and was universally allowed to be one of the loveliest and most graceful matrons of her day.

To me she always manifested the liveliest gratitude, and was much pleased with the match between her "two benefactors," as she styled Agnes and myself. Nor did her gratitude evaporate in words, for she marked it with many substantial tokens of her favour — amongst others, the large silver wrought caudle-cup, which she presented to us on the christening of our third child—her goddaughter, Ernesta.

THE BETROTHED.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Had I met thee in thy beauty,
When my heart and hand were free,
When no other claim'd the duty,
Which my soul would yield to thee;
Had I wooed thee — had I won thee —
Oh! how blest had been my fate;
But thy sweetness hath undone me—
I have found thee — but too late!

For to one my vows were plighted,
With a faltering lip and pale;
Hands our cruel sires united —
Hearts were deem'd of slight avail!
Thus my youth's bright morn o'ershaded,
Thus betroth'd to wealth and state,
All Love's own sweet prospects faded—
I have found thee — but too late!

Like the fawn that finds the fountain,
With the arrow in his breast;
Or like light upon the mountain,
Where the snow must ever rest,
Thou hast known me — but forget me!
For I feel what ills await.
Oh! 't is madness to have met thee —
To have found thee — but too late!

THE DYING KNIGHT.

THE DYING KNIGHT.

BY MISS LAWRANCE.

"The sun upriseth gladsomely—good omen this I
trow.
Heaven's benison on ev'ry lance, on ev'ry bill, and
bow,
That draweth for King Henry's right; for, ere the
day be done,
There's a gallant battle to be fought, and this fair
kingdom won
From traitor hands; so shout my men, and make
the welkin ring,
'For the Red Rose, and Queen Margaret, and
Henry our good king!'"

O! in that gladsome sunshine, 'twas in sooth a
gallant sight,
To see Sir Walter on his steed, all cased in armour
bright—
A-cheering on his trusty band, and, ere he onward
went,
He glanced a look at his lady, who lent o'er the
battlement
With her two fair sons. "Farewell," cried he,
"farewell, my sweet ladye,
Our brave Red Rose shall flaunt o'er all, ere I come
back to thee."

But the lady sadly sighing,
Shook mournfully her head—
"Alas! alas! for the dying!
Alas! alas! for the dead!"

On rode Sir Walter with his men, a bold and stalwart band:
Full three score billmen, stout and tall, the best in any land;
And threescore bowmen, such as wonned of yore in brave Sherwood,
And many a gallant gentleman with horse and harness good,
All bown to Hexham; and again they made the welkin ring,
"Ha! the Red Rose, and Margaret, and Henry our good king!"

On rode Sir Walter and his men, straight to the battle then,
And fought amid the thickest fray like noble Englishmen.
And Lovel quail'd before his lance, and Molyns wounded fell,
And Courtney on his dapple gray could of his prowess tell;
While fiery Warwick cried aloud, "Ha! would yon gallant knight
Would dash the Red Rose from his crest, and battle for our white!"

Still sat his lady sighing,
These words were all she said,
" Alas! alas! for the dying!
Alas! alas! for the dead!"

The twilight falleth dark and chill, the din of battle's o'er.
Alas! how woeful looks the field to what it looked before!
The morning saw five hundred men all wielding brand and bill,
With good stout arms and gallant hearts: now here they lie all still,
And stark and stiff with gaping wounds. O! what a changéd sight
Is the battle-field at gladsome morn and at the gloomy night!

Alas! the Rose, the brave Red Rose, is stricken with deadly blight!
Alas! for all those brave ones, who ne'er more will see the light!
Alas! for him the bravest one, who led with courage high!
They bear him from the battle-field to his own hall to die.
The life-blood welleth from his breast, O! bear him swiftly home;
And bid his vassals, bid the leech, and the monks of Furness come.

O true, most true the omen!
The words that lady said,
"Alas! alas! for the dying!
Alas! alas! for the dead!"

O! the good knight, they bear him in, and lay him down with care
On the soft low couch, but he heareth not the holy father's prayer,
Nor his lady's moan, nor his young son's cries, all wildly o'er him bent;
With closéd eyes, and sheathed in mail, like knight on monument,
He lieth, and now wailings loud burst from the sorrowing train;
But alas! alas! he speaketh not, he ne'er shall speak again!

Ungird his sword—O never more shall he wield that trusty brand!
Away, good leech, thine art is vain, it cannot death withstand.
Come nearer, holy man; bow down and whisper in his ear
Some blessed word of hope and heaven—he yet *some* word may hear,
Though sinking fast! O kneel ye all, and let your prayers arise,
That when he sleepeth fast in death he may wake in paradise!

O lady, vain thy sighing!
  Raise, gently raise his head—
Alas! alas! he's dying!
  Alas! the good knight's dead!

THE NIGHT-SONG.

FROM THE TURKISH OF HAMET AL IZMALI.

Arise, young daughter of the dove,
  The moon is like a shield of light;
The nightingale is in the grove,
  It is the very noon of night.

I ask thee not to wreathe thy tress
  With Persian rose or Indian gem.
Thou, thou thyself art loveliness,
  Light of my life, my soul's rich beam.

I ask thee not to lift thy veil;
  My glance to thine I dare not raise,
I dare not breathe my spirit's tale
  Before thy soul-consuming blaze.

I dare not meet thy dazzling eye,
  Nor touch a ringlet of thy hair.
My soul is madness when thou'rt nigh,
  But when thou'rt gone—despair—despair!

Αμφίων.

"A MOTHER'S GIFT."

Written in E. C.'s Album, which bore the above motto, having been presented to her son when he left the United States to visit the British Isles and the old continent. The owner, in the course of his travels, had collected in this small volume a great number of contributions from eminent and excellent persons of different nations, when the following lines were inscribed in it.

"A Mother's Gift!" in what sweet way
  Such kindness shall a son requite?
That is no easy thing to say;
  But hearken!—give her *black* for *white*.

Though from her lovely hand to you
  Unsoil'd as new-fall'n snow it came,
Return it written through and through,
  "At once another and the same."

Where all was blank and still before,
  Let friends their cordial tributes bring,
Patriots their fervent feelings pour,
  Young ladies paint, and poets sing.

So may the mother with delight
  O'er these transfigured pages look;
So be the son, in her dear sight,
  Improved by travel, like the book!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

PASSION AND PRINCIPLE.

BY EDEN LOWTHER.

Was our heroine beautiful? It would have puzzled a judge to decide, supposing him to have been blind, since there was an equal host of testimony on both sides—the gentlemen asseverating the fact with all their hearts, and the ladies disputing it with all their souls.

For myself, being her true historian, I am bound to assert it as incontrovertible that she was beautiful as the dream of a poet—as the dream of a poet, said I? oh! as the dream of an angel when the bright intelligence, folding his ambient wings, gives loose to all the glories of imagination, and revels in seraphic visions, playing with suns for balls and stringing stars for beads.

Beautiful then was Lady Alice, but whether her eyes were black or blue, or any intermediate shade, we are too independent to tell, and whether her complexion were of the lily or of the sun-kissed tint of Cleopatra's brow we shall not disclose. Enough for us to tell that Lady Alice was rich, was high-born, and placed out of the reach of ill-natured guardians, who might have talked about common sense, and absurd uncles preaching nothing but prudence.

Prudence! mean and grovelling word. What has the heart, full of all rich emotions, to do with such a strait-waistcoat sort of thing. One generous perception, one impassioned sensibility—these make the life of the heart.

Lady Alice sat enthroned among adorers. What had her riches to do with that? All the gentlemen declared that they should have adored her as much if she had been a cottage girl, and since she was not a cottage girl, and never likely to be a cottage girl, who can say that they did not speak the truth? But we said that Lady Alice sat, a fact of some importance, and if she did sit, where sat she?

She sat in the dwelling of her fathers; luxury breathed in the very air loaded with perfume and with song. The walls were of gold, the doors of looking-glass, the curtains of damask, the carpets of silk, the blue ceiling like an Italian sky studded with silver stars. The ladies were delightful and delighted, the gentlemen were courtiers, and flattered so palatably, and flattery is *so* sweet—nobody but those who have tasted it can tell how sweet it is.

But all the ladies declared that they would not be flattered, and all the gentlemen declared that *they never* flattered, and so of course we were mistaken. They only exchanged sentiments, and listened to the music, and inhaled the odours, and

tasted sweetmeats, and sipped wines. But though the gentlemen addressed very pretty sentiments to Lady Alice, somehow or other they did not seem to interest her; she looked constantly towards the door, and yet seemed disappointed every time it opened.

At last, however, the door opened to some purpose. Lady Alice started as if she had not expected the new comer, and then blushed because she had started; yet very certainly she did not look towards the door again.

And who came? A certain young musician. He was received with rapture by the ladies, and with something between scorn and envy by the gentlemen. The ladies caressed him and smiled upon him. The gentlemen stood aloof and frowned. The ladies thought him a love, divine, enchanting; the gentlemen thought him something of a fop, and more of a fool, and wondered how the ladies could so pet and spoil him.

The young musician looked restlessly around, his eye wandered over splendour, birth, and beauty, until it found the lady of the mansion, and then rested satisfied.

They say, but it is a sentiment more worthy of prose than of poetry, that "not even love can live on flowers." Our young musician looked as if *he* lived on aliment even less substantial than a good sized cabbage-rose; he looked as if he lived on the sunbeams of smiles, and as if they, becoming a

fire within him, lit him up indeed like a crystal lamp, but were consuming while they animated him. He was miserably thin, as such poetical food might well make him; his large eyes shone out like coals of fire, his tremulous lip was ruby red, indeed, but it was red with fever and excitement; his eyes were hollow, his cheek flushed, his temples throbbing, and his hair, longer than fashion authorized, hung in fantastic curls almost upon his shoulders.

Then came a breathing in the music. Lady Alice looked towards the young musician. He bowed profoundly, and a perfect stillness seemed to wait upon him. Every eye watched him, and he was listened to, not so much with the ear as with the heart.

Then came the rich volume of his voice, filling those stately rooms. Music, that bindest the soul in chains of "linked sweetness long drawn out"— Music, the language of heaven — Music, the spell of the passions, never was thy power more manifest! Passion, pride, rank, station, bowed before the supremacy of song. The young musician mastered by the power of sweet sounds a whole legion of spirits. Statesmen, and soldiers, and philosophers, as well as gentler woman's heart, yielded themselves up to his mastery.

The gust of song had died away. The words of passionate emotion thus syllabled in music had found their way with unerring certainty *from* the

heart *to* the heart. The spell had fastened on the soul of Lady Alice.

They were alone among flowers and fragrance —Lady Alice and the young musician. The stars alone looked down from their quiet dwelling-places. The words of passion that had before been *sung* had now been *said,* and that makes a wonderful difference in their meaning.

"Rank, wealth, pomp, condition, the pride of place and station! what are these!" said the young musician. "Can they satisfy the heart? Can they fill the soul? Can they occupy the feelings? To call an empire mine, to press my foot upon the neck of kings, to conquer until the narrow earth left no more to subjugate—could this satisfy the soul that dared to love you?"

"We will abandon the world!" said Lady Alice, very philosophically. "What is the world to us! there are still many Edens left where Nature smiles in her loveliness. We will make one of these our home. We will leave courts and cares behind us. Let others wear a diadem—we will crown ourselves with flowers."

"With you ——" said the young musician, &c. &c. &c.

"&c. &c. &c." said Lady Alice.

"&c. &c. &c." said the young musician.

The music still sounded, the lamps were still burning, the perfumes were still breathing, the gentlemen were still flattering, and the ladies still smiling.

The young musician returned perforce to the region of festivity. He walked on air, his head erect, his face irradiated, his eyes flashing with happy light. The well-spring of happiness was in his heart, and a very extacy of joyousness breathed around him.

He wished to glide away unnoticed, unseen, to carry home the treasure of his happiness, to count it over like a miser, to estimate its immensity, to sun himself in his own joy.

But a little group prevented him. Two gentlemen were conversing, and he could not pass them.

"By the bye," said one, "where is that young fellow? I should like to hear him sing again."

"What! that young fop—that young fool —"

"With his curls and his quavers."

"Yes, I know him well enough. He is a very darling with the women, with his foppery and folly."

"The best recommendations to a woman's notice: but he does sing delightfully."

"Yes, there is no denying that. It is a natural gift; but do you not observe that when nature makes a man musical, she does it as a sort of compensation for denying him all other gifts. I am

sure that young fellow cannot have common sense."

"He is handsome, very handsome indeed."

"Another proof that he must be a fool. When did you ever see a handsome man that had common understanding? Oh, no! handsome and musical! he is fit only to please women."

"And he certainly does please them."

"Yes, they can *see* beauty and *hear* music—things obvious to the senses; whilst a profound mind"—the speaker drew himself up—"is lost upon them."

"Yes," replied the other, with similar self-congratulation; "laborious acquirement, a life devoted to mental labour, solid appreciation of men and things—these are the granite strata of mankind; but women are the ephemera that live only in the sunbeams. I dare be sworn that this young fellow has no more education than the few words of Italian which he sighs out to his music, and very probably does not understand even what passes his own lips."

"And yet it is provoking to see a parcel of women doting on every look and every sound."

"Women always have been and always will be just what they are," replied the other, with an air of profound philosophy.

"Did you notice Lady Alice's eyes upon the fop while he sang?"

"Yes; actually she seemed to devour him with loving looks."

"Hark ye," whispered the other, "let it be quite between ourselves; but I should not be surprised if, what with sighing and singing, the fellow will trepan Lady Alice into a marriage."

"That would be too dreadful. She would quite lose her place in society."

"What would he care for that! He would gain her noble fortune and live like a king."

"But to marry a public singer!"

"He might sing away the heart of a queen, and he pleases the eye like a fine picture."

"Could he be so dishonourable as to take advantage of the weakness of a silly girl?"

"Pooh!"

"And what would be the end?"

"She would bye and bye wake from her dream, come out of her fool's paradise, and *despise him.*"

The speakers were interrupted by a faint, sharp cry of agony. There was a confusion in the room; nobody understood what about, but everybody fancied that somebody was taken ill, yet nobody knew who, or why, or what, or how.

The young musician darted from that splendid mansion. His brain was on fire, and his passions, lashed into fury, burst through the bonds of his reason, as a giant might break the bondage of a

spider-web. He walked, he ran, but he knew not whither, the motion of the body vainly endeavouring to keep pace with the madness of the brain. He had neither hat nor cloak. His hair floated wildly behind him; still he walked on and on. The stars that had shone so brightly over his happiness began to disappear one by one; and still he walked on and on. The rain began to fall, but he felt it not.

At last nature could no more — his strength was exhausted; he was alone, in the quietness of solitary fields, away from the habitation of man. He threw himself on the wet grass. His very soul was scorched with the misery that consumed him.

What a mockery seemed then his gay attire! His hands, covered with white kid gloves, clutched handfuls of the grass; his perfumed hair streamed with the rain: his shoes, that would not have encumbered a Mercury, were torn and rent. What were these to the burning soul!

There lay he, as the whirlwind of passion passed: but, at last, the mind sank exhausted under the tumult, as the body had done; and there lay he, his throbbing bosom pressed against the earth, and the rain falling in torrents over him.

But as the storm and the tempest of this visible world died away, so, at last, did the passions of the young musician exhaust themselves, and some-

thing like a train of thought marshalled itself before him.

"What am I? — a fop, a fool, a winged insect, a gaudy butterfly! unworthy to herd with men; unable to take my share in the toil of manly life! —a public singer! my only claim upon my species the leading them by their passions! — a thing to be despised! — to take advantage of their weakness; to delude them, cajole them, swindle them, conjure them! Yet, being as I am, she loved me! —yes, she loved me! And how shall I repay such a generous condescension? Shall I degrade her from her high station down to the level of my own meanness, my own littleness, my own pauper condition! Shall I thus injure, thus sting, thus wound, her who has no sin but the one of loving! If I were a king, and she a peasant-girl, the perfect equality of love would bring us to the same level. Yes, I could *give* the whole earth, if it were mine, and all its treasuries — but can I *receive!* be the creature of her bounty! owe her even my daily bread!—Can I do this? Oh, yes! even this — but, then, *she would despise me!*

"Why should I live! Why should I any longer groan under this weight, this burden of existence! Life may be beyond all price to the happy, because it is the treasure-house of all his joys; but to a wretch like me!—I will rid myself of the load!

"But I will first go and look, for the last time, upon the face of my mother."

The young musician had now a purpose. He rose and departed.

The first faint lines of light were just pencilling themselves along the sombre, opaque grey of the sky, when the young musician entered the precinct of his mother's home; not, indeed, the home of infancy or childhood, of happy early years, but the home that he had won for his widowed mother, through the very exertion of that talent which he now despised.

The raindrops shook themselves upon him from many a spray of clematis and jasmine that had interlaced themselves over the porch as he entered: he felt them not. Their fragrance breathed around him, but he knew it not. At the sound of his footstep, the door was opened—it was by his mother; she had been listening for him with her heart.

"*Mother!*"

"My boy! you are here at last! Why are you so late? I thought you would be weary, and I sat up to welcome you; I could not have slept. I do nothing but think of you while you are away. And I have your coffee ready; it will refresh you. But how is this? you are wet!—and your hat? You have no hat, and your hair is dropping with the rain. And your clothes!—how is this?"

"Mother!" once more ejaculated the young musician, as he sunk into a chair.

"Did they let you walk?—you that are so delicate! Could they be so unfeeling?"

"Delicate!—yes, too delicate for a man!" said the youth, bitterly.

"How could it be! they always give you a seat in their carriage, especially the ladies."

"Yes, I please *them!*"

"You are so handsome!" said the mother, proudly, "besides being so musical."

"Yes, I am a fop."

"A fop! What do you mean? You ought to be dressed like a gentleman. See, I have been finishing the last of your lace-shirts; and I have got you some of the new-fashioned scent; it is very dear, but that is nothing—it is for you. And here is a lot of new music; see, your name on the title-page. And here are a number of little notes — all to beg the favour of your company to charm them with your delightful talent, and cards of invitation. Look at the coroneted seals — two countesses and a duchess, besides all the rich commoners, and all addressed to you, and brought by such splendid liveries: and here, better than all ——" the fond mother handed to her loathing son several rouleaus of gold, looking like very long pill-boxes, being a series of impressions of the fair face of our sovereign — a face that, thus emblazoned, always inspires joy in the possessor. "And now let me dry your hair, and take those wet garments from you."

The young musician *did not* rend the lace-shirts which his mother had been spending the weary hours of watching for his return to make; he *did not*, we say, rend them into ribands; he *did not* break the bottle of costly fragrance; he *did not* tear the new music into waste paper, though he loathed his own popular name inscribed upon its title-page; he *did not* throw the notes of the two countesses and the one duchess with the etcetera of the rich commoners into the fire; neither did he break the rouleaus of sovereigns, and stamp them, most traitor-like, beneath his feet: he *did not*, we say, do all these things, though the desire to do them all possessed him like a legion of temptations: but he sat and suffered his doating mother to dry the long silken tresses of his hair, and, while she did so, though every word she uttered goaded him into anguish, yet did the tender love from which they sprung drop something of balm into the wounds.

His grace the duke was just departing to Russia on his splendid embassage. No court of king or potentate could have been more thronged than were the antechambers of his grace — statesmen and soldiers, diplomatists and financiers, manufacturers and machinists, engineers and architects, tailors and authors, and mercers and flower-makers, and buffoons, besides poets and painters,

and dancers and singers, and sculptors and embroiderers, and rope-dancers, and projectors of every thing in and out of the world.

"I had better be a galley-slave!" said his grace the duke—"I had better be a waiter in some city tavern, and cry 'coming, sir,' to every 'Anon, Francis!' I could, at least, then let the cits wait while I took a breathing-time, whereas there is not a moment in the cycle of time that is my own, and, what is worse, not one can I steal. I had better be a slave! I might, perhaps, sleep in my chains."

"It is the penalty of talent, please your grace," said the ambassador's secretary.

"We have given audience," said his grace, perhaps unwittingly adopting the royal pronoun, "to I know not how many."

"Five-and-twenty, please your grace," said the groom of the chambers.

"And there remain ——"

"About some thirty more, already arrived, your excellency."

"I will see no more!" said the duke; "my ears are weary with listening, and my head aches with trying to understand, and my neck is awry with nodding. Say that I am ill, that I am sent for to court, that I am dead—any thing you will, only rid me of this trouble."

"Please your grace, there is the second lord of the treasury."

"No matter, I will go to sleep, and be Christophero Sly for once."

"And the master of the rolls, your grace."

"May roll on."

"And five members of the lower house, your excellency."

"I have nothing to say to them."

"And the young singer, whom your excellency was pleased to approve the other day."

"Ha! my musical prodigy! my seraph! admit him instantly. Why do you let him wait?"

The groom of the chambers admitted the young musician. The duke rose from his state, and advanced to meet him, not only with condescension, but with some mixture of adulation, but suddenly checked himself, as if wondering and doubtful. Could this be the identical youth who was the most perfect Adonis of the day, whose dress was the mirror of fashion, whose taste was the standard of elegance? And now no Quaker boy could be more plain in his attire. Not a ring, nor a chain, nor a stud; neither curl nor perfume, and his garb of the simplest form, of the saddest black.

"It is foppery in some new shape," said the duke, to himself; "he is tired of competing in finery, and now he affects a plainness that he may be unlike any body else. But no matter what the plumage of a bird who sings so delightfully." So far the duke to himself; but then aloud — "Ah!

most welcome. I am delighted to see you. Pray excuse my people for allowing you to wait. I little dreamt that they were keeping *you*. I know, too well, the value of your time, as well as the pleasure of your company."

"Your grace honoured me with a permission, or I could not have intruded."

"Intruded! You carry your own welcome wherever you go; and indeed I ought to feel the compliment of seeing you this morning, since you disappointed so many expectants last night. I went to two parties for the sole purpose of hearing you—seeing you I mean—but was obliged to exchange pleasure for condolence. How could you disappoint so many fair creatures who were dying to behold you? But you, spoiled and petted favourites of fortune, favourites of nature too, are privileged to do every thing and any thing. You have only to sigh out a soft note to be forgiven, while we men of rougher mould are obliged to submit to rougher treatment too."

These compliments of the duke touched the young musician in the tenderest part; he winced under every flattering word.

"Your grace honours me. But perhaps I had better not further occupy your time except so far as to prefer a very humble request: will your excellency permit me to make it?"

"How humble this fellow has become!" thought

the duke. "He was arrogant, but we bore with him for his seraph tongue."

"You will confer an obligation on me," said the duke aloud, "if you show me any way in which I can serve you. It has always been my ambition to prove myself a friend, and perhaps a patron, of your divine art."

"I come to ask your grace to confer on me the very humblest station in your suite. Any thing above the rank of a menial."

"She loved me," thought the young musician, "and I must do nothing to degrade an object so honoured, else would I willingly be the hireling of an hireling."

"I have been obliged to refuse the highest in the state and my nearest friend a similar request, but to you ——" said the duke.

"I have no claim upon your grace, nothing but your grace's favour."

"The pleasure of obliging you," said the duke, "deserves to be purchased at some price; tell me the qualifications of your friend."

"He for whom I intercede," said the young musician, with an air of utter self-abandonment, "can furnish no pretensions to your favour. He is poor, weak, inert, imbecile. He is without education, without talent, without application. He is but a moth floating in the sunbeams of this world. He has neither energy of mind nor body. He is

unworthy the name of *a man*. He is unworthy almost of your compassion, and yet it is only on your compassion that he leans and trusts."

"My friend," said the duke kindly, "what agitates you thus, for whom are you thus anxious? Speak to me candidly."

"For myself!" said the young singer; "I beseech your grace to attach me to your suite, if only by the humblest office."

"You are excited. You are not yourself. Something has happened to disturb you. Natures so refined and sensitive as yours ought not to be strictly and hardly dealt with."

"Ah!" said the youth, "there is the sting! Even *you* feel that I am beneath the position of a man."

"I have the highest admiration of your talents."

"Of that talent which has prevented me from being any thing higher and better than a public singer."

"And who so followed, so flattered, so courted as you! Do not nature's fairest creatures vie with each other who shall show you highest favour? Why a prince might envy you."

"Spare me! The toy of woman and the scorn of man, I despise myself."

"While all others covet to be you. I vow I would give my fairest domain to possess your ecstatic power of song, and think myself an unlimited gainer by the barter."

"The time has gone by when this would have delighted me. Can your grace find me a post as humble as my capability."

"I am loth to suffer you to act to your own injury on a sudden impulse of feeling."

"It is a settled purpose."

"If you wish to visit other countries you may travel like a prince. Your name and abilities will bring you both wealth and welcome wherever you go."

"I have abjured myself."

"You speak on impulse. But if you like to visit these northern regions, I am sure you would be received more fondly and caressed more kindly than a poor 'ambassador like myself.'"

"Let me do any thing, the most laborious of which this weak body is capable, to earn my daily bread."

"I believe I must humour you. You seem too much in earnest to be refused, and bye and bye this fancy, this caprice, this prejudice, will pass away."

"Never!"

"And, to tell you the truth, I am delighted to have you with me. Your voice can so sweetly charm away the cares of diplomacy and state."

"Pardon me, your grace, you will never hear it."

"Ah, well! we shall see, we shall see."

"Never shall I breathe a note again," said the

young musician. "Let me labour! let me labour!"

Time has done many things in his own quiet way since our last paragraph. He has stolen some six or eight years of life. He has broken many ties and knotted some new ones, has crushed some hearts and inflated many others, and has besides blown as many bubbles as an urchin schoolboy.

Those two profound gentlemen whose sage and sapient opinions had exercised so strong an influence on the fate of our young singer were once more engaged in colloquy.

"Have you heard the news?"

"News, O no! I never hear of any things but marriages, and births, and burials. It would be quite as interesting to read the parish register."

"My news come strictly within the class of such like parochial intelligences. It is nothing but a marriage entry in the registry of St. James's."

"Then there is some wonderment as to the parties."

"Your old friend, Lady Alice."

"Ah! indeed, you surprise me. I thought she had dedicated herself to the happiness of single blessedness."

"So thought all the world; but all the world may be mistaken sometimes, especially when the subject happens to be the caprice of a lady's will."

"Yet she has been pretty stedfast, so much so that the world was just beginning to believe that she was in earnest."

"Ah! but do you not see that a woman's resolution takes the inverted growth of all other things? It starts into birth a giant tree, and then dwindles down into the strength of a straw. My only wonder has been that Lady Alice did not grow weary of her own resolution somewhat sooner."

"I used to suspect that her ladyship would be tempted into doing some mighty silly thing."

"And so did I, but we are disappointed again. Instead of a romantic match with some sighing, singing, swan-like swain, she has made herself content to take up with a clear-headed, strong-minded, studious statesman."

"Amazing! The caprice of a woman's will."

"Showing the same infirmity of purpose, though in a different form."

"Has she pleased her eye?"

"No; the man looks as if he were all intellect. The lines of intense thought are written across his brow, and the stamp of deep and earnest occupation of mind is sealed on every lineament of his face. Women in general care for little beyond bloom and grace, and though he has a sort of dignified expression of countenance and demeanour, yet is he thin and sallow, and scarcely what might be supposed accomplished enough to fool away time with a sentimental lady."

"And who is he?"

"An *attaché* of the ambassador: he is going to take office, and much is expected from him."

The honeymoon *was* over, though a bystander might have thought that it was not, for Lady Alice was looking as loving as a bride, and the *attaché* more loving than a bridegroom.

"Your thoughts are mine," said the bride, "my right, my portion, my property, and I will not abate one jot or tittle of my privileges; so tell me what you are thinking without delay or reservation."

"If you will be a tyrant," said the husband, "I must be a slave. I was thinking, dearest, that love must be indestructible, inherent, a part of our original nature, an undying light from heaven, and not a flame that must be nursed and fanned, and fed with external fuel; I was looking on myself in the glass when you spoke, and was thinking how unlike was this care-worn, sallow face to that of the mad boy who dared to love you, and yet that, changed as I am, you love me still."

"Confess," said the bride, "that I am altered too."

The *attaché* hesitated for a moment: he would fain have said, "You are more beautiful than ever," but sincerity triumphed.

"Altered to my eye, but not to my heart."

"Content," said Lady Alice.

"I remember well that vain, effeminate ——"

"Stop, stop!" cried Lady Alice, "no scandal!"

"Weak-minded, ignorant, infatuated boy," continued the husband.

"Hush, hush!" cried the wife. "I will hear nothing against him. He was all-perfect in my eyes."

"And I am in all things his reverse," said the husband. "Now have I the greatest mind to be jealous of my former self."

"And so will I revenge myself upon you for detracting from his merit. He was as beautiful as Jove's own page."

"And I am something like an Egyptian mummy."

"His complexion was like sunshine through a rose-leaf."

"And mine like a window of yellow glass seen through a November fog."

"His eyes had in them all the poetry of all the world."

"And mine see now nothing but the prose of life."

"Every curve of his rich glossy hair was a line of beauty."

"Ah! and mine, I fear me, has gained a few lines of silver."

"No accident could ever make him move ungracefully."

"And I think it enough to be able to walk."

"And then his ardour—"

"Was hot-headedness."

"And his courage—"

"Fool-hardiness."

"And his generosity—"

"Recklessness."

"No, oh no! He had from boyhood supported his mother, ministered to all her wants, exercised his talents for her support, had surrounded her with comforts——"

"Ah! my mother," cried the *attaché*, "it was the shield of her tenderness that saved me on *that* night—*that* night which was the era of my destiny."

"Ah! *that* night," said Lady Alice; "scarcely can I believe that you are that boy, or I that girl!"

"And yet when I think of it, the recollection is so vivid as to dim all subsequent events. Never can I forget that night. It seems as if every faculty, every feeling, every passion, every desire, such as might have breathed energy through a whole life, were then gathered up into the strength of a tempest. I loved you, and that passion swallowed up all minor thoughts. I forgot even myself in the intensity of that emotion. You must have thought me the most selfish of created beings; but it was not selfishness, it was utter and entire forgetfulness. I forgot that the circumstances of

life had placed you as far above me as 'some bright and particular star.' I forgot that you were highly born, that you were rich, that your caste of place removed you wholly from my sphere; that you might be worshipped at a distance, but that it was sacrilege to approach you too nearly. I forgot that I was poor and despicable, without great alliances or station; that I was only tolerated in the circle through which you moved for the sake of ministering to its pampered pleasures or its soulless luxuries; that I was caressed by women because I was a handsome boy, and flattered because nature had given me the means of catering for their enjoyment, but that men disdained the effeminate fop, the dreaming fool!"

"Treason against my love!" said Lady Alice.

"And then that night," resumed the *attaché*, "that night, when, without plan, without thought, without premeditation, the torrent of my soul rushed out, and my whole heart, acting on an ungovernable impulse, opened itself before you—then, when instead of spurning the presumptuous boy, you owned that you had caught some faint touch of his contagion, I fancied then that the world of high estate and treasure, and all the toys of rank and luxury, might belong to this real and sensible world, but that our world was one where love made all things to be in common; even then I was blind, but not selfish."

"That world is still ours," said Lady Alice, fondly.

"That was intoxication," returned the husband; "a perfect inebriety of the soul, a very delirium of joy. I walked on air. I breathed extacy. The whole world was not large enough for my joy. And then, without a moment's preparation, I was hurled from the height of my happiness. Ah! dearest, you do not know how that fall crushed me!"

"We had agreed," said the wife, "that the distinctions of rank and the allotments of wealth belonged alone to a selfish world; and—I believe so still."

"It was the sense of the utter selfishness of my love that roused me from my dream. I, who would have given life itself to make you happy for a single moment of time, was on the brink of robbing you of all things—your name, your station, your friends, your credit, your fortune. I heard myself stigmatized as all that was contemptible; scorned as being weak, effeminate, ignorant; despised for taking advantage of your generosity; and menaced with your contempt. Yes, I heard it said that even you would despise me when you awoke from the dream of your affection."

"Forget it," said the wife; "even now this touches you too strongly."

"May it not do the rich man good to look

back to the days of his poverty! I shuddered at my own temerity. I loathed myself, my own condition, my own effeminacy, my own ignorance, even my own person. That you were under a delusion, that you would awake and despise me!—I could not know this and possess my soul in calmness. Life too had lost its hopes, and why should I live? I determined in my frenzy to die."

"I asked you for your thoughts," said the wife, "and now I cannot, indeed I cannot hear them. Spare yourself the memory of this suffering and me its knowledge."

"And then," proceeded the husband, as if too much absorbed in the feeling of that dread *past* to heed the *present*, "and then came the temptation of the coward under the form of courage: I *determined to die*."

"I cannot hear you!" said the wife.

"Then some good angel brought the memory of my mother across my brain, and I thought I would look once more upon the face that had so looked upon me with love; and when I came again under the influence of her tenderness, I was overcome, and I determined for her sake to bear the weight of my existence."

"You make me too wretched."

"But though I consented to live, yet had I utterly and entirely abjured myself. It was then, dearest, that I discarded all the follies and fop-

peries of my dress and habits: it was then that I assumed this sober garb, which you are kind enough to tolerate."

"I do not promise you how long I shall do so," said her ladyship.

"I throw myself upon your mercy. Well, the first salutary resolution that I formed was to earn my own daily bread in some manner that might not disgrace a man. It would have been a satisfaction to me to have exerted my bodily strength, such as it was, in any laborious exercise; but then came the memory of my love, and that memory forbade me to do any thing which might seem to degrade an object which it had honoured."

"I have been jealous," said Lady Alice, "to find that I had so little influence over you."

"From that point you exercised the greatest. All that I now am I owe to you; every energy and every acquirement. I would not call mine an ill-starred passion even if I were not thus happy, since it has been the moving spring of every faculty. I went out in the suite of the ambassador. He accepted my services, half through native kindness, half through the hope that the talent which had first procured me his notice would be exercised for his pleasure."

Lady Alice looked inquiringly.

"It was not. The reaction of my feelings made me detest my former self, and here too came

your influence. I repeated these words to myself a thousand times a day, 'She loved me, and I must do nothing unworthy of an object so honoured.' This feeling supported me for a time, and then gave birth to another. 'She loved me, and I will become worthy of her love! I will justify her for loving me!' Ah! you cannot think how that ambition fired me, inspirited me! I began a new existence. I ceased almost to be unhappy."

"This is sweeter than flattery."

"Inspired by that thought, I passed at once from inertness to activity. I laboured unceasingly. I was indefatigable in the duties of office. I denied myself every luxury. I studied sixteen hours a day. The ambassador was a liberal-minded man; he noticed my exertions, promoted me to higher duties, suffered me to relieve him from some of his cares, and now introduces me into an honourable station."

"I wonder," said Lady Alice, "if the grave statesman could remember a note of the minstrel's music?"

"He told you," replied the *attaché*, "that he had discarded his effeminacy when he buckled on the armour of a man."

"David sang, and he was warrior, sage, and king."

"I endured a miserable persecution from the

ambassador in the early part of our association: *him* I could refuse."

"And me—" said the wife entreatingly.

"You—will not ask me."

"I would not, only that I think this the last form of a morbid sensibility, which you cannot be quite happy until you have entirely overcome; and that one of the richest gifts of Deity ought not to be so despised."

The sallow face of the *attaché* was crimson with pain and embarrassment.

"You are overwearied," said the wife: "come, let us leave these rooms and breathe the free air."

Happy nature welcomed them. They wandered, arm in arm, through flowers and perfumes. The fields were beautiful in their rich prosperity, the sky was radiant with glowing light, the trees garlanded with wreaths. Nature looked smiling and joyous in her full happiness.

"Hark!" said the wife. It was the song of a bird. Its notes were musically sweet, and the husband and the wife stood mutely listening to the rise and fall of Nature's hymn.

The last note died away on the perfumed air. There was silence for a moment, and then a richer, a sweeter, a happier, a holier sound poured itself in a volume of murmured music into the ear of the bride.

"Now I can believe that you are quite happy," said Lady Alice.

THE SURPRISE OF MONTROSE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.

On a summer's eve, in a year which tradition places between 1645 and 1650, an old man, a shepherd, and one of the subscribers of that Covenant which shook the throne of the Stuarts, had retired from his household circle, to pour out his soul, as he said, in prayer, and tell his Maker a piece of his mind anent the work which was going on in the church, south as well as north. For a spot to kneel in, he had gone no farther than the hawthorn and bower-tree hedge of his own kale-yard; nor had he made much personal preparation for this act of devotion: his dress was homely, and of the kind called hodden-gray; his hands were stained with the mingled tar and oil, which he had that day been using in the surgery of his sheep. For this humble spot for prayer, and his coarse and homely attire, he had reasons ready. "He to whom I kneel," said he, "is every where present, and the back of a dry stone dyke is as much his temple as a carved cathedral: and have not these clothes been made from the fleeces of the six-score ewes, which were given to me as a spoil when we harried the wicked town of Hexham? for we did not spare Amalek."

The old man, before he dropped on his knees, looked towards the north, and said — "These streamers are more than usually bright to-night: we'll have commotions among those godless clans; and there is an uncommon redness in the south—I doubt if all will be settled there without blood." When on his knees, he first thought of his own peculiar, as he called it, and then spared a few words in the cause of his country: his address to Heaven was in the familiar spirit of the times. "First," said he, "I commend to thy care these six-score silly sheep, of the Cheviot breed, which I accepted as a spoil when we retired from the south, after having built up thy sanctuary with waled stones, polished pillars, and rafters of Shittim-wood; wilt thou — for thy servant's eyes cannot be always on the watch — preserve them from the bloody fox of the hills, and the roaring lioness of the mountains, that they may grow, and increase, and become as a sign and a witter to the wicked to touch them not, for they are thine! And, moreover, if it be thy will, and for thy glory, let the fleeces which cover them grow fine as well as abundant, and be coveted of far lands at a high price: no for ony gude that it can do to me, but that men may know that thou art with thy saints and with their substance. But, O! what cry is this which I hear in the land? what is this rumour which has astounded mine ears? Thou hast

permitted the man Oliver Cromwell to rise in the place of the man Charles Stuart, and set his iron heel on the neck of thy saints, scatter to the winds the goodly fabric which we have reared in the south, and stable his steeds in the consecrated places: and now it is said that, with his profane Independents, he is on his way to the north, to pull down the polished pillars of Presbytery, and establish his own church, which hath neither walls, nor roof, nor floor, nor foundation, in its place. O! do thou—for the breath of thy nostrils can accomplish it—confound this man Cromwell, and bring him and his designs to shame! it is for thine own glory rather than mine that I ask it!"

Farther expostulation with Heaven was interrupted by what at first sounded in his ears like the breeze in the hollow banks of the neighbouring brook, but which his military experience soon told him was the thick beating clang of a troop of cavalry approaching at a rapid trot. The old Covenanter looked up without altering his posture, and perceived, sweeping round his little garden enclosure, the glittering breastplates and the dancing plumes of a party of horse. The leader, or commander, halted his men, touched the old shepherd with his sword, and said—"Arise from thy knees, Gedaliah"—in those days, Old Testament names had taken the place of Peter, James, and John—"and come with me."

"And who art thou, then," inquired Gedaliah, "that commands me to rise, and leave the work of the Lord undone?"

"Look on me," said the other; "has the time which has passed since we fought, side by side, on Marston-Heath so changed the looks of Zerobabel, thy comrade, that thou dost not know him?"

"As I live by the word, which is the covenanted bread of life," said Gedaliah, rising from his knees, "you speak with the tongue of him whom my sword saved from the godless cavalier, in the fiery charge of the man Rupert. But thou art greatly changed in thy outward man: the mammon of the south has been with thee: thou hast a breastplate inlaid with pure gold; and, verily, thy sword-haft is of fine silver; thou hast fallen away, I fear, from the simplicity of the soldiers of our Zion. But alight, I pray thee, and taste some creature-comfort: thou art come far from the flesh-pots of Egypt, but of the little which this barren land yields thou shalt partake."

To this the Englishman nodded assent, and said to one of his troopers—"Habbakuk, call the people about thee; remove the bits from the horses' mouths, that they may pick a bit of this rough grass; let thy text be 'The Lord is my shepherd, I'll not want;' and see ye enlarge upon the important truth, that the earth is the portion of the saints, and that their reign is about to commence.

And, hear ye me, Swigginpot, whom men call, in derision, St. Swithin"—addressing another trooper —"see that ye lend an attentive ear to, and endeavour to profit by, his outpourings, for I fear me ye are a scoffer, and that our journey will not be blest because of thee." He then removed his helmet, and entered the cottage of the Covenanter. As he took a seat, from which he first swept the dust with his military glove, he glanced round on the smoky rafters, unplastered walls, clay floor, and homely furniture, and said, "Gedaliah, mine old comrade, thou hast made but an indifferent use of the abounding goodness of God: the earth was thine, and the fulness thereof, yet thou hast taken but a barren nook and a smoky cottage; and for the minced pies and plum-pudding of thy brethren of the south, thou hast accepted a coarse mess of porridge and that unsavoury hash which thou callest haggis. Hast thou allowed the malignants to overreach thee in the allotment of the spoil?"

"Zerobabel, my friend," said the other, "put forth thy hand and eat; creature-comforts are as stumbling-blocks, and a fair estate and a pleasant habitation are the baited hooks with which the fiend fishes for our selfish souls. This little inheritance of heath is enough for one whose mind is fixed on things above. But what ails thee at thy food, my friend? surely the porridge which the godly Argyll pronounces wholesome, and the

upright Leslie calls savoury, may satisfy an appetite which, as thou hast often told me, knew but beans and bacon till thy twenty-sixth summer!"

"Indeed," replied the southern trooper, "it is true as thou sayest that, during the morning of my days, I was fed on bacon and beans by the task-masters of the land; but the thick cloud under which I slaved was mercifully lifted up—a brighter dispensation followed: our shoes were clouted, but our swords were sharp; our hands were hard, but our hearts were strong; why repeat the tale which the wide world knows? We removed the power from the man Charles Stuart; we purged the Commons of self-seekers and malignants; we cleansed the steeple-houses of priests and all their trumpery; and we took all the land as a prey. Mine own share in the spoil is but small, for what could I expect? my gift in prayer is little, though I am zealous in fight; but, in addition to a house and three hundred acres of meadow at Thames Ditton, I am to have a broad slip of this barren land of the north when the saints come to their own."

A grim smile passed over the face of Gedaliah as he answered, "Scotland will not grudge thee, Zerobabel, thy length and breadth of earth when death, in the fulness of time, calls thee to the kirk-yard; but, surely, ye put an erroneous construction on the words of the blessed Covenant; for though

it permits, nay calls on, the godly to maintain their rights, it gives no warrant to rob men of their lawful inheritance, much less to spill blood."

"Let not that cloud thy brow, nor trouble thy heart, my friend," replied Zerobabel; "we have warrant for all we do. Oliver always seeks counsel in prayer before he strikes a blow, or gives an estate away. Harrison is a man who will do nothing in a corner, and Sir Harry Vane holds intercourse with the Spirit on all the death-warrants he signs. But I come not here to discuss matters so profound and mysterious; I leave these to Habbakuk, my corporal, who has a gift that way; so good-night to thee, mine ancient comrade: can I do aught for thee in remembrance of the blow which ye struck for me at bloody Marston? Shall I give thee a slice of the glen of Lamdearg, which is to be mine if my march is prosperous?"

"The glen of Lamdearg?" said Gedaliah; "the Lord deliver thee from the glen of Lamdearg! Whoso gave thee that for an inheritance might as well have billeted thee in the bottomless pit. I would not eat of the berries which grow on its braes, nor slake my thirst at the stream which runs through it, for all the land that yonder stars and moon look upon."

Zerobabel, who had risen to be gone, seated himself again on hearing this, and said, "What moves thee to speak thus, my friend? thou art not

easily moved, I trow; thou hast seen all the land, from Forth to Trent, drowned in a flood of civil war; all the cities which lie between, sacked by the armed hand; all the strongholds taken by storm, and their pavements swimming in the blood of their defenders. Thou art not a man easily moved by either fear or pity, therefore why speak thus, my friend? Dost remember how ye laughed at my Durham legend—the cry of the spirit of the murdered woman in the woods of Featherstonhaugh, when she appeared at the judgment-seat, with her babe in her arms, and gave testimony against her murderers?"

"Ay," said Gedaliah, "but the visible vulgarity of your legend marked its imposture: who would not laugh at a ghost which came into court as a witness, took the oath administered by the crier, and swore to the lapelled coats of two murderers! But the ghost of Lamdearg is not of that vulgar and mechanical stamp, it is more poetic and terrible; it appears only when great events are to happen, is never seen by more than one at a time, and never twice by the same person: those who see it seldom live long; the sight of the spirit with the bloody hand is their death-warrant; it is an upland spirit, for it never appears but to lowlanders, and hates the Saxon as the fiend hates holy water."

"You amaze me, Gedaliah," said the English-

man, with a lowered voice; "have you ever seen this spectre?"

"No," said the other, "my time is not, perhaps, come; but my grandsire saw it, and dared it too—short while he lived to tell the tale."

"Dared it, and died?" exclaimed the trooper.

"Ay, dared it, and died!" said Gedaliah—"ye shall hear. In the glen of Lamdearg, which lies three rough miles north from this shealing of mine, stands a castle, and in that castle there dwelt in those days a chief—as a chieftainess dwells now—who held all by the sharp sword and the strong hand, and who lived like a lion in his den, bearding all, but bearded by none. When this was told to the king, he sent a messenger to desire the chieftain to compear at court; the steps of the messenger were traced into the glen, but no steps could be traced out; messenger after messenger was sent, but none returned; and such a fear came over all, that ye might as well have hoped a hen-partridge could carry a message to a hawk, as expect a royal messenger to carry a summons to the chief of Lamdearg. Now my grandsire feared neither the face of man nor the spirits of the dead, which he accounted shadows—and who but he to go with the summons? So away he went: it was on a Monday morning of all days of the week, and in the month of June, of all months in the year. As he went, he never felt the bloom of the heath

smell so sweet, nor never heard the lark, he thought, sing so melodiously. As he entered the glen, its black and rocky jaws, which natives call the Wolf's Mouth, seemed as if they would have closed, and its long rough and narrow Throat grew darker and darker. 'If there 's a spirit left in the land,' he muttered to himself, 'it must be here;' and the moment he thought this, a shape stood before him, clothed in scale-mail, which shone too brightly to look upon: the head was bare, also the right hand, which was red, as if newly dipped in blood. It waved my grandsire back; but he was not a man to be turned from his way by a shadow, and said to the spectre, 'If thou art of flesh and blood, give way; if thou art of air, I shall walk through thee,' and he took a step in advance; but, ere he could take another, the spectre seized him, and faulded him up, as he expressed it, like a clout. What more was done he could not remember, for a swoon came over him; but when he came to himself, he was lying on the heather, at the mouth of the glen, as wet as if he had been dragged through Lochlomond, and as worn and wearied as if he had striven in the harvest-field the length of an autumn-day. He lived but a day and a year afterwards."

"Whoy," said Zerobabel, rubbing his chin, which was none of the smoothest, "this ghost of thine is akin to my Durham ghost, after all; it

was but a long-legged Highlandman when all was done. Had thy grandsire aught in's pocket when he tulzied, as the Scots say, with the spectre?"

"Nought," replied Gedaliah, "save the king's summons—I forgot to tell ye—and that was ta'en out of his pocket."

"Whew! Then my cannie comrade," said the other, "I can spell this without spectacles; with this spectre of Lamdearg, which never meddles save with a Saxon and a king's summons, I shall go and talk a bit. Does it still haunt the castle? is it still to be found when a Saxon visits the glen?"

"O atweel, ay!" said an old shepherd, speaking out from between two dogs and a pile of gray plaids in a corner of the house. "O atweel, ay! but I wadna advise ye to go there at no rate just now, for the ghaist is mair rampagious than ever since the chief is gane and the chieftainess rules—mair particularly since there is a sough in the land that the English are marching northward, and James Grahame, the malignant, is coming to trouble our Zion and afflict poor Scotland."

"Montrose coming!" muttered Zerobabel to himself. "Then it is time for me to march; he is the life and soul of the tyrant's cause. I must go," he said in a louder tone, "and occupy as I am commanded this glen of Lamdearg, which is his chief pass from the mountainous highlands and

a place where, with its chieftainess, he hatches most of the treasons which disquiet this land."

As Zerobabel said this, a young man of a wild and savage look rose slowly, and, as it seemed, reluctantly, from a bed beyond the fire formed of heather and sheepskins, gaped wide and stretched himself, and gave a jump on the floor as if to be sure that he was fairly awakened; then, throwing the remains of a plaid over his shoulders, and calling on his two dogs, Spey and Oscar, and saying, "There will be a storm in these glens before morning, and I must look to my hirsel," offered to leave the house.

"Stay, lad, till I take a look at thee," said the English soldier, and, snatching an iron cruse which showed the darkness rather than lent light to the house, perused his features with a fixed and searching gaze. The suspicion which had crossed his mind seemed allayed or removed by this inquest. "Go," said he, "thou art a lad fitter to watch the worms from the kale than to hatch treasons; go, and look to thy hirsel as thou saidst—and yet," he muttered as the youth departed, "I have seen one as simple seeming as this, in whose mouth butter would not have melted, get up as pretty a piece of treason as a man would wish to see on a summer's day."

On saying this, the military saint of the south parted with his covennating comrade of the north,

and began his march towards the pass of Lamdearg. The sun was yet unrisen: here and there clusters of sheep awoke on the hill sides, and shook the dews from their fleeces, conscious of coming light; shepherds began to bestir themselves, while their dogs, escaping from the shealing nook, gambolled before the doors and barked with joy, and Habbakuk, motioning with his hand, lifted up his voice and sung a psalm in which all his comrades joined. On reaching the entrance of the Pass, the psalm ceased, and the soldiers halted to survey the unknown way on which they were about to enter. The entrance was dark and narrow, and seemed as if a rent had been made in the wild rocky hill, and crags and shrubs had tried to fill it up again. Into this cavern-like pass a half-made road led, which was dinted by the recent steps of both men and horse; it was sinuous and intricate, and commanded at every turn by jutting platforms of rock. The danger of involving cavalry in this pass of dread did not escape the military eye of Zerobabel. "Brethren," said he, "this is a wild place, and to some it would have its terrors; but what terrors can inanimate nature bring to those who have looked into the fiery throat of war when it roared the loudest!—Forward!"

"Friend," said Habbakuk, "a word in season—a spirit of evil haunts this place: let me go and commune with it, lest peradventure it

affright the faint-hearted, and make them turn their bridle backwards." So saying, and awaiting scarcely an approving nod from his leader, he gave his horse the rein and dashed into the "Wolf's Throat," nor did he halt on his way till, emerging from the narrow and dangerous pass, he entered the expanding bosom of the glen, down which a clear stream wimpled, and in the midst of which, with its peaked gables covered with gray flagstones, rose the castle of Lamdearg. The trooper had a taste for prayer, but none for the picturesque, yet he could not help gazing with something of delight on the beauty of the scene: hills, sharp, rocky, and high, hemmed in the valley: on their gray summits the brightening sun had awakened the eagles, and two of them flew screaming towards the pass by which he entered, down which he now heard the advancing tramp of his comrades. But a castle on which no banner was displayed, chimneys which sent up no smoke, and a scene where no living thing appeared, save a bird which flitted from bough to bartizan, and uttered that shrill cry which announces the hawk or the owl, was a mystery he could not solve, and which, as he said, put his pipe out. All this impressed the story of the spirit more strongly on his mind; so, drawing his sword and riding up to the gate, he struck it with such force that the fire sparkled from the blade. "Evil shape," he exclaimed, "I command thee to

be gone from this place—fold thy wings together and fly; hinder no longer the reign of the saints in this land; tarry not, lest my prayer may be heard, and thou be made a material and penetrable form, which my sword, much accustomed to smiting, may reach!"

Whilst uttering these words, the soldier became aware of a man so strange and so shaggy that he seemed a wild animal; he was bare-headed and bare-footed: his hair hung disordered, like a torn fleece, over neck and shoulders, concealing his person little, while his limbs, bare mid-thigh up, were tawned with exposure to the wind and sun as brown as mahogany. His eyes, of a bright and sparkling blue, gleamed restless as those of a wild hawk when about to strike its prey, while with his right hand he kept ever waving the Englishman to be gone the way by which he had just descended. Now the southern saint had a temper too calm for a thing less holy than himself to disturb or ruffle; he gazed on the highlander and said, "Art thou one of the heathen of these hills, who tread down like wild beasts the roses of our Sharon and the lilies of our valley, and who march to the pipe of the malignant James Grahame against the anointed of the earth? speak, lest I smite thee in my wrath!" and he shook his sword as he spoke.

But the highlander, who while this passed had

edged forward to the brink of the rock, through which the road to the castle was partly hewn, now uttering a scream like the eagle when he stoops on his prey, sprung from his stance, and, linking his sinewy arms round the body of the amazed Habbakuk, seated himself behind him, struck his heels against the horse's sides, and, jerking the bridle, darted down a rough and precipitous brae towards the thick wood which hung like a fringe around the skirts of the hills. The soldier was much amazed, but not mastered: he turned himself half round in the saddle, and strove to seize his enemy by the throat, whom he now recognized to be the youth he had met with in the hut; but the other requited the attempt by a blow of his dirk, which, glancing along the polished corslet, found entrance at the clasps of the gorget, and drew blood. Then, seizing him at the same moment by the thigh, he hurled him out of the saddle, and with a loud yell of triumph disappeared in the glen.

Zerobabel, who heard the loud clatter of the horse's feet, hastened to the spot with his soldiers, and found his comrade lying on the ground stunned and bleeding; and while one brought water in his helmet from the brook to bathe his brow and temples, others undid his corslet, and all eagerly inquired how this had happened. While they stood in a circle round him, the castle gate was opened, and a young lady, the chieftainess, coming out, desired that the wounded man might be brought

into her hall; her castle gate, she added, was never shut on the poor or the helpless.

"Brethren," exclaimed the trooper, who was esteemed by his comrades for a prophet as well as a preacher, "enter not within these portals, else evil will befal you; that fair dame comes as a snare to our Israel—a Dalila to the godly. I saw a sight even now whilst the savage was bearing me away as an eagle bears a lamb; a band of women drawn up within these walls, whose kirtles, barred with red and green, are indecently short, and who bear bucklers and broad swords, even as men do. The saints deliver us from them!" A loud laugh followed this announcement.

"Hast never seen a petticoat-man, friend Hab?" exclaimed several of his comrades at once; "they be abundant on these braes as blackberries; a kind of salvage people, who drink like fish and fight like devils. John Sludge of ourn knows them well; he has lived with them, eaten with them, drunk with them, and fought with them, and would have prayed with them too, but they never pray—coorse them!"

While they were entering the castle gate, a trumpet was heard from the southern extremity of the glen by which they had come, and presently the plumes of armed riders of rank were observed dancing in the beams of the morning sun; their looks of command told of their station better than

their dresses, which were plain even to sobriety, or their arms, which were for the working day rather than the hour of parade.

"Yonder comes Colonel Monk, and all is right," exclaimed Zerobabel to his comrades; "we have occupied the glen and seized the castle, and Montrose and his tartan petticoats must go left about."

"I tell thee," whispered Habbakuk, "I like not this lady of the Castle, this Dalila of Lamdearg; she smiles, but it is to betray; she fills the cup, but it is to intoxicate."

While saying this, Monk entered the castle, and bowing to the chieftainess said, "We thank thee for this proof of thy good will; verily, our general has been abused, for he was told that neither Lamdearg glen nor castle would submit without blood."

"They have not submitted yet," answered the lady, proudly; "the lords of this glen never sheathed a bright blade while there was traitor's blood to dim it with: you are in, but you are not yet out."

"Ha!" exclaimed Monk, "sayest thou? we shall see." He then took a silver whistle which hung at his sword-belt, and blew a note so prolonged and shrill that all the castle echoes answered. On this the door of the hall was flung open, and a very handsome cavalier, plumed and apparelled as if for a royal presence, entered, ac-

companied by several officers who held him as a prisoner, attended by a gentleman in the highland garb, who might either be his friend or his foe, for he stood unconcerned and regarding no one.

"Here is James Grahame, the troubler of our Israel," said one of the officers who accompanied him. "We found him walking in the glen as careless and gay as if the trees among which he stept were plumed and scented madams of the court, and this his birthday morning instead of his day of doom."

"Psalm one hundred and forty ninth," cried Habbakuk. "And let the high praises of God be the mouths of his saints, and a two-edged sword in their hands to execute vengeance upon the heathen and punishment upon the people—to bind their kings with chains and their nobles with fetters of iron, and to execute upon them the judgments written!—this honour have all his saints."

A murmur of approbation ran through the troopers who crowded the hall.

"O vouchsafe," exclaimed another, who preached as well as fought, "to touch the obdurate heart of this incorrigible malignant, of this perjured, traitorous, and profane person, before he is made a sign to all thy people on a gibbet forty cubits high! I pollute not my lips with naming his name—there he stands ——"

"Silence, I command you!" said Monk, sternly, and laying his hand on the hilt of his sword. "Lord of Montrose, thy motions have been watched by one whose eye sees from end to end of our isle, and he has despatched me, one of the humblest of his faithful, to seize thee in thy march of blood, and bring thee before him. I give thee ten minutes' space to prepare for thy departure; is it sufficient?"

"More than sufficient," replied Montrose—"I am ready now."

"Now be it, then," answered Monk; and the troopers, at his nod, hurried to their saddles, and began their march to the gorge of the glen by which they had that morning entered.

"Gentlemen of England," said the chieftainess, courteously, "I invite you back to dinner; you will find the cloth laid, and ——"

"Iron to the heel, and hemp to the craig," muttered the armed highlander before alluded to, as he ventured to conclude the lady's unfinished sentence.

Monk and his prisoner walked side by side at the head of the soldiers, who might amount to three hundred in all. "James Grahame," said the former, "will you continue to wage war, as your own nation says, against the manifest and predestined will of the saints, or determine, as we of the south more coldly and more truly say, to uphold the falling throne of the Stuarts, and be buried in the rubbish?".

"George Monk," replied Montrose, "I detest alike the blasphemous presumption and tyranny of the kirk of Scotland, and the hypocrisy, which delights in blood, of thy canting Independents. As little do I love the levity and looseness of morals in our cavaliers who defend the cause of my royal master. Oh! that the time were come, and the man with it, that shall cleanse from the cause of truth, and honour, and religion, all presumption, cant, and hypocrisy!"

The cavern-like outlet, called the Wolf's Throat, which they had now entered, was still echoing with these memorable words, when Montrose paused, and, turning to Monk, said, "Here, then, we part!" and, even while speaking so, he stepped nimbly past the sharp angle of a rock which projected into the path, and disappeared in a moment from the sight of his astonished captors.

"A thousand gold pieces for the traitor's head!" exclaimed Monk.

"And wha wad gie a hundred baubees for thine?" said the ex-trooper Gedaliah, presenting a bright, sharp lance to the colonel's bosom, while beside and behind him gleamed dirks and broadswords in fifties and hundreds.

"Come, men," exclaimed Monk, "let us force our way through these naked kerns."

"Nane sae naked as ye trow," said the young shepherd, whom we met in Gedaliah's shealing,

showing a corslet of polished steel on his bosom, a two-edged sword in his hand, and an eye kindled for the combat.

"By goles!" exclaimed Habbakuk, "may I never preach or fight more if that there savage is not our lad of the shealing, and my antagonist in the glen! I must split his head for him, that's certain."

"Hab," said the other, "when ye desire to ride, I 'll lend thee my horse."

Monk cast his eye over the glen, with its ramparts of rock, and its numerous defenders, and exclaimed, "We are lost! this is my Surprise rather than that of Montrose: the conduct of these savages has some touch of discipline, and is not at all savage — who will tell this in Gath?"

"Ye 'll tell 't naewhere else but here," said Gedaliah, "for a month to come; this glen is your prison, and I'm the keeper of the key."

"Gentlemen of the south," said the chieftainess, riding up to Monk, "ye used me courteously, ye accepted my invitation to dinner, though the time was short."

"Ye had better abide by our lady's invitation," said Gedaliah, "for ye canna pass the Wolf's Throat, nor yet escape by his tail, which is bristling with swords and lances. I 'll keep this path against the world, till the gallant Montrose proves his good or his evil fortune." So saying, he shouldered his pike, and assumed the port and pace of a sentinel.

Holland. del.t London Pub.d by Ackermann & Co.y 184. C. Varrier Sculp.t

VENICE.

VENICE.

Ah, Venice! thou art lovely still;
And though thy clouds are stooping fast,
And Time will have its own wild will,
Thou shalt be lovely to the last.

Nay, even when all thy trophied waves
But sleep round trophies in decay,
When man is gone, or only slaves
Bask in thy noontide's golden ray;

And thou art but a glorious tomb—
Tomb of thine own resplendent fame;
Where moulders valour's sunbright plume,
Once loftiest in war's gallant game.

Where Titian's pencil lies in dust,
By Dandolo's unrivalled sword;
Palladio's pile, Canova's bust,
All trampled by the northern horde.

Yet still, from earth's remotest bound,
The heart shall worship at thy grave;
And love shall consecrate the ground
That hides thy gifted and thy brave.

Fair Venus of earth's sunniest seas,
  Oh! to have seen thee in thy prime,
When glory filled thy palaces,
  And all was, like thy soul, sublime;

When not a gale that swept the sea
  But bore thy flag in pomp along;
When not a shout of victory
  But echoed from thy gallant throng;

When dewy morn, and twilight dim,
  Saw thy rich-freighted argosies;
Heard thy returning sailors' hymn
  Saluting their own sapphire skies!

And now, O shade of human power!
  Beside thy palace-bordered marge;
By silent port, and crumbling tower,
  But steals the fisher's lonely barge.

From polar shore, and burning line,
  From the wild billows of the west,
From the dark Indian's diamond mine,
  From Ceylon's perfume-breathing nest,

Proud Venice, came thy merchant-kings,
  Like eagles trooping o'er the sea;
Earth's winds and waves their mightier wings,
  Earth's gold and glory all for thee!

City of fame! I cannot weep;
The world has drained my fount of tears;
Yet I can sorrow o'er thy sleep,
Thou loveliest of all sepulchres.

'Tis true, thy skies are still as bright,
As in thy grandeur's broadest noon;
And thou hast hearts as soft and light,
As ever sailed thy smooth Lagune.

And thou hast witching song and dance—
The mask, the mime—is this the whole?—
Nay, man's keen wit, and woman's glance—
Thy form survives—but where thy soul?

But all is past — and thou a dream;
A pageant but for fancy's gaze;
A star eclipsed, a sunset gleam;
A funeral pile's last, heavenward blaze!

Αμφίων.

THE RETROSPECT.

Oh! days, that once I used to prize,
Are ye for ever gone!
The veil is taken from my eyes,
And now I stand alone.

When once I gave fair fancy scope,
How did this bosom burn!
Oh! happy days of youth and hope,
And will ye ne'er return?

The hours of sickness and of pain
Affection's voice may cheer;
The drooping lip may smile again,
If sooth'd by Friendship's tear.

The stern realities of life
Are harder to endure;
The bitter pangs of mental strife
No mortal aid can cure.

Friends are no longer what they seem,
I know them insincere;
The past is but a glowing dream,
The future blank and drear.

If none would throw the mask aside,
I'd cling to the deceit,
To feel again that joy and pride,
Which made life's morning sweet.

It may not be — vain world, adieu!
Too well I know thee now.
Thou canst not now seem fair and true,
The brand is on thy brow.

For hearts more cold, more stern than mine,
Have chill'd my heart to stone;
The light to aid must be divine,
For here I stand alone.

EMMELINE.

THE ITALIAN BRIDAL.

IT was on a lovely autumnal evening, nearly twenty years since, that two English travellers, engaged in earnest conversation, were seen standing on the Rialto at Venice, watching the glowing sunset of an Italian sky, and listening, in languid indolence, to the drowsy hum of the gondoliers, as they glided in rapid succession before them. "You seem dispirited," said Colonel Mortimer, addressing his friend. "Is not the influence of an evening like this enough to dissipate your English spleen? Why I, some ten years your senior, with twice your experience—I, who, with a soldier's privilege, have traversed half the globe, and acknowledge myself to be somewhat hardened by the vicissitudes of a soldier's life—I am soul-subdued, enraptured," he continued, throwing himself into a mock-heroic attitude, "while you stand, with folded arms and gloomy brow, like an Englishman contemplating a leap from the Monument, amid the fogs of a November in London."

"I confess, my dear Mortimer," replied the young man thus addressed, "to a feeling of depression at this moment, which I cannot altogether subdue. I am thinking what a deep source of regret it is, that a land like this, so formed to encourage all the best feelings of our nature, the scene of so many vivid and stirring recollections, the theme of so many almost inspired poets, should be inhabited by a race so unworthy of the boon—one and all the prey to a gloomy superstition. Even the gondolier's monotonous hymn has in it something revolting to the pride of human understanding. Oh! the young and lovely women that I have seen, during my short stay here, preparing to immure themselves in the walls of a convent, and thinking, by this act of madness, they are treading the path to heaven; as if the shrinking from all the active and meritorious duties of life, and closing the avenues of the heart to every human feeling, were not in itself a crime. Monstrous delusion!"

"You speak feelingly, Davenant," returned the colonel, smiling; "which of the fair Venetians has so captivated your fancy, as to call forth such a panegyric on their charms? For my part, from the occasional glimpses I have had of those of the interesting devotees, whose orders are not sufficiently rigid to confine them altogether within their cloistered walls, I have seen nothing suffi-

ciently extraordinary to tempt me to regret their resolution. To say more, being a plain-spoken Englishman, I must honestly confess that they appear to me as ugly and swarthy specimens of the sublime and beautiful as ever I happened to see—like Egyptian mummies, in excellent preservation certainly, and venerable from their antiquity. And as to the beauty of the Italian women generally, I confess that even there I am sceptical."

"Stop your profane tongue," interrupted Davenant, eagerly; "you could not speak thus, if you had ever seen Adriana."

"Ha! ha! I have found you out, my sentimental young friend," laughed the colonel; "I have torn your secret from you. Thereby hangs a tale, I suspect. And who is this same Adriana, and what 's her history—a blank, my lord?"

"Not so, colonel. Every page in her past history is fraught with interest to me, and it is my most ardent wish to prevent her future life being indeed a blank, as it would be if her heartless parents enforce their arbitrary decree."

"Oh, I see; quite a romance — a convent-wall to be scaled, a nocturnal flight, an angry abbess to be defied, one or two lives to be hazarded in the attempt, and I, the *preux chevalier,* to aid you in the enterprise. I love an adventure—it will be a fine anecdote in my Italian tour. Your hand upon it, Lionel; I am your man."

"A truce to your *badinage*, colonel; it is not come to that. When I want your chivalric aid, rely upon it, I will not spare you. At present, I want only your sympathy, your patient hearing of my story, and, it may be, your advice."

"Well, now for your story. Here I am, ready to listen, to advise, to sympathize. I am the most accommodating fellow in the world. Proceed."

"When I first saw Adriana," began Davenant, "she was not then, as now, the admired of all beholders. Born and bred in the most rigid seclusion, doomed from infancy to a conventual life, she was unconscious almost of her personal charms, and still more of those opening faculties, which so well fitted her for adorning the more stirring scenes of life. Her only brother being sole heir to the patrimonial estates, her heartless parents could see no fitter provision for their charming daughter than burying her within the walls of a cloister. With no adviser but a bigoted priest, brought up with feelings of the most implicit obedience to the will of her parents, and having seen but little of the world ——"

"And, at that time, nothing of Lionel Davenant," interrupted the colonel, smiling—"I comprehend; I anticipate the denouément—you first taught her better things?"

"I plead guilty to the charge, colonel. It was on this very spot, where we are now standing, that

I first saw Adriana, as she passed to vespers. I discovered in that first glance, even beneath the close folds of her veil, features of loveliness which, once seen, could never be forgotten, with a sprightliness of expression quite unsuitable to the profession of a monastic life. I inquired her name—heard, with horror, the living death to which she was doomed; and made a vow, which, if life and health be granted me, I will faithfully keep, to rescue her from her impending fate. I sought her acquaintance—a fortunate chance procured me an introduction to her family. Now, Mortimer, I repeat, I plead guilty to your charge—I first taught her to rebel against the paternal decree. From the hour we met, we were all in all to each other."

"Well, then, having overcome the principal obstacle, and gained the lady's consent, I should pronounce the result certain."

"No, no, colonel—your patience for another moment. A few words will explain what yet remains to be told. A change has recently occurred in Adriana's prospects, which at first sight would appear favourable to my suit, but has produced exactly the contrary effect. Her brother, a daring and spirited youth, caring little for wealth and much for fame, and smitten with a military ardour which nothing could restrain, took an enthusiastic interest in the cause of the Greeks, in their late struggle for independence. Not contented with

giving them the aid of his purse, he could not be satisfied with less than a personal share in the contest. In spite of the remonstrances of his friends, and the tears of his sister, he joined a band of Greek patriots, left his native land in search of glory, according to newspaper report, performed prodigies of valour, and is said to have perished at Missolonghi. This event changed the destiny of Adriana. Her parents, after a short period of natural regret, centred all their ambitious views in their only remaining child. Sole heiress of the wealth which would have devolved upon her brother, they are determined to form for her a splendid alliance. Surrounded now by a set of titled suitors, the one most favoured by Count Sforza, her father, is the Marchese di Vincenza, a Neapolitan noble. With all deference to the noble blood of Italy, which flows in his veins, this same marchese, if I may venture to give my opinion, has as much the look of a bandit as any man that ever came across my path since my residence in this land of assassins; and, if I may judge from physiognomy, confirmed by some very unfavourable reports of the marchese's humanity, should Adriana be sacrificed to this ruffian, I would not answer for her life a year. You start, colonel; but while the dagger or the poisoned bowl are to be had for bribery, and absolution for the asking, an Italian wife lives only as long as it is her husband's pleasure to permit her.

But you shall see him, and judge for yourself. Accompany me to the palazzo of Count Sforza, where I am invited to-night. Look at him well, and tell me what you think of him, and whether I have too warmly extolled Adriana's beauty."

Night had now closed in, with all the beautiful serenity of the Italian climate. At the hour when the two friends appointed to meet, the palazzo of Count Sforza was a blaze of light. The entertainment given by the count that evening was a fancy ball, and a more showy affair of the kind could scarcely be imagined. The murmuring sound produced by the oars of the various gondolas, advancing in rapid succession to the festive scene; the soft notes of many a sweet national melody, dying on the waters in the distance; the glare of the coloured lamps, of every form and variety, interspersed with laurels and appropriate devices, adorning the portico by which they entered; and, above all, the picturesque costume of the assembling group, as they wound along the spiral marble staircase, gave an illusory enchantment to the scene; and Davenant stood for a moment contemplating the spectacle with unmixed delight.

The fair Adriana alone assumed the privilege, as being at home, of following her pure and elegant taste, and calling no other attraction to her aid than her own simple and modest beauty. But, though she did not, like her guests, adopt any particular

character, her dress was arranged with all due attention to becoming and classic effect. Her raven hair was braided smoothly, à la Grecque, over her forehead; and her mourning attire, which she had not yet thrown aside, was relieved by a splendid tiara of diamonds, which, with a necklace and cross of the same jewels, gave her an almost regal appearance.

"Is she not a superb creature?" whispered Davenant to his friend.

"Handsome," returned Mortimer, "but too penserosa for me. I cannot perceive in her features that vivacity which you described to me. L'allegro for my taste." And he turned, with an air of indifference, which half offended Davenant, to gaze on some of the more animated countenances sparkling around him. Indeed, Adriana's countenance wore that evening an unusually thoughtful and pensive expression, quite at variance with the festive scene.

"You seem displeased that I do not pay my homage at the same shrine, Davenant?" said the colonel, laughing. "So much the better, we shall not quarrel upon that point. But, I confess, the fair heiress is far too great a prize to be thrown away on that swarthy marchese you pointed out to me just now; and I am ready to join you, heart and hand, to prevent the completion of such a sacrifice. But what is going on there? See how

all the crowd are hurrying in one direction. Let us follow; I am for seeing all that is to be seen in this land of spectacle. When we are at Rome, in common policy, we must do as Rome does. That 's appropriate, is it not? except that the scene happens to be laid in Venice. But *n'importe,* 'it will do, it will do,' as Mercutio says."

Davenant followed mechanically the way that his friend led, and they soon perceived that the object of attraction was an improvisatore; a man of some poetic talent, who had assumed, with a sort of pardonable vanity, the character of Petrarch, and was reciting, in a wild and enthusiastic manner, a poem of some length, which seemed to excite great interest among the glittering multitude. The sound of the Italian language is naturally harmonious; his verses flowed on smoothly, and apparently without effort; his audience were not critical, and the performance elicited sufficient admiration to satisfy the reciter.

Suddenly, as Adriana approached, he ceased, and, with an air of much gallantry, refused to proceed till she had chosen for him a theme, which would inspire him, he said, more than any subject he had yet attempted. Adriana, thus challenged, gracefully, and in a low tone, named a subject to him. The improvisatore, taking up the idea, began his narration.

He described an heiress, in the full pride of

youth and beauty, surrounded by a crowd of mercenary flatterers, and falling into the too common error of supposing herself the object of disinterested affection. Giddy, wild, and vain, she yields, with all the enthusiasm of youth, to the intoxicating dream of delight. A sudden reverse of fortune shows her the hollowness of the world, and opens her eyes to the precipice on which she stands. He described the heart-sickening feeling of disappointment with which she turns for consolation to those on whom she most relied, the gradual desertion, one by one, of her chosen but faithless associates, till, left alone in her grief, she flies for refuge to the walls of a convent, to expiate, by penitence and prayer, the follies of her early days.

The story was not altogether new; but Adriana was the queen of the night, and a theme chosen by her could not fail to be approved of. The improvisatore was a man of some skill in his art, and contrived, by the harmony of his verse and the pathos of his gesture, to weave out of a subject trite and hackneyed enough an interesting romance, and made such an affecting appeal to the feelings of his audience, that a murmur of applause ran through the circle.

"Your story, signor," said Adriana, with some emotion, as the narrator concluded, "forms an appropriate introduction to what I have chosen this opportunity to communicate to my assembled

friends. The unlooked-for circumstance to which I allude, while it makes a material change in my worldly fortunes, will not, I hope, render me less worthy of their regard. To me it is a subject of personal rejoicing; and I fondly hope all present will rejoice with me. In a word, a letter received last night announces the gratifying intelligence that my brother, my dear brother, still lives to establish his claims to that inheritance which could become mine only in the event of his premature decease. Too happy am I to resign the patrimonial honours into hands so well worthy to receive them, and to welcome, with open arms, a dear relative so long supposed to have met with the fate of the brave, and mourned over with so many bitter tears."

She paused; and it was almost ludicrous to observe the effect of this startling announcement, so plainly visible in the majority of the upraised countenances around her. The improvisatore's narrative now assumed a new interest, the unwelcome interest of truth. It was no longer merely a pathetic fiction, calculated to enthral the attention. The agreeable surprise of the dead alive produced any thing but a cheering effect upon the assembly; the congratulations were few and faint; and it was obvious that the resuscitation of the young heir would speedily be the means of releasing Adriana from the importunities of some of her most ardent

admirers. In short, it was evident that a damp was cast over the festivities of the evening. From this moment every thing seemed to pall. A smile of derision passed over Adriana's hitherto pensive features, on perceiving the instantaneous effect she had produced; but she bore her mortification with a dignified expression of contempt, which became her well. Many withdrew immediately, to conceal the nature of their emotion. Among the first to disappear from the group was the Marchese di Vincenza, which Davenant remarked with a smile of satisfaction. He himself remained, till the lordly halls were nearly all but deserted by the multitude—and remained, to renew in Adriana's ear those vows of fidelity, which alone remained unshaken by the change in her fortunes, and were worth all the homage of the heartless crew.

Within three days from this period, the arrival of Ludovico, the brother of Adriana, at the home of his ancestors, confirmed the truth of the statement. In less than a week, the showy marchese had decamped from Venice, and, within three months, it was generally known that he had consoled himself for the disappointment of his mercenary schemes by his marriage with a wealthy Neapolitan countess, the widow of one of his deceased friends.

The removal of so formidable a rival seemed,

at first sight, to have produced a marvellous change in Davenant's favour; at least, he was conscious of a much more gracious reception at the palazzo of the count than he had formerly met with. But this was only the calm, the prelude to the coming storm. Lounging in one morning at Count Sforza's, at his usual hour, he found Adriana, for the first time, alone and in tears, evidently overwhelmed by some new affliction. In broken and faltering accents, she told him that they must meet no more till some more propitious moment, and that this, their last interview, must be brief as it was painful. She proceeded to inform him, that a rumour was freely circulated in Venice, and generally believed, that the Marchesa di Vincenza had died suddenly, a month after her marriage. In this instance, it was not

> "The funeral bak'd meats,
> Which coldly furnish'd out the marriage-table,"

but the funeral procession had followed the bridal festivities so rapidly, that suggestions of the most fearful nature presented themselves to the mind of Adriana. It was not so with her parents. They saw in this event only a fresh inducement to pursue their ambitious projects. The marchese was now a free man, and a still richer prize from the wealth acquired by his recent marriage, and the count and countess determined to leave no art un-

tried to recal the recreant lover. For this purpose, they had written to him that morning a letter of condolence to remind him of their existence, and, while awaiting the marchese's reply, Adriana was peremptorily forbidden to hold any communication with the object of her choice. This command was accompanied with a threat, that disobedience would be punished by forcing her into the adoption of a conventual life, for which she was originally destined, and from which she now shrank with an aversion amounting to horror.

As the trembling narrator concluded her recital, with clasped hands and impassioned accents, she implored her anxious auditor to quit her instantly, if he valued her safety, or even, she added with a shudder, it might be, his own life. She assured him that they were surrounded by spies, that she had reason to dread every species of violence on the part of her parents, if she transgressed their prohibition ; that even her brother, whom she had received with open arms, and whose restoration, as it were, from the grave, she had welcomed with such disinterested affection, was leagued with her enemies. In short, if they were seen together, she could not answer for the consequences. They must part. Their only consolation in absence must be the faint hope of meeting again under happier auspices.

To the ear of an Englishman the bare mention of such an undue exercise of authority appeared

startling and almost incredible; but Davenant had seen enough, during his short residence in Italy, to be aware that, in a country where a herd of bigots and assassins are found ready to commit any crime, however atrocious, for their hire, Adriana's fears were, in all probability, by no means exaggerated; and that, if he would save her from insult and oppression, he had no resource at present but to yield implicit obedience to her commands. Greatly disturbed in mind, he bade her a hurried farewell, and was fortunate enough to retreat unobserved. As he passed the Rialto, which lay in his way, the very place where he had just discussed his hopes and fears respecting Adriana, in his abstraction he ran against his friend Colonel Mortimer, and was hurrying on without perceiving who it was that obstructed his path.

"Well met, Davenant, I was looking for you," said the colonel, hurrying after him; "whither so fast, thou knight of the woful countenance? What new disaster do I read in your face? Why, you look like Romeo apostrophising the moon. I can read the word 'banished' in every feature. You look like him prepared to throw yourself upon the ground,

'And take the measure of an unmade grave!'"

Davenant was in no mood to return the colonel's raillery, but replied hastily, "You have hit the mark at random, colonel. Banished I am, and that for an uncertain period."

He then proceeded to make him acquainted with the particulars of his late interview with Count Sforza's daughter, and concluded by asking his advice in the present perplexed state of his affairs.

"Oh! if you ask my advice seriously, and really mean to act upon it," said Mortimer, "it is simply this—to follow the lady's counsel, and leave Venice till this affair is blown over. If you do not, rely upon it, this being a country where summary justice, or rather vengeance, is a matter of course, you will only be giving very satisfactory employment to some bravo, or your life will fall a sacrifice in some romantic quarrel, and 'not a stone tell where you lie.'"

"You draw rapid conclusions, colonel," said Davenant, almost tempted to smile in his turn, "but I confess I am inclined to follow your counsel if, after proposing flight, you would follow it up by naming the place of refuge."

"Oh, that I have decided upon already. I am tired of the amphibious sort of life we lead here. I long to quit this city of muddy canals and dangerous beauties. I am for Naples, which I have not yet seen, and where you will find much to interest you."

"Your notion is not a bad one," said Davenant. "I have some relations there, and should be glad to join them. I feel confident that, by absenting

myself for a while, I shall serve Adriana more effectually than by lingering here. I trust that I shall speedily be forgotten by her parents when they see me no more, and I have confidence enough in her affection not to dread a temporary absence. For Naples be it then; a bachelor's portmanteau is soon packed, and companionship in a journey is always desirable. Let us start to-morrow, and linger as little on the road as possible. When once I have made up my mind to a thing, I like to put it out of my own power to change my plans."

By sunrise on the following morning the two friends were *en route* for Naples. Notwithstanding their pre-determination not to linger unnecessarily on the road, they found this a resolution much easier made than adhered to. They were both too thoroughly English in their tastes and habits to be much in love with the picturesque, and felt much more disposed to cavil at the delays, inconveniences, and disgusts attendant on foreign travel, so different from the quiet, easy motion of an English postchaise, and the substantial welcome of an English hotel, than to enjoy the striking and varied scenery through which they were passing. Mountains covered with snow, luxuriant valleys, gloomy convents, and glassy lakes, figure well in the pages of a romance, or the sketch-book of an artist, but they are sorry and unsatisfactory pro-

spects to a traveller half dead with fatigue, and longing to find himself safely arrived at the end of a toilsome journey. Bribes and threats were equally unavailing with the obstinate postillions, to whose guidance the friends had committed themselves.

It was now the third day of their journey; their lazy drivers having promised to reach Naples by sunset on that day. When the shades of evening darkened rapidly around them, they began to feel considerable uneasiness, knowing the dangers of the spot in which they were; when they saw no prospect of the fulfilment of his promise. Davenant was again preparing to have recourse to his purse; but the cupidity of their postillions had been so much excited by his previous liberality that they found it a profitable game, and the colonel checked his friend's intention, advising a little more caution in the display of his coin.

"Softly!" he exclaimed, "if you go on at this rate, the fellows will look upon you as a simple Englishman with more money than wit, and be apt to consider you a fit object of plunder to the banditti with which this part of the country abounds, or perhaps betray you into their hands."

"No matter," said Davenant, in a despairing tone; "I shall have the less to be plundered of."

"Even that," returned the colonel, "is perhaps not quite so desirable as you think it. You do

not know these gentry as well as I do. Should we have the ill luck to fall in with them, if they found you a less profitable prize than they expected, you would stand a good chance of being detained their prisoner, or, failing that, they would be little scrupulous of sacrificing your life to their vengeance."

Their conversation was now disagreeably interrupted by a sudden halt, the postillions at the same moment, with dismally lengthened faces, giving them the pleasant intelligence that it was utterly impossible to proceed on their journey that night, their jaded beasts being completely knocked up. They knew, they said, of a small inn about a mile or two out of the beaten track, where they might possibly obtain shelter for the night. They confessed that the accommodation was wretched, but still it was better than being benighted in such a spot, with every prospect of a coming storm, and where the banditti, they added, swarmed as thick as mosquitoes.

"This is agreeable," said the colonel, in a low voice; "but, as there is no help for it, I suppose we must make the best even of this dismal alternative. But, weary as we are, there is no hope of sleep for the night. We can't be sure of the character of such a house as these fellows describe, and perhaps it is all a preconcerted scheme. We must sit up armed through the night, and be pre-

pared in case of any sudden attack, and, if we escape, must depart with the first glimpse of daylight."

After winding their way for nearly three quarters of an hour through a broken and precipitous road, which the increasing darkness rendered every moment more perilous, and expecting to add to their other adventures the delights of an overset, which might finish by leaving them with broken bones in this mountain wilderness, they at last arrived at the miserable little inn described by the postillions. The ill-looking ruffian who churlishly gave them admittance had so much the air of one of the brigand tribe, that he might have been taken for Don Çiro Annicchiarico himself, the celebrated priest-robber, after whom several detachments of gens-d'armes were at that period in pursuit, and who was known to be concealed somewhere in that neighbourhood.

"It is well," said Davenant, when, after ordering some refreshment, he found himself alone with his companion, "that there is no temptation to sleep in such wretched beds as these. I entirely agree with you, that the whole appearance of this place and the people about it is so unsatisfactory, that we must not suffer ourselves to be sufficiently overcome with fatigue to be off our guard for a moment. We appear to have some neighbours in the next room, and the partition is

so thin that we may fairly take a lawful advantage of the circumstance to listen to their dialogue, and form some notion as to the company we are in."

"Your idea is a good one," returned the colonel, "for they appear in eager conversation. The place does not, indeed, seem to be so untenanted as I should have been led to suppose from our drivers' description and the sequestered situation in which it stands. But I agree with you, that precaution is necessary, as, from the clamour that prevails among the party in the next room, I should imagine it is not the most select, and should greatly prefer utter solitude to the proximity of such a ruffianly crew."

For some time, however, the din of so many voices mingling together prevented the English travellers from connecting any part of the national jargon, though the evident intemperance of the speakers, and some detached sentences which now and then met the ears of their auditors, gave no very favourable opinion of the style of their conversation. Suddenly the most vociferous among the noisy multitude called loudly for a song, which request being instantly complied with, a chorus of wild voices broke forth in the following rude strain, adapted to some not inappropriate national melody; the words of the song leaving no longer any doubt as to the lawless nature of their pursuits:—

Pass the flaggon, brave boys, let's have one night of glee;
Let us drink to the health of the brave and the free.
The roar of the tempest to us bodes no ill,
The traveller benighted brings grist to our mill.

While the ploughman and merchant must toil for their bread,
We roam through the world, and like nobles are fed,
Take our ease in the day and our pleasure by night,
With mankind for our prey and the moon for our light.

Our home's in the mountain; wherever we go,
We've a purse for a friend and a dirk for a foe;
And what though we live by the fools that we slay,
Is it worse than the soldier who kills for his pay?

If ill fortune betrays us at last to our foes,
We're for danger prepar'd, 'tis no ill wind that blows;
We slip from life's troubles, the law we defy,
By our own hands we fall, and like heroes we die.

The song ended, the party appeared to break up for the night, and Davenant and his friend with much satisfaction heard them take their departure, and flattered themselves that they had escaped unobserved. Their satisfaction, however, was greatly alloyed by finding that two of the party lingered behind, and remained apparently discussing some private affairs of their own, and evidently preparing to take up their quarters for the night.

Davenant and his friend had both a perfect knowledge of the Italian language, which enabled them, by attentive listening, to gather the substance

of their neighbours' discourse, which was nearly as follows :—

"And so, Paulo," said the first speaker, "the Marchesa di Vincenza has recovered after all, and disappointed her lord after he had *almost* prepared his sables, and *quite*, if report says true, fixed upon her successor."

"If report says true," rejoined the other, "the successor was fixed upon even before the marriage took place. If I am rightly informed, there is a certain fair lady at Venice, one Adriana, daughter of Count Sforza, whom the marchese suddenly deserted, allured by the contessa's wealth, but the remembrance of whom still clings around his heart and poisons its enjoyment."

"It may be so; but what amazes me is, that a man so little scrupulous as to the ways and means of getting rid of any little obstacle of the sort should have suffered such a disappointment. What could have been easier, during the marchesa's long illness, than to have bribed one of the attendants to put a little additional strength in one of the potions intended to procure the invalid a night's repose, and thus have made the sleep eternal?"

"Hark ye, Francisco, the marchese plays a deeper game. He was not altogether sure of the people about him. The attendant, who never left her mistress's side, had been her nurse in infancy, and it was not so easy to elude her vigi-

lance. By a well feigned show of the most profound grief during his lady's illness, and equally well dissembled joy at her recovery, the marchese has effectually succeeded in lulling all suspicion as far as regards himself; but the blow will not be the less surely dealt because he awaits a fitter opportunity. To do him justice, however, I think the idea would scarcely have occurred to him at present, but for an unfounded rumour, which somehow reached Venice, of the marchesa's death, and which induced Count Sforza to write him a letter of condolence, to feel his way, as I imagine, with the new-made widower. He saw in a moment that the fair lady was still disengaged, and her father as ready as ever to sacrifice her to his ambition; he thought it a pity, as he reperused the letter, that such matchless hypocrisy should be thrown away, and the idea struck him how easy it would be not to undeceive him for a while, and to confirm the rumour by converting the falsehood into reality. You will wonder how I became so well acquainted with Vincenza's schemes." Then, lowering his voice, so that it was with difficulty the anxious listeners could catch the next sentence, "You see before you, Francisco, the man who will be some zechins the richer for gratifying this little whim of the marchese, and you know me well enough to believe this arm has nerve to strike the blow."

"Do I hear you right?" said the other, with a stifled groan of horror: though apparently of the same tribe with his comrade, he had evidently less of the wolf in his disposition. "What! murder for hire, in cold blood, a young unoffending creature, who can never have harmed you in word or deed! You cannot mean it?"

"I have done such things for a less reward before now, and can again. I tell you, Francisco, the marchesa's days are numbered. The very day and hour when she will be stretched a corpse at my feet, are decided upon. On the third day of this week, at the hour of eight in the evening, is the time fixed upon for her to receive absolution, and offer up prayers for her recovery in the private chapel of the palazzo. I can be concealed behind the statue of her saint, and, while she is engaged at her devotions, and her face concealed in her hands, I can spring forth and send her soul to heaven."

"Impossible, Paulo!" cried his comrade, anxiously. "You will never profane such a holy spot with so foul a crime, and pollute your hands with blood at the very altar!"

"And why not, you faint-hearted slave? For my part, I applaud myself both for the wisdom and the humanity of the scheme. The marchesa is a showy creature, always splendidly attired, and decorated with the most costly jewels: I shall take

care to rid her of these useless incumbrances. This is better than surprising her in her sleep, for plunder will be supposed to be the motive of the deed, and her husband escape unsuspected. So much for the wisdom of the plot. And as for the humanity, can I choose a fitter moment than the hour of prayer? I have let you thus far into my secrets, Francisco," resumed the ruffian, after a pause, "because I require your aid in this business. There is a saucy priest to be silenced, as well as a fair lady, and you shall have a due share of the plunder for your reward. But if you betray me you know me, and that I wear a dagger, and know how to use one, and spare neither friend nor foe on occasion."

The conversation was here interrupted by the loud noise of many voices, and the sound of horses' feet in the inn-yard below.

"Is that a fresh arrival?" exclaimed the last speaker, eagerly, "or have the travellers I had marked out for our booty to-night given us the slip? We have been fools if we have suffered them to escape. I hate to miss an opportunity like this."

"I have been beforehand with you in this matter," cried the other, "practised as you are in your trade. You may spare yourself the trouble and risk of an encounter. There are two of them well armed, and a match for us in point of

strength. I like to do things quietly, for my part, and without bloodshed on either side. The postillions gave me a timely hint that they were Englishmen, and well worth looking after. I have ransacked their portmanteaus already, and eased them of their superfluous cash."

"Pleasant hearing this," said Davenant, with a most woful countenance, "and thank my stars I am now not worth a ducat! Agreeable, is it not, to arrive penniless in a foreign city, with not wherewithal to pay for a night's lodging!"

"Make yourself easy on that subject," returned Mortimer. "The loss cannot be serious enough to occasion you more than a temporary inconvenience. I, who seem to be a more experienced traveller, took care to conceal my purse in the lining of my travelling-cap, and will be your treasurer till you can raise the supplies. Perhaps this circumstance, disagreeable as it is, may have saved our lives; so we have something to be grateful for."

"I must bear my ill-luck with what philosophy I may," said Davenant; "meanwhile, I can think of nothing but how we can manage to save the life of the unfortunate woman whose fate has been so savagely determined on. We must warn her of her danger without delay."

"I am not quite so sure," returned the colonel, gravely, "that a mere warning would answer the

purpose, without some additional security. We have heard enough to convince us, that this scoundrel, so reckless of human life, is stimulated by no motive of private revenge, but the mere sordid love of gain. Perhaps an additional bribe might induce him to spare his victim. Were the marchesa at this moment informed of her danger, and to take every precaution for her safety, it might only be a momentary respite. Were she to attempt flight, the place of her retreat might be traced, and she might fall again into the hands of her enemies; but, could this hired assassin be induced to deceive Vincenza into the belief that he had executed his commands, the pursuit might be abandoned, and all would be well. I am the more certain of being able to make my own terms with the ruffian at this moment, as I see, by that flash of lightning, that the noise which gave a momentary interruption to the conference of these worthies, has been occasioned by the arrival of a troop of gens-d'armes, probably in pursuit of the brigands who took refuge here from the storm."

"I feel much more inclined to inflict summary justice on these miscreants, colonel," said Davenant; "my blood boils at the very thought of the atrocious conspiracy which has been thus accidentally revealed to us. I cannot bear to be under the same roof with these cold-blooded villains and suffer them to escape."

"Be advised by me," said Mortimer. "A stander-by sees more of the game than those who play. You must allow me to prosecute this adventure alone. You are too much interested in the denouément to act with proper judgment. Your rashness and ardour would involve you in some needless hazard, which would deprive the fair Adriana of her last chance for a husband. You must not be too cruel."

"You turn every thing into a jest, sir," said Davenant, peevishly; "but I will not quarrel with you on that subject. I must confess, you have ever been a zealous friend, and am ready to admit that here the better part of valour may be discretion; so take your own way."

The result of this conference between the two friends it is not now necessary to the course of the narrative to reveal. Suffice it to say, the travellers were suffered to depart unmolested, and, by daybreak, were on their road to Naples, where they arrived without further accident or adventure, and where we shall leave them for the present.

In the mean time, Adriana, a prey to the most melancholy reflections, pined in secret, and lamented, with many bitter tears, the frenzied terror with which she had urged the departure of her only friend. When he was once out of reach of any personal hazard, she began, like others in similar circumstances, to think that her fears had

exaggerated the danger; and, with a pardonable caprice, the result of an anxious and agitated mind, she was ready to upbraid her lover for the promptitude with which he had obeyed her commands. She began to fear too, as was natural in one whose intercourse with the world had shown her only the dark side of human nature, that time, absence, and change of scene, those fatal tests of even the most devoted attachment, might produce their effect on the natural inconstancy of man. There was nothing that she dreaded, not even death itself, so much as the desertion of the only being she had ever learnt to love; and, when day after day passed on without even a single line from Davenant, she abandoned herself to despair. She forgot that it was impossible for them to meet in safety; and that any communication by letter was out of the question, as it would only expose her anew to the most harassing persecutions; while there was only too much probability of his correspondence being intercepted by her family for him to make the attempt.

But the unhappy are prone to be unjust, and Davenant would himself have forgiven the lonely sufferer, could he have formed any notion of the torturing suspicions by which her mind was racked. Circumstances also fatally combined to give a colour to those suspicions. She had heard that Davenant had arrived safely at Naples.

The busy tongue of rumour added still more—that he was seen constantly in public, and also frequently in the society of a handsome countrywoman of his own, whom he escorted to every place of fashionable resort. It was reported, too, that the lady was on the eve of marriage, and that splendid presents had been made her preparatory to her nuptials; but there the information stopped. The bridegroom was not named; yet could she doubt any longer? was it not plain that she was forgotten? She had not the strength to inquire further; her heart seemed turned to stone. She was now like an automaton, entirely at the bidding of her merciless parents. She was a willing slave in their hands—she resisted no more. She would gladly have buried her sorrows within the walls of a convent, but even this refuge was denied her.

At this inauspicious moment, the Marchese di Vincenza, as a gay and opulent widower, arrived in Venice to renew his suit. Adriana shrank with horror from his addresses; but she was goaded by resentment, and, with a breaking heart, gave her consent to the ill-omened nuptials.

"It is no matter," she exclaimed, "I cannot be more wretched. Some time, not far distant, will arrive, when Lionel will heave a sigh for my unhappy fate. He will hear of my early death, and drop a tear over my grave—that tear will avenge my wrongs."

Every minor obstacle to the marriage being now removed, the marchese had but one more point to gain. Anxious to astonish his bride by the grandeur of his establishment at Naples, he insisted that the ceremony should be performed at the palazzo of his ancestors, which his newly-acquired wealth had enabled him to fit up with additional splendour. Adriana yielded a reluctant consent. She knew that Davenant still lingered in that city, and she feared that the sight of him, if they should chance to meet, would, even at the last moment, subdue that feeling which clings the latest round a woman's heart—her pride—and that her fortitude would fail ere she completed the sacrifice. But a faint hope still mingled with her fears, that the news of her intended marriage must, under all circumstances, reach Davenant's ears, that he could not hear of it without a pang, and that he might, ere too late, have some explanation to offer, and come to rescue her from her impending fate. Yet so short was the period between her arrival at Naples and the day fixed for the bridal, that the hope grew fainter every hour.

For several days previously to the projected marriage, it was observed, by such of Adriana's friends as were interested in her happiness, that the marchese wore a perturbed and anxious look, less like a bridegroom about to be united to the object of his affection, than a man brooding over some ill-concealed grief or alarming crime.

So palpable was his abstraction, that it was even conjectured by many, and hinted to Count Sforza himself, that Vincenza's well-known and intemperate habits had gradually unsettled his reason. The count was entreated to pause ere he decided upon consigning his daughter for ever to the protection of a man about whom so many dark stories were circulated; but the mercenary father, blinded by ambition, attributed this friendly advice to the suggestions of envy, turned a deaf ear to every warning voice, and the bridal day arrived.

To make the scene more imposing, a late hour in the evening was fixed upon for the ceremony. The cathedral was brilliantly lighted for the occasion. The wedding party was numerous; and, as the gorgeous train passed under the lofty portico, the effect was solemn and striking. Adriana was sumptuously attired; but it was a mourning bride whom they were leading to the altar. Anguish was in her heart, and written in legible characters in every feature of her pallid and woe-worn countenance. The lustre of her dark and downcast eye was dimmed by falling tears, and she looked more like a Hindoo widow about to sacrifice herself on the funeral pile of her husband; or a novice preparing to pronounce those vows which were to separate her for ever from friends and kindred; than a delighted bride, about to enter on a career of magnificence, and an object of envy to half the

thoughtless multitude by whom she was surrounded. As she approached the sumptuous monument, where reposed the long line of the ancestors of the house of Vincenza, her despair reached its height, and she sank half-fainting at the foot of the magnificent sepulchre.

"The dead are at peace," she murmured, with a deep-drawn sigh; "would that I were at rest beside them!

Her bridesmaids attempted to raise her, and conduct her to the altar; but, as they led her forward, she turned once more, and uttered a shriek so loud and piercing, that they feared lest, overpowered by grief, her reason had suddenly fled. She continued pointing, however, with outstretched hand, to some object in the distance; and the assembled crowd, with one accord, directing their attention to the same spot, were soon as much paralyzed and overwhelmed as herself by the spectacle which met their gaze. A female figure, pale as monumental marble, and clad in the vestments of the grave, was seen advancing slowly from the corridor at the remote end of the cathedral. There were those present who recognised in the ghastly countenance which met their startled gaze the features of the marchese's deceased wife. The marchese himself uttered a cry of horror at the sight, and clung with averted eyes to the rails of the altar, as if to claim protection from Heaven at this crisis of his fate.

"Antonia! Antonia!" he howled, with the yell of a maniac. "Do my senses deceive me? Can the grave give up its dead? Is it thus, accusing spirit, thou wouldst avenge thyself by separating us at the very altar! Forgive, Adriana, the wretched criminal thou hast made! Her wealth allured me from thee, but thy remembrance clung around my heart. If I destroyed her, it was for thee—for thee!"

As he pronounced these words he sank senseless in the arms of his attendants. At this moment a new interest was created in the scene.

Davenant, who, though completely concealed, had been present during the whole of this fearful interval, suddenly appeared, and, seizing Adriana's hand, "Look up, my beloved!" he exclaimed, "be comforted, all shall be explained. Come forward, injured and unhappy lady," turning to the visionary figure in the distance, on which every eye was fixed in terror, "come forward, and convince this trembling villain, that it is no spirit of the invisible world which stands before them, but an unfortunate mortal, who has not yet shaken off this earthly frame, but has been saved by Providence from the tomb already gaping to receive her. Convey that wretched man into the air," he continued, in a tone of authority, turning to the attendants. "Endeavour to restore him to consciousness. Let us hope that he may be spared

to atone by penitence and prayer for the guilt of premeditated murder, which a fortunate chance alone, unknown to himself, prevented him from accomplishing. And now, count," addressing the astonished father of Adriana, "of you I have but one favour to ask. I have saved your daughter from being sacrificed to that monster in human form. From your gratitude I demand a recompense—I claim my bride."

Little more remains to be told. That Count Sforza's gratitude was not of a very ardent nature, from what has been seen of the selfishness of his disposition, may readily be supposed; but it is certain that shame prevented him from placing any farther obstacle in the way of his daughter's union with the object of her choice. The fact too of the supposed deceased wife of the marchese being clearly able to prove her identity, so totally set aside, even in that land of easy morality, all further chance of Vincenza's laying any claim to his daughter's hand, that he became greatly reconciled to the prospect of her union with another; especially as Davenant proved to his satisfaction that he had not only an unsullied name, but a substantial estate in England to offer to Adriana's acceptance.

That the plot against the marchesa's life utterly failed through the interference of Mortimer may readily be conjectured, since the result has been seen. He had rightly judged that, in appealing to

the avarice of the ruffian who had been hired to commit the murder, he was sure of success. He pledged himself, as he knew he might safely do, that the marchesa, if her life were spared, should reward him with double the sum offered by her husband for her destruction. To be paid on both sides, and spared the danger of the deed, appeared to the villain a profitable speculation.

It remained therefore only to conceive a scheme for deceiving Vincenza into the belief that his wishes were fulfilled. This was done in the following manner. Paulo persuaded the marchese that it was too hazardous to attempt the dreadful deed almost within hearing of his own household, and that it would be safer to carry the marchesa from the chapel and make away with her in secret. The unfortunate lady received timely notice to save herself by flight. The dead body of a female, stolen from the churchyard and so purposely disfigured that the features were no longer distinguishable, but dressed in the same clothes which the marchesa had on at the time of her disappearance, and having on her finger a ring of peculiar workmanship which she always wore, was brought in by Paulo to the palazzo, and reported to the household as having been found by him in an adjoining lake. It was generally believed that the marchesa had committed suicide in a returning paroxysm of the fever from which she had so

lately recovered, and the corpse was buried with all due honours in the ancestral monument.

All things being thus arranged, it was determined by Mortimer and Davenant to let events take their natural course; and at the final moment, by a supposed spectral illusion acting on his conscience, to force the marchese into a public acknowledgment of his crime. There is but one more circumstance left to explain. The handsome Englishwoman with whom Davenant was reported to have been so often seen, and who had excited Adriana's jealousy, was a relative of his own, about to be united to a young baronet making an excursion of pleasure at Naples; where Davenant still lingered for the double purpose of being present at her wedding, and saving Adriana from the final sacrifice.

Vincenza, disgraced and degraded in the eyes of his kindred and friends, was seen no more in Naples, but retired to a remote corner of Italy, where his history was not known. It may readily be supposed that his injured wife was warned by experience not to trust her life any more to his tender mercies. She retired with her new-found friends to England, in which more free and happy country Davenant was determined that his own marriage should take place; Mortimer only stipulating, for his share in bringing about that event, that he should be present at the ceremony and give away

the bride. Sick of every thing foreign but the fair creature he had selected for his partner for life, Davenant returned to his native country with a lightened heart. After such a long-tried attachment, united to the chosen object of his love, he lived in the sweet hope (a hope which was subsequently confirmed by the reality) that the intelligent mind of the fair Italian, under the influence of affection and the example of his own more enlightened countrymen, might be freed from the errors of early education—the only errors of which he could think her capable; and remove the only alloy to his happiness, by becoming a convert to the purer faith of Protestantism.

EMMELINE.

THE ANCIENT MONUMENT.

There's a lion under thy feet, Sir Knight,
And over thy head an escutcheon bright,
And, group'd around with mournful mien,
Kneeling kindred and friends are seen;
From some old Time hath cloven the head,
Or the arm of marble away hath shred;
But thou, in thy perfect state, art there,
With cuirass buckled and forehead bare,
And pale hands lifted and clasp'd in pray'r.

Where were the fields of thy proud career?
What were the deeds of thy glittering spear?

With thy good war-steed and thy helmed head
Didst thou trample on heaps of the quivering dead?
Was thy banner on Syrian plains displayed?
Did it flame in the van of the red crusade?
Didst thou quaff thy cup of foaming wine,
And vaunting lead the embattled line
To the leaguer'd gates of Palestine?

What was the price of thy warrior-fame?
What was the cost of thy mighty name?
Did innocent blood profusely spilt
Tinge thy coat of mail with the hue of guilt?
Stern wert thou to thy vassal-train?
Dead to the moaning of want and pain?
Lo! the dust of the peasant is sleeping free
'Neath the holy shade of the churchyard tree—
Baron bold! is it well with thee?

I see on the scroll, by thy couch of sleep,
The name of the Saviour engraven deep.
Was that thy chart when the sunbeam smil'd?
Was that thine anchor when storms were wild?
When the shaft of the spoiler had pierced thy heart,
Did it win the grief from that poison dart?
Then, till the dawn of the day of doom,
Till the trump of the angel shall break the gloom,
Rest—in the peace of the Christian's tomb!

L. H. Sigourney.

London, April, 1841.

THE DOUBLE LESSON

THE DOUBLE LESSON.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

Maiden of Padua, on thy lap
  Thus lightly let the volume lie;
And as within some pictured map
  Fair isles and waters we descry,
Trace out, with white and gliding finger,
  Along the truth-illumined page,
Its golden lines and words that linger
  In memory's cell, from youth to age.

The young Preceptor at thy side
  Had Pupil ne'er before so fair;
And though that scholar be thy guide,
  He sits thy fellow-learner there.
As every page unfolds its meaning,
  As every rustling leaf turns o'er,
He finds, whilst o'er thy studies leaning,
  Beauty where all was dull before.

Familiar is the book to him,
  A record of heroic deed;
Yet deems he now his eyes were dim,
  And thine have taught them first to read.

Now fades in him the scholar's glory;
For he would give the fame he sought,
With thee to read the simplest story,
And learn—what sages never taught.

The precious wealth of countless books
Lies stored within his grasping mind;
Yet should he not peruse thy looks,
He now were more than Ignorance blind.
From many a language, old, enchanting,
Rare truths to nations he unrolls;
But one old language yet was wanting,
The one you teach him—'t is the soul's.

* * * * *

Full long this lesson, Pupil fair!
All pupils else hath he forsook;
He draws still nearer to thy chair,
And bends yet closer o'er the book.
As time flies on, now fast, now fleeter,
More slowly is the page turned o'er;
The Lesson seems to both the sweeter,
And more enchanting grows the lore.

The book now yields a tenderer theme;
The Master loses all his art,
The Pupil droops, as in a dream,
And both are reading with one heart.

His eyes, upraised a moment, glisten
With hope, and joy, and fear profound;
While thine—oh! maiden! do they *listen?*
They seem to *hear* his sigh's faint sound!

But hark! what sound indeed breaks through
The silence of that life-long hour!
Melodious tinklings, such as sue
For favour near a ladye's bower.
Ah! maid of Padua, music swelling
In tribute to thy radiant charms,
Now greets thee in thy father's dwelling,
To woo thee from a father's arms.

That suitor comes with song and lute,
Youth, riches, pleasure, round him wait;
Go, bid him, Paduan maid, be mute—
Thy lot is cast—he comes too late!
One lesson given, and one received,
The Book prevails, the Lute 's denied;
With love thy inmost heart has heaved,
And thou shalt be a Student's bride.

FRIAR'S VALLEY.

A LEGEND OF ST. HELENA.

BY MRS. WARD,

AUTHORESS OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD SOLDIER," ETC.

Long years ago, in the soft moonlight of a southern clime, a traveller looked down from a lone hill-side upon a valley that resounded with mirth and song. The voices of the young were borne up the side of the hill by fragrant breezes. There was an echo of gay dancing footsteps, and castanets, with their swift and sharp beating, made the echo still more glad and perfect. Sitting then in shadow, and looking down upon the moonlit valley, the stranger said: — "Thus have I ever been, shut out from all companionship with my fellows, lonely, unknown, and utterly deserted, while they are gay."

Shall I tell you why he said this? His father was a Portuguese noble, his mother a poor Spanish girl. The noble had loved this poor Spanish girl, and, though his country had called him back, he loved her still — loved her in his way with a fiery selfish love, for he would not marry her. But as his son grew up, he watched him, he had him educated, and now he told his mother that if she

would send the youth to him, he would place him among the warriors of Portugal. She hesitated, she wept, she consented, then she retracted her consent; and her son, with that proud longing for distinction which leads young spirits forth to danger, left his home, and proceeded to Portugal. "It may be," said he, "that my deeds may lead my father to do my mother justice." Vain dependence on man's generosity!

He departed. And, wandering on, he rested by the road-side, or in dark woods, or among mountains, or sometimes, as just now, upon a lone hill-side. The moon increased in beauty; and, creeping down with slow and silent footfalls, our traveller descended among the lovely vineyards.

He remained in shadow; it was such enjoyment to stand under those green and fragrant aisles of most delicious beauty; and, looking out from his hiding-place of tender leaves, he gazed till his heart beat heavily and mysteriously. A young girl was dancing, sometimes alone for a few minutes, and anon she struck her castanets, and a group of girls advanced, holding out their hands to youths who followed them. The dance was slow, and the music solemn; and when it was done he heard the young girl who had led it rejoicing that the solemn dance was over. He saw them crowning her with flowers, and knew that she was the favourite of the night. Then for the

first time he saw that beautiful dance, the *Cachuca;* and before she began they sang a symphony of harmonious words. "Chiva del alma," "toy of my soul," sang a slender youth, who led the maiden out, and she began the dance, that lovely dance, the more beautiful, the more graceful, for being performed alone. She bounded forth, after first striking the castanets, and then, winding through the dance, she bent the knee, and, throwing back her head to gaze on her young companions, she held her tiny instruments aloft, and beat them, as though challenging her girlish compeers. Now peeping under her wreathed arms with a joyous smile, now flinging back her head in mimic scorn, then starting up, she moved gently backward with a deprecating air, and, smiling and breathless, and with a thrilling laugh, she ended with clasped hands and head half bowed, replying mutely to their swift applause.

And he, the gazer hidden among the vines, he saw the slender youth, who had led her forward, approach to conduct her to a bench overhung with golden grapes, and he saw her turn aside from that youth's whispered words. Mournfully, and with a sense of deeper loneliness than ever, our stranger still gazed, then pausing with eyes bent one way, but his foot another, he broke his way through the overhanging vines, and stood forth in the moonlight among the group of joyous dancers.

He had emerged so quickly from the gloom into light, that a few uttered slight screams, and the young men sprang forward with brows bent on him angrily. Ere they could ask his mission, he had spoken. "I am a stranger," said he, "weary, and wanting rest." His words were few, his manner simple, his voice gentle, and he looked most weary. So they bade the stranger sit down among them, and, bringing him grapes and clear water from a fountain that made sweet music in the vineyard, they desired him to rest himself. The youth's coming had made them pause, and the men looked half angry at the intrusion that had so stopped their mirth, while the damsels stood by and gave him welcome and refreshment.

Hark! the stranger sings, the girls stand listening, and the valley sends forth echoes! The dancer—where is she? With lips apart, and eyes all dim with a sweet sorrow, (for the stranger's words are sad) she watched him in silence. And her lover? Alas! she loves him not. In that valley there had been none like unto this stranger, and till now her heart had been, indeed, untouched.

Is it a dream? Are those dark eyes turned on her? is that mournful song addressed to her, in which he grieves at his destiny, his want of friends, his wandering prospects, and his sudden passion?

Days have passed swiftly by, for the hours have

been led by youth and beauty, mirth and song, and dance. The sun is up above the mountains, and the stranger is departing. He looks back upon the valley, grieving and desponding. What right has he to stay! Already he has left the brand of jealousy among its people! Helena! beautiful Helena! why now gazest thou vacantly through the vineyard? There sound still the dancer's feet, there beat the castanets, there tinkle the guitars. And thy lover, with arms folded, and head bent down upon a sullen breast, sits apart in silence and in anger.

A few short weeks, and the stranger is among them again! And now he comes with sword and plume, and gay apparel, and a tall and bounding charger. There is war! Desolation hath overtaken the happy valley; the wreathed vines are streaming and dead upon the ground; the once clear fountain is choked and stagnant, and Helena gone!

So our soldier turned his horse's head away, and led his men — for an armed band were with him—to a crowded city. He found Helena there, and with her father; a great merchant, too, had wooed her. Already her marriage was talked of. And now Gomerez was ever near her, hovering round her like a watchful angel. Alas! one night, when she had consented to meet him, he was seized, bound, and borne to a dungeon.

Many weeks he was detained in his dark cell, and at last one came to release him. He looked at his liberator, and thought he knew his face. "And is it thou," said he, "my rival, that thus generously comest to my rescue? Tell me, I beseech thee, of my love."

"She is not worthy of you," replied the youth, sternly.

He led him to a festival held in the open air. There came by a gorgeous equipage, and therein sat pale, but glittering with jewels, Helena, the dancer of the moonlit vineyard. So Gomerez, turning to his companion, thanked him with grateful words for his generous services; he did not even ask how he had compassed his release; and then, with folded arms and gushing heart, he moved out of the crowded city, and, following, as it were, the mere guidance of his feet, for his soul was dwelling on past happy things, he wandered on, till he found himself beyond the hum of men upon an open plain.

There floated towards him on the evening wind the sound of a convent-bell. There was peace in its tones, and, stepping onward with a more decided tread, he reached the gates, and asked admittance. He took the vows, and then he found how terrible had been his rival's revenge. It was he who had told the merchant of Helena's obscure lover. The merchant was a man of power, as of wealth, and Gomerez was imprisoned. Once shut

up, they told Helena he was false, and, with a heart swelling with a woman's pride, she gave her hand to the crafty merchant.

Gomerez was bowed to the ground with sorrow and despair. He prayed for strength. He schooled his passions, since his sacred calling demanded it of him, and rejected all thoughts of vengeance: but he could not rest in the same country with his now lost love. In his youth, his solitary life—for beyond his mother he had held communion with no one—had been devoted to study. Learning had still great charms for him; and now, in the spirit of a wide philosophy, he gave himself up to the subtle mysteries of science.

King Emanuel was fitting out his first fleet. Men of genius were going to the East; and, obtaining permission from his superior, Father Ignacio, for this was the name he had assumed, requested to be admitted among them. I speak of upwards of three hundred years ago, when Science, though in its infancy, made the most important discoveries.

The climate of the East, combined with the severity of his studies, began secretly to undermine the health of Father Ignacio; and his friend Pimentel, the king's admiral, persuaded him to take a voyage homeward. He grieved to leave his consolations, as he called his books; but many of the sick on board the admiral's ship demanded his

care and counsel; this made the good father less loth to go. They set sail. Gentle winds wafted them through the Indian seas, but in a few weeks the face of heaven oftener frowned than smiled. A tempest arose, and, lifting up their voices in despair, they cried aloud in their agony. Then did the good father offer up his prayers; still the tempest raged, and, lo! through the dark mists they saw a frightful rock. But Providence heard their cry for help, and, on the morning of the 21st of May, 1508, when the tempest had ceased to roar, though the sea still boiled and bubbled around them, and though their vessel, with spars all broken and with shattered helm, reeled helplessly upon the waters, they lowered a boat and went ashore upon this barren and desert island.

It was a day which to Father Ignacio was fraught with sad and tender reminiscences. It was the festival of St. Helena, the anniversary of the day on which he had first beheld his beautiful and lost love dancing in the moonlit vineyard of the Andalusian valley. So he landed with his companions, and they climbed the terrific rocks, and, finding much beauty in the interior, which they had not expected from their first view of the island, they acceded to the good father's wishes that it should be named after the saint, and they called it St. Helena. Many were sick, and, when the ship had undergone repairs, they requested

permission to be left behind, Father Ignacio consenting to become their pastor.

Dissensions had meanwhile broken out among the Portuguese nobility in India. Some of them deserted to the native princes, and Albuquerque, having made them prisoners, punished them cruelly: he cut off their ears, noses, and right hands, and in this mutilated state they were put on board a ship returning to Europe. Among them was one called Fernandez Lopez, and he, preferring exile to a life of ignominy in his native country, was at his own request landed at St. Helena.

Five years had elapsed since Father Ignacio and his flock settled on the island; they had built a rude chapel of loose stones upon one of the mountains, and, living in the caverns of the rocks, they passed their time in cultivating the land that lay at the foot of the mountain, and had already afforded provision and refreshment to the passing ships belonging to their country; for Portugal alone knew of the solitary rock so far out in the sea. Fernandez joined the band of peaceful brethren, and in their devotions and in useful industry they passed their quiet lives.

Meanwhile, Helena's husband, the rich merchant, died, and then the lover of the vineyard once more proffered his unwelcome suit. She rejected him, and he, in a passion of jealousy and despair, informed her of the faithful attachment

and unhappy fate of poor Gomerez. Helena did not reproach him: she sat like a statue, as though she heard him not; and, when he had departed, she called her faithful attendant, who had never left her since she had nursed her as an infant in the vineyard, and told her she was determined on following her lover to India. His departure thence had not been ascertained by his wicked rival.

"But," said the nurse, "he is bound by vows that will prevent him from ever being yours."

"No matter," said Helena, "I will see his dwelling-place."

"Years, too, have passed away," said the waiting-woman; "it may be, he hath forgotten you." Helena's look of anger checked further speech.

Helena was wealthy: she had been a kind, and dutiful, and faithful wife, and the merchant had left her vast riches.

She departed for the far East, attended by some trusty servants. On reaching it, she learned that Father Ignacio had long since departed; but, from vessels which had made the voyage homeward and come back again, she gained intelligence of the good father's abode in the lonely isle.

Helena set sail again. Her ancient nurse remonstrated, saying:—"Lady, why wilt thou disturb the peace of this good man?"

"He shall not know that I am near him," re-

plied Helena, "but I shall see his dwelling-place."

Alas! she learned on her arrival that he lived there no longer! the good father was dead. He died, it was said, with Helena's name upon his lips, and blessing her.

She sought the valley where he had dwelt. It was a peaceful place. Of the followers of Ignacio, some had died, and were buried on the mountain-top. Others had departed, weary of the solitude. To this day you may see the rude stones placed over their humble graves, in memory of the exiled dead. The rude chapel was fast falling down. Helena, with a few trusty attendants, fixed her abode in the beautiful valley, and continued to cultivate what her beloved had first planted. Every evening, as the sun crept behind the rocks at the valley's side, for it lies on the western part of the island, she sat down upon the opposite mountain — the vale is very narrow — and gazed upon her lover's last dwelling-place.

No monument marked his grave: he had survived most of his followers, and the rest, though they had placed a plain stone over his remains, had not recorded more than his name upon it. Helena would have erected a monument to his memory, but there were no artificers to execute her wishes. Strangely and mysteriously Nature

herself raised a memorial to the good man, who had devoted his best years to science, who had enlightened his nation, and had provided for the wants of its wanderers in sickness and in scarcity. The temple of their worship was fast falling, but Heaven forbade its utter annihilation. As some stones gave way, others remained strangely balanced; and before Helena closed her eyes in death in the calm "Vale of Lemons," the ruined chapel had disappeared, and left in its place a perfect monument of the good friar.

He is now seen by travellers as he stands on that mountain-top, with cowl thrown back, and as if still proceeding on his pilgrimage over hill and valley, through storm and sunshine, unharmed by tempests, and untouched by Time.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

Lo! 'mid yon vale's secluded green,
Through clustering chestnuts dimly seen,
The village church! whose walls of snow
Column, nor arch, nor buttress show,
Nor taper spire, nor tuneful bell,
With echoing chime or funeral knell,
To pour upon the balmy air
Sweet warning to the house of prayer.
Yet from their humble homes the train
As duly wind o'er hill and plain,

As faithful heed the hallow'd day,
As gladly press, their vows to pay,
And hear God's word with trust as fair
As though religion's pomp were there.
  Bent o'er his staff, with temples gray,
The aged pastor takes his way
Through shady lanes, where dew-drops bright
Exulting shun the blaze of light,
And, pondering calm those glorious themes,
That win the soul from earthly dreams,
Thinks of his flock with shepherd's care,
And bears them on his voiceless prayer.
  Here, in this rustic glebe content,
The vigour of his prime he spent;
Here found the bride who cheer'd his breast,
And here his children's children blest.
And sooth to say, had wealth or power
Broke with their wiles his musing hour,
The richer meed, the wider fame,
The tinkling cymbal of a name,
Perchance had check'd devotion's sway,
Or stolen its heavenborn zeal away.
  An upright man he was, and kind,
A model for the virtuous mind;
No envious eye nor gossip's tongue
A shadow o'er his name had flung.
Still to his board, though scantly drest,
He freely led the entering guest,
Nor bade beside his lowly gate
The unrequited suppliant wait;

Though like the Levite, who of old
Nor lands might claim, nor hoarded gold,
He held amid the soil he trod
No heritage, save Israel's God.
  See, round the simple porch a train
With greeting smile his step detain,
Whose kindling eye and reverent air
Their love and gratitude declare
For him, who long with fervent tone
Hath made their joys and woes his own.
Nor he that honest warmth restrains,
Meet payment for his toils and pains;
Unskill'd with cold or formal art
To freeze the current of the heart,
Or frown on even an infant's zeal
The pressure of his hand to feel.
  As o'er the sacred desk he bends
Each glance toward him confiding bends;
For though in quaint or homely phrase
The great salvation he displays,
Yet thoughts of holy love and zeal
Some touch of eloquence reveal,
And changing brow and starting tear
Bespeak that eloquence sincere.
  Meanwhile, with well uplifted heart,
The old precentor bears a part;
And, waking loud the ancient chime,
His hand high raised to beat the time,
Calls forth no wild Italian trill,
But childhood's accents sweetly shrill,

And quavering age with tresses white,
In one full burst of praise unite.
  There sits the farmer, brown with toil,
Whose harden'd hands have till'd the soil
Since first an urchin, strong and gay,
He gambol'd 'mid the new-mown hay,
And by his side his faithful wife,
Unspoil'd by pomps or gauds of life,
Who 'mid her hardy offspring blest,
Her slumbering infant on her breast,
Deems not that aught of scorn or shame
Blends with a nursing mother's name;
Even though in Heaven's own temple, she
Essays her tenderest ministry.
  Still, through the casement's humble screen,
A consecrated spot is seen,
Where peaceful laid in lowly bed,
With springing turf and daisies spread,
The fathers, 'neath that hallow'd shade,
Serenely sleep where once they pray'd.
And pensive are the thoughts that stray
To dear ones wrapp'd in mouldering clay,
And fervent is the love, and free,
That clings, sequestered Church, to thee,
Who thus dost rear a guardian head,
To bless the living and the dead.

L. H. Sigourney.

Hartford, Connecticut.

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